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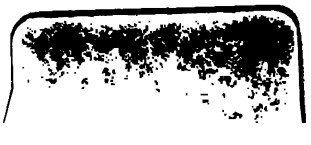
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THE HOUSE OF HARPER



J. Henry Harper







THE HOUSE OF HARPER

A CENTURY OF PUBLISHING IN FRANKLIN SQUARE

BY
J. HENRY HARPER

WITH PORTRAITS

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
MCMXII

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FOREWORD

In memory of the four Harper brothers, these reminiscences of the publishing house they founded, and the brilliant authors and contributors their energy gathered around them, are brought together. At the outset I promise that all dry statistics shall be scrupulously omitted, and the family tree shall not be entirely denuded of its foliage.

I desire to acknowledge with gratitude my indebtedness to John F. Phayre for his assistance in the preparation of these memoirs. Mr. Phayre preceded me in Franklin Square by five years, and was at the time of my arrival in 1869 a confidential clerk of my cousin, Joseph W. Harper, Jr. After I had spent about a year in the composing-room working at the case, and a short time in the packing and shipping department to become familiar with our stock, I was placed under Mr. Phayre's care, with a view to mastering the intricacies of the literary department. For over forty years our desks have been within a few feet of each other, and on every occasion when I have turned to him for advice or information, and the occasions have been frequent and the problems often complicated and delicate, I have never found him wanting. The intimate friendship which has grown up between us is deep-rooted and has never once been interrupted.

I am also beholden to the late William H. Demarest,

who entered the service of J. & J. Harper in 1833, and continued until 1878, for records he left of books published during the forty-five years he remained with the House. Most of this time he was cashier, the "Tim Linkinwater," of the four brothers, and he was always held by them in high esteem.

I wish to express my thanks as well to Fred A. Nast, who has been with us since 1865. Mr. Nast has always appeared to me the embodiment of facts and figures in connection with the commercial side of our business. His memory is extensive, and he has supplied details which have proved valuable to me.

The preservation of the history of the House as herein given is due to the persistent suggestion of Major F. T. Leigh that I should prepare this volume. So, my confiding reader, if, after perusing the following pages, you should begrudge your purchase or, peradventure, feel yourself fairly compensated for your investment in time, then the blame or credit, whichever it may be, belongs to the Major.

J. H. H.

June 23, 1911.

THE HOUSE OF HARPER

I

JAMES HARPER, the grandfather of the four brothers who founded the house of Harper & Brothers, was born in the town of Ipswich, Suffolk County, England, in the year 1740, and emigrated to this country prior to the Revolutionary War, landing in Philadelphia from the ship *King of Prussia*. Shortly afterward he removed to Newtown, Long Island, New York, where he was employed in teaching and farming. During his residence at Newtown he married Phœbe Denton, by whom he had four children —James, John, Joseph, and Lydia. Subsequently he married Rebecca Morrill, widow of Nathaniel Morrill, whose maiden name was Cornish. By this marriage he had three children—Susan, Robert, and Samuel. He was of the Methodist persuasion and was chiefly instrumental in building the first Methodist church in Newtown, next door to his own residence. In this church the celebrated Captain Webb used to preach.

Capt. Thomas Webb was a retired officer of the English army. He had served with distinction at the siege of Louisburg, Quebec, and the Plains of Abraham. At the siege of Louisburg he lost his right eye, and over the wound

he wore a black patch. He was one of John Wesley's converts, and became, although a layman, what is known in the denomination as a local preacher. He was a very earnest and fluent speaker, and President John Adams considered him the most eloquent pulpit orator he had ever listened to. It was the captain's custom to preach in full regimentals, with his sword lying upon the desk in front of him. He returned to England about 1770, where he spent the remainder of his long and honorable life, with the exception of a brief visit to this country in 1773.

After the close of the Revolutionary War, James Harper removed to the city of New York, and for many years conducted a general grocery business in Maiden Lane, near the market and ferry, which grew into what was then considered an extensive concern, supplying his neighbors at retail and the smaller stores of the surrounding country in larger quantities. On retiring from mercantile life he settled in Brooklyn, then a rural village, where he died in 1819 in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His remains were interred under the pulpit of the Sands Street Church, of which he was a member. The following primitive inscription is on his tombstone:

> The sweet remembrance of the just
> Shall flourish when they sleep in dust.

Joseph, his eldest son, was born in 1766 and died in 1847. He grew up a sort of Jack of all trades, a character frequently to be met with in newly settled localities. He was a house-carpenter by trade, but, as business was not very brisk, he also managed to cultivate a small farm and to eke out his rather scanty resources with the profits of a retail shop kept in one room of his house for the con-

venience of his neighbors and which in his absence was tended by his wife. The old homestead, with some alterations, is still standing in Middle Village, Long Island, but the farm has been converted into a Lutheran burial-ground.

Though the carpenter's trade did not bring Joseph a fortune, it helped him incidentally to an excellent wife. While employed in building a house for a well-to-do Dutch farmer of the vicinity, Kolyer by name, the young man fell in love with his employer's daughter, and his love was returned; but, though the young damsel was ready to marry Joseph, her father objected on the score of religious differences. There was a strong prejudice among the Dutch burghers of that time against Methodists; and, as Joseph Harper had accepted the faith of his father, the sturdy old Lutheran for some time withheld his approval, but love at length prevailed over religious prejudice, and the father yielded, and Elizabeth Kolyer became Mrs. Joseph Harper, April 9, 1792. She was born June 30, 1772, and died in November, 1845.

If the old burgher's opposition to the match arose from an apprehension that his daughter might embrace her husband's faith, the event soon justified his fears. Shortly after the marriage Elizabeth's mind became deeply disturbed on the subject of religion. Family pride, perhaps, as well as early education, embittered and protracted the struggle, from which she languished at length into a trance resembling death which lasted for three days, her father giving her up as dead, but at the end of that time she awoke from her mysterious sleep with words of triumph on her lips, and in her heart "the peace that passeth all understanding." From that time forth until

the day of her death she was an earnest and devout Christian and a consistent member of the Methodist communion. The influence of her beautiful life overcame many of her father's prejudices and made him more tolerant of the faith in which her Christian character was modeled and developed. For her household, and especially for her children, she ever possessed a delightful and buoyant temperament; her religious life never assumed a severe or ascetic form. Love was her ruling spirit, and from this estimable woman her four boys acquired those confiding and tender traits by which they were eventually governed in their business partnership.

The father was formed in quite a different mold. He was one of those sturdy, upright, inflexible men who would go to the stake for a principle. A natural tendency, strengthened by religious training, encompassed him with a grave severity, but, though stern, he was never morose, and underneath his austere exterior beat as kindly a heart as ever throbbed. It is said that he could not witness the infliction of pain, and he rarely, perhaps never, administered corporal punishment to his children. It is related of him that when the annual "slaughtering time" came around he was accustomed to absent himself from home that he might not hear the dismal lamentations of piggy under the butcher's knife.

In Joseph Harper's time the use of liquor was almost universal. The clergy shared with their people the habit of drinking, and not infrequently yielded to the vice of drunkenness. At clerical meetings, wines, brandy, and rum were to be found, as a rule, on the sideboard; they were freely circulated and not seldom did the pastor return home from these social gatherings decidedly ex-

hilarated. Temperance societies were as yet unheard of, likewise the pledge was almost unknown, and the offer of wine, or rum, which was even more popular than wine, was considered a test of hospitality. Joseph Harper, however, had made up his mind that total abstinence was the true temperance principle, and, with characteristic independence, he acted on his convictions. His boys never saw a wine-bottle in his house. Even in haying season his workmen went without their customary dram, and, if hands could not be obtained without it, then the hay must wait or be gathered by the father and his boys without assistance.

The following incident will serve to illustrate Father Harper's strength of character. One day he was remonstrating kindly with a neighbor who was given to the over-indulgence of strong waters, when the latter, looking him full in the face, interrupted him with: "Neighbor Harper, you don't like the taste of liquor, but you are as much a slave to tobacco as I am to rum, and you couldn't break off that habit any more than I could break off drinking." Joseph Harper made no immediate reply, but the retort made a deep impression upon him, and he thought the matter over and determined that no self-indulgence on his part should serve as an excuse for his neighbor. That very day he put his pipe and tobacco away on the top-most shelf of the closet above the old-fashioned kitchen fireplace, and from that time to the day of his death, nearly thirty years after, he eschewed the use of tobacco.

Six children were the fruit of the marriage of Joseph and Elizabeth, of whom James, John, Wesley, and Fletcher survived; the other two, a daughter and a son, died in infancy. The four boys grew up together, and so

inseparably were they connected through life that the history of one is, to a great extent, that of the others.

James, the eldest son, was born in Newtown, Long Island, in 1795, John in 1797, Joseph Wesley in 1801, and Fletcher in 1806. As boys, they manifested no special aptitude for trade, nor any genius for mechanical pursuits, nor did they receive a special business education, except that, through training and example, they imbibed principles of inflexible honesty. Their father was not impecunious, but the small fortune he possessed at the end of a long and industrious life was accumulated by rigid, although not penurious, economy.

The training of the family was strict, and, to modern notions, even stern. Neither the mother's cheerfulness nor the father's tender-heartedness was allowed to interfere with the rigor of family discipline. System and order ruled the household, and the Bible was read through in course at family prayers — genealogies and all. To omit a chapter would have seemed to them like putting a slight upon the Word of God. The Sabbath was a solemn day, and the family was always regular at church. There were as yet no Sunday-schools, but religious education was systematically carried on at home. Secular literature was absolutely forbidden on the Sabbath, and one of the boys was even rebuked for reading *Josephus* and recommended to his Bible as the only proper book for that holy day. This rigor, however, was not of the nature of pharisaism that "strains at a gnat and swallows a camel"; on the contrary, the religion of Joseph Harper was an every-day religion; he was quite as strict in demanding of his boys constant truthfulness and honesty as he was in see-

ing that the Sabbath was kept in accordance with his ideas of religious propriety.

In family discipline inflexible justice was administered. Faults were seldom passed by, but rebukes and punishments were never given in anger. The mother kept an account with her boys, and she wrote down on a slate a memorandum of every offense. At the time of its commission nothing was said, but every Saturday the boys were summoned to a room in the attic, the record was read and accounts were settled. Punishment was never very severe, and it was rarely administered by the father; but the day of reckoning was always looked forward to with awe, as the boys dreaded the mother's lecture and prayer quite as much as the correction.

Under such influences they passed their boyhood days, working on the farm, doing chores about the house, having few play-hours and no amusements, as that word is understood by the boys of to-day. At that period games such as the youth of our time are familiar with were entirely unknown. Baseball, boating, football, hockey, and similar recreations were not as yet in vogue. The boys of those days strengthened their muscles and worked off their surplus energy through manual labor, and their consciences were toned and strengthened by a system of moral training, which, whatever its defects, had at least this virtue, that it made manly men of them.

They went a few months in the year to a district school where they picked up a little knowledge in the common branches of education, far less, however, than the modern public school affords. Barefooted and clad in common apparel, they were often looked down upon with ill-concealed contempt by the sons of the rich burghers who

lived in Dutch manors thereabout and accounted themselves the inheritors of the soil. Fortunately, they possessed their father's independence of character, and trudged on their way through boyhood days, careless of outside opinion.

When James was sixteen years of age it was time, according to the notions of the day, for him to begin supporting himself. So one cold day in December, 1810, the father put the horse to the sleigh, and young James, bidding his mother and younger brothers good-by, got in beside his father and drove to the infant metropolis to seek, or rather make, his fortune.

He was allowed to select his trade, and having been greatly impressed by reading the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, he chose the printer's. Even in the choice of his employers, the father had an eye for what was always to him "the main chance," not only for business success, but religious well-being as well. At that time it was customary for apprentices to board with their employers, and Joseph Harper was careful to secure for his son a home in which religious influences would be found. Mr. Paul, of the enterprising and successful firm of Paul & Thomas, was a prominent member of the Methodist Church, and to Paul the young lad was apprenticed and became a lodger in his home.

II

NEW YORK at the beginning of the nineteenth century gave but few indications of the greatness and prosperity which it has since attained. Had any one prophesied its marvelous growth to the stoical, conservative, and unenterprising burghers of that day, he would have been accounted a madman. The means of communication with other parts of the country were few and of indifferent quality. The canals, railways, and steamships, that now bring San Francisco as near to New York as Washington was then, were still things of the future. Not even a regular line of packet-ships connected the commercial metropolis with the centers of European trade. A few sloops formed the chief means of communication between the island of Manhattan and the city of Albany. Heavy, lumbering stages carried travelers and the mails from New York, north and east, to Boston, and south to Philadelphia and Baltimore, over highways which to English travelers, accustomed to the post-roads and stage coaches of Great Britain, seemed wretched indeed.

The city was a thrifty, but rather unprogressive, provincial town of sixty thousand inhabitants. The Battery served in part the purpose now supplied by the Central Park, and about it were gathered the residences of the more ancient and honorable aristocracy. The progressive

world, however, was already beginning to move "farther up-town." John Jacob Astor resided at 223 Broadway; Jacob Barker lived in a spacious mansion on Beekman Street. Pearl Street was mainly occupied by residences which were then regarded as elegant.

The Walton House, which for so many years faced our building on Franklin Square, and was only demolished a short time ago, was a stately, historical landmark of old New York. It was a mansion of the time when New York was a half-rural city. The streets were vistas of trees, and travelers of the middle of the last century constantly noted the foliage in the streets. Queen Street, as Pearl Street was called before the Revolution, swept up from the dignified and exclusive neighborhood of the Battery, and opened into a triangle at what is now Franklin Square, and was then St. George's, and at the head of the square stood the house of a prominent merchant of Walton's day, Walter Franklin, which was at one time occupied by Washington. Franklin Square was named in honor of the merchant, and not after Benjamin Franklin, as is so generally supposed.

The Walton House is especially associated with George Clinton, the first Governor of New York after the adoption of the Constitution. It was from the door of this house, under its stately "stoop" and down its steps, that Citizen Genêt proudly escorted the daughter of Governor Clinton as his bride. Those windows, so long dull and dingy, once blazed with lights that illuminated the most select social festivities of old New York.

When the City Hall was erected near what was then the upper boundary-line of the city, the rear of the building was constructed of freestone, as a concession to the short-

sighted croakers of the time, who predicted that New York would never grow beyond it, and chuckled over the saving of so much white marble. Above Chambers Street the town spread out into the open country. After half a mile of suburban residences of leading citizens with spacious gardens, you reached the outermost borders of the city. Standing on the apex of the hill where now Worth Street and Broadway intersect, one looked down upon a most unpromising marsh, which seemed to forbid the further progress of the town in that direction. A few unfinished streets leading into the middle of this unsightly bog terminated there, as if they had lost themselves in the depths. So little promise did the city afford to further growth in that swampy section that a donation of six acres of land, situated near what is now the corner of Broadway and Canal Street, made to a Lutheran church was contemptuously rejected by the trustees because it would not pay to fence it in. Far beyond the farms, and here and there through the country, stood the intervening villages of Greenwich, Bloomingdale, Yorkville, Manhattanville, and Harlem. Three lines of stages ran out to these several localities.

Three banks were sufficient to transact all of the financial business of the town, and the same number of insurance companies divided among themselves their line of business. The Post-Office as it was maintained up to 1827 was kept in the private house of the postmaster, which had, however, to be enlarged before the office was removed to the basement of the Exchange in Wall Street.

The religious and literary aspects of the city gave as little promise of their present development. The Dutch Reformed was the dominant religious denomination. The

churches, which almost always provide a strong conservative influence in the community, were slow to yield to those irresistible tendencies which wrested Manhattan Island from the Dutch and made it Anglican in society, civil policy, and religion. With great reluctance the old Dutch burghers consented at the beginning of the last century to the substitution of the English language for their own in their churches, and then only because the change was absolutely necessary to prevent the rising generation from wandering away into other communions.

At that time Grace Church stood on the corner of Rector Street and Broadway. Old Trinity Church, like the new, looked down Wall Street and towered above what was then the oldest Presbyterian organization in the city. In 1812 St. John's Chapel was just in process of erection far out in the country, much to the amusement of the stolid and sober burghers. The contractor who did the masonwork on the building lived at that time in Greenwich Village, and the distance to his residence in Christopher Street was too great to admit of his going back and forth every day, so he found a lodging-place in the vicinity where he boarded, returning home once a week. Not to be outdone by their Episcopal neighbors, the Dutch Reformed sent out a colony and planted a collegiate church in the outskirts of the city, at the corner of William and Fulton Streets. The first Methodist church in America had been organized forty years before in Philip Embury's carpenter shop, not far from the location of the present City Hall; and the John Street Church, the precursor of Methodist churches in this country, was erected in 1768. The Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in 1784, and Wesleyan Chapel did not adopt its present name until

1817. It is one of the indications of the progressive character of early Methodism that, at a time when literature was hardly recognized in this country as a power, and even the systematic printing and publication of the Scriptures had but just commenced, it provided the first church in John Street with a valuable library for the use of the congregation. Nevertheless, Methodism at that time had hardly begun to give promise of its future power. The great religious and educational societies, now such useful and important auxiliaries of the church, came into existence years later.

American literature was still in its infancy. Of the men whose names became of national importance, Washington Irving was born in 1783; Cooper in 1789; Bryant in 1794; Hawthorne in 1804; Whittier and Longfellow in 1807 At the time of which I write, Irving, a romantic youth of seventeen, was wandering through the picturesque suburbs of Manhattan Island, studying the scenes and characters for his inimitable sketches, and gathering that raw material which later burst forth so brilliantly upon the world in Knickerbocker's imperishable *History of New York.* Cooper, a young midshipman, was acquiring on sea and lake familiarity with sailor and Indian life which he afterward turned to such good account in his nautical and pioneer romances; Bryant, still a boy preparing for college, had earned a precocious fame by the publication of "The Embargo" and "The Spanish Revolution"; Halleck was coining his boyish verses by the light of the kitchen fire with Leah Norton for audience and critic. There were as yet few American authors and few American books. Periodical literature had made a beginning, but even that was transient and unsubstantial.

The demand for books was comparatively limited; the prosperous citizens as a rule had but little inclination for literary pursuits, and the masses sought for employment rather than entertainment. Our public-school system, which has made books and papers a necessity of life, came later into existence. The prototype at that time was a charity-school, founded by the Friends and chiefly sustained by their contributions. This school did good service in the cause of pioneer instruction, and it was not until 1853 that the charter of the society was relinquished and its property placed under the control of the Board of Education.

This outline sketch will give the reader some idea of the New York to which James Harper came in December, 1810.

III

It was a bitterly cold day when Joseph Harper and his son James drove in from the village of Newtown. They followed the circuitous route from which Fulton Street, built along the old post-road, still descends to the ferry at the foot of Brooklyn Heights, and then, crossing the stream in an old scow, propelled by long sweeps, drove up on the other side to the boy's place of business, the printing establishment of Paul & Thomas on the corner of Burling Slip and Water Street.

James Harper's entire capital was a sound mind in a strong body, the latter qualification being in those days important, if not essential, to the practical printer. Steam-power had not yet been applied to printing-presses—in fact, the art of printing had made but little advance since the apprentice days of Franklin. The press was still worked by hand, and under these circumstances printing was slow and laborious, so that the largest circulation obtained by the most successful daily newspapers was very small.

Two men, known as "partners," were required to work a press. One applied the ink with hand-balls, for even the ink-roller was not yet invented, and the other laid on sheets and did the "pulling." They changed work at regular intervals, one "inking" and the other "pulling." Both operations required dexterity, and "pulling" much

strength as well. James Harper's vigor and weight gave him a special advantage, and so, if he found himself hampered by a personally unpleasant partner, he could always work him down and so be rid of him, being thus enabled to choose his own associate. During the early days of his apprenticeship he would remain at his press after the other men had quit work whenever he could secure a partner to assist him. The product of such extra work was a perquisite, whereby he managed to increase his income to a considerable extent. Thurlow Weed was an apprentice at the same time, and they usually worked together, often remaining late into the evening.

Thurlow Weed, long afterward, when he had become the Warwick of New York politics, in speaking of these early days, said of James Harper: "It was the rule of his life to study not how little he could do, but how much. Often, after a good day's work, he would say to me, 'Thurlow, let's break the back of another token [two hundred and fifty impressions]—just break its back.' I would generally consent reluctantly, 'just to break the back' of the token; but James would beguile me, or laugh at my complaints, and never let me off until the token was completed, fair and square. It was a custom with us in the summer to do a clear half-day's work before the other boys and men got their breakfast. James and I would meet by appointment in the gray of the early morning, and go down to the printing-room. A pressman who could do twenty, or even ten, per cent. more work than usual was always sure of a position. James Harper, Tom Kennedy (long since dead), and I made the largest bills in the city. We often earned as much as fourteen dollars per week—

liberal wages when you remember that good board could then be obtained for ten dollars a month."

James Harper's good humor and geniality made him a general favorite, but his strict principles sometimes subjected him to rude persecution. His homespun clothes and heavy cowhide boots were often objects of ridicule among his companions, but as a rule he bore their taunts with good-natured silence, for he was never afraid of a jest, even if it were ill-timed or unfair. Once, however, provoked beyond endurance, he retorted in a manner which showed that he was not to be trifled with. Under pretense of feeling the fineness of his coat, one of his companions gave him a sharp pinch on the arm, asking James at the same time for his tailor's card. James responded with a vigorous and well-directed kick. "There," said he, "is my card; take good care of it, and when I am out of my time and set up for myself and you need employment, as you probably will, come to me and I will give you work." The merry-andrew slunk away, effectually cowed. Nearly forty years later, when the Harper establishment had become known throughout the civilized world, and the young apprentice boy was Mayor of New York, the comrade who had ridiculed his homely clothes applied to James for a place as workman, and claimed it on the ground of that old promise. It is hardly necessary to say that it was granted, and so, curiously enough, the prophecy was fulfilled.

While he was still an apprentice the War of 1812 with England broke out. The whole city was thrown into a fever of excitement which reached its height in the summer and autumn of 1814, when a public meeting of the citizens was called by the Mayor, De Witt Clinton, and the

people turned out *en masse* to consider means of defense. Business was suspended; the newspapers of the city were all stopped; the schools were dismissed, and the pupils, headed by their teachers, marched to the outskirts to take part in the construction of fortifications. The Masonic lodges volunteered in a body, and the various trade organizations formed themselves into military companies. The butchers furnished one thousand men, who bore to the field an emblematic banner on which was emblazoned the picture of a huge ox. Among the two hundred journeymen printers who left their work to take part in military service was young James Harper, and he worked lustily at the earthworks and afterward carried his musket, doing sentry duty as a member of the extemporized home guards. As an illustration of the father's solicitude for his boy, Joseph Harper, now about fifty years of age, learning the news, came over from his farm to take his son's place. "I am already getting old," said he, "and if I am shot it makes very little difference." Of course, the young volunteer did not accept the proffered substitution. There was no shooting, however, and in a few weeks the excitement subsided almost as quickly as it arose. Five weeks later the battle of New Orleans was fought and the war was over.

In the mean time the second brother, John, had come to the city and was apprenticed to a printer by the name of Seymour. James's time had expired, but he still worked on at increased wages for his old employer. By strict economy and by working extra hours, he had succeeded in laying by a little money, and he shortly proposed to his brother John that they should go into partnership. It naturally took much less capital to start a business then than now, but

even their requirements were not left entirely to their own meager resources. The father, proud of his boys and trusting them implicitly, not only lent them what little money he had, but offered to assist them to the full extent of his financial credit, by a mortgage on his farm or otherwise. When John was twenty years of age and had served out his apprenticeship, the two brothers started for themselves in March, 1817, under the style of J. & J. Harper. Both partners were practical printers, John priding himself on his skill as a compositor, and James was known to be an accomplished pressman. It is said that the first books which issued from their presses were the best specimens of printing which up to that time had been produced in this country. Their shop was a dingy little room in Dover Street, in a building which has long since been torn down, where they supervised all their own work, and, in fact, did most of it themselves with their own hands.

For a time they were merely compositors and printers, executing orders and not venturing any work on their own account. The first book which bears the imprint J. & J. Harper was printed in August, 1817, in an edition of two thousand copies, for the elder Duyckinck, an honored name in the annals of the American book trade. This book was *Seneca's Morals*, and it exemplifies the general make-up of the future Harper publications, with its plain, compact page, its beautiful title-page, and its thoroughly good presswork.

I note here a singular fact that when Fletcher Harper, the youngest and last of the four brothers, died in 1877, the House was then engaged in publishing an edition of *Seneca's Morals* in the original, edited by Bishop Hurst of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Early in January, 1869, William C. Prime wandered into the office on his return from Baltimore, where he had found on a news-stand a copy of the original edition of *Seneca's Morals* printed by the Harper brothers, and he handed it to John W. Harper, eldest son of John Harper, and said: "Jack, the four brothers are here in Franklin Square this morning, and I wish you would get their autographs on the fly-leaf of this book." The signatures having been secured, John W. handed the volume back to Mr. Prime and suggested that if he ever parted with it he should give him an option on it, as it would manifestly be worth more to him than to any stranger. Mr. Prime promptly presented the copy to him with the compliments of the season. Within a few weeks James Harper met with his sudden death.

The inscription on the fly-leaf reads as follows:

January 8, 1869.

WILLIAM C. PRIME, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—This edition of *Seneca's Morals* was published by Duyckinck in 1817, and was the first book which we printed, having then recently gone into the business.

James Harper, John Harper.

We worked as compositors on this book in 1817, being then boys in the printing office of our brothers.

Joseph Wesley Harper, Fletcher Harper.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

The season was dull in 1818, and business slack; the presses were idle or in danger of being so, when the brothers conceived a plan to print on their own account, and forthwith selected a book on which to make their first venture. This choice in independent publishing was Locke's *Essay*

upon the Human Understanding, of which they cautiously printed five hundred copies. It has been noted that the selection of this book foreshadowed the solid character of their list; it may be added that the combination of enterprise and caution which they displayed in putting it forth presaged the methods of their after success. This edition of Locke bore not only the imprint of J. &. J. Harper as printers, but also of Evert Duyckinck, Richard Scott, J. & B. Seaman, and others who were booksellers at that time.

Before beginning work on Locke's *Essay* James Harper applied to the various booksellers for orders, and he agreed to print their respective imprints on their editions, provided they ordered at least one hundred copies. In this way he procured a sufficient number of subscriptions to guarantee the firm against loss, while at the same time they controlled the market. This book was followed by others published on the same plan. At this time they did not rely exclusively on their own judgment, so that if James failed to receive the necessary orders the book in question was dropped.

In 1816 Wesley followed his older brothers, and their father moved to the city in order that he might better look after his boys; and from then on until they had homes of their own they lived for the most part with their father, whose solicitude for them never diminished.

At the same time that Joseph Harper was pecuniarily assisting the young firm of J. & J. Harper, the father was charging Wesley full price for his board, and, although the boy thought it rather hard on him, he never dreamed of expostulating. There was, however, a purpose in this seeming severity, and one day the father called Wesley

into his room and said: "I want you to set up in business for yourself soon, and you can have the board money you have paid me for your initial capital." Thus the lad had been laying by funds without knowing it for his start in business.

Wesley, being of a literary turn of mind, also preferred the publishing business, but he was disinclined to enter into seeming rivalry with his brothers, and therefore proposed that he should first talk it over with them. The result was that in 1823 he bought into the concern of J. &. J. Harper.

In 1825 Fletcher, the youngest brother of the four, was added to the House, but the title of the firm remained J. & J. Harper until 1833, when it was changed to Harper & Brothers. Fletcher went to school for some time in Roosevelt Street, where Alexander T. Stewart was a teacher. This was the same Stewart who was afterward head of the dry-goods house of A. T. Stewart & Co., and became one of the commercial princes of this city.

A gentleman once asked James the natural question: "Which of you is the Harper and which are the Brothers?" "Either one is the Harper," was the reply, "the rest are the Brothers."

From the beginning the affairs of the firm were conducted on the basis of absolute trust and confidence. The brothers had a tacit understanding that each had a veto power, and that nothing should be undertaken in the administration of the business if one of them disapproved. In consequence of the adoption of this principle, the House was never divided, while at the same time, it has probably been saved from many doubtful enterprises. There was

a sort of implied division of labor, but it was a matter of implication only, not of expressed agreement. They were all four hard-working men, working in perfect harmony, and each one naturally fell into the groove to which he was best adapted. The different branches of the business for which the brothers considered themselves respectively best equipped were as follows: James supervised the mechanical operations, while John was the financier and made the purchases; Wesley read proof, and conducted the correspondence of the House; Fletcher was in charge of the composing-room, and gradually assumed control of the literary department. How singularly free the firm was from all individual selfishness, and how thoroughly fraternal, is indicated by the fact that for a long time no separate accounts were kept between the brothers, but each one took from the cashier's drawer what he required for his own needs, and the rest remained a common fund. As their various families increased, however, individual accounts became necessary; but it was not until ten years before the death of James Harper, in 1869, that they were kept distinct. Up to that time each brother was ignorant as to how much money the other three drew from the concern.

When the Waverley Novels made their appearance, the Harpers were among the earliest to bring them out in this country. A messenger would board the incoming packet before she was made fast to the wharf to secure as soon as possible the early sheets. Every compositor was then put on the work, and every press stood ready for the printing. In this way *Peveril of the Peak* was published in the incredibly short space of twenty-one hours. On occasions of this kind the broth-

ers themselves lent a hand to facilitate the work, and in one such exigency Fletcher Harper remained at work for three consecutive days and nights, sleeping upon the floor as he could find time, and having his meals sent in.

In 1822 yellow fever broke out in New York, causing a great panic, and business was generally suspended. The city was fenced across at Fulton Street from river to river. Several banks abandoned their customary places of business for temporary abodes in the outskirts of the town. The Harpers did not lose a day. Renting a barn on Long Island, they moved thither six presses and the necessary type, and continued their business. "It was hard working in the barn," said one of the compositors. "Open doors furnished the light, and the wind frequently blew the 'copy' from our cases."

The brothers all married young. John was the first to set the example in 1820, when he married Tammisin Higgins. James was married in 1823 to Maria, daughter of Philip J. Arcularius. My grandfather, Fletcher Harper, and Jane Freelove Lyon were married in 1825. My grandmother was a granddaughter of Peter Lyon, who was Justice of the Peace in North Castle, New York, and it was before him that Major André was brought after his capture. Peter Lyon was a member of the Committee of Safety for New Castle in 1776–77.

There is a rather interesting romance connected with Fletcher Harper's engagement. He was foreman of one of the old volunteer fire companies of New York City, and was very popular with the members of his engine, Number Seven, named "Lafayette." His company formed part of the procession which celebrated the completion of the

Erie Canal, and he had written to my grandmother, who was then only seventeen years old, proposing marriage, with the proviso that if she consented to accept his offer she was to appear in a certain window on the line of march. As the engine approached the house, my grandfather was overjoyed to see that her reply was favorable, and, by a prearranged signal, the fire company stopped and gave three hearty cheers for his young fiancée, greatly to the embarrassment of Miss Lyon.

Joseph Wesley Harper was married to Hannah Peck, in 1828, at Flushing, Long Island.

When Harper & Brothers began business everything was done by hand, but as their business grew they found themselves compelled to substitute other power. Accordingly they bought a young white horse, which they stalled in the cellar of a dwelling-house adjoining their factory, making a good-sized opening in the wall between the two buildings. Here at seven o'clock every morning the horse was harnessed to a beam which drove a perpendicular shaft operating the presses above, and here he worked at his circuitous path, creating by his progress around and around his little sphere the necessary power to keep the press-room in a constant state of activity. At noon he was unharnessed, taken back to the stable, and given his food. At one o'clock he was again hitched to the beam, and wheeled round and round in his accustomed circuit until six o'clock in the evening, when he returned to the stable for the night. In the process of years the horse grew old, and was no longer able to do effective work. The brothers, being charitable men, had their faithful servitor lifted out of the cellar and sent to their father's farm, with instructions that he was to pass

the remainder of his days there in peace. The first day the old horse was put out to pasture he rolled over in the grass, rushed about the meadow, and seemed to have renewed his youth. In a few days, however, the novelty wore off, and he took a long rest, spending most of his time in a shed which had been erected for him in the corner of the pasture. One morning, when Father Harper went out to the field, he heard the seven-o'clock whistle sounding, and to his surprise he saw the old horse slowly emerge from the shed and go to the center of the pasture where there was a solitary tree. Around this tree the horse traveled, round and round, as though he were turning his old-time shaft, until twelve o'clock sounded, when he promptly discontinued for lunch-time and went back to his shed. At the stroke of one o'clock he returned to the tree and moved round and round again until the six-o'clock whistle blew, when he dropped work and sought the repose of his shed, where he remained for the night.

Father Harper, in telling the story, said that this old white horse was an honest and faithful servant. He did what he could until his strength left him, and was happy in the thought that he was still equal to a day's work. Although several faithful associates of the brothers have served the House, with ability, for thirty, forty, and even fifty years, they have like the brothers themselves, preferred to die in harness. Very few in the history of the House have been willing to be relegated to the monotonous desuetude of pasture life.

The industry and energy of the brothers reaped a constantly increasing harvest, until in 1825 they were obliged to move to larger quarters in Cliff Street, and this site they have occupied ever since, though their two buildings soon

grew to fourteen. In the eight years since the establishment of the firm of J. &. J. Harper they had attained the front rank among American publishers, and theirs was the largest book-manufacturing establishment in the country.

IV

I CAN hardly imagine how under any circumstances the Harper brothers could have been other than good men. In ruminating over the reasons why they became just the men they were, I find that much importance must be attached to the influence of Methodism, and still more to the impress of Methodist preachers.

New England, under the sway of the Pilgrims and Puritans, was of course the original home of religious fervor and educational advancement in this country. In 1825 Virginia was the center of knowledge and instruction in the South, and, in regard to devotional tendencies, the Anglican proclivities of the mother country still prevailed in the Southern States. New York was slow to shake off its stolid Dutch temperament and to come under the influence of the enterprising Anglo-American spirit, which constrained their children to "apply their hearts unto wisdom" and to seek out "the reason of things and to know the wickedness of folly," in material affairs. The West was at this time the alluring field for missionary and educational endeavor, and the Methodists, during the first fifty years of the last century, did work in this section which had a great influence in shaping the character of the nation.

When Methodism began to spread in America, converts rapidly multiplied under the missionaries sent out by

Wesley, and the call for preachers was greater than the supply. Almost any one who earnestly desired to enlist was accepted, although not a few of the numerous applicants had but little acquaintance with English grammar; some could not write their names, and others could scarcely read. These men, however, were inspired workers who penetrated every State and Territory of the land, enduring the hardest fare, sleeping in the woods, often ridiculed, and sometimes stoned and beaten by the motley crews that composed their congregations. Yet they were successful in thousands of conversions. Following the tide of emigration westward, their plain speech kept the religious sentiment alive, and thus laid a sure foundation for civil government in the Western mind. It is illustrative of the vital power of the Gospel that its elementary truths, earnestly delivered by men who had but little educational equipment and refinement, led the worst classes of society from dissolute to moral and orderly habits of life.

Poor and unlearned as these men were, they were yet, according to their means, the munificent patrons of learning; for by their gifts and energy many schools and colleges were established. Not a few of these missionaries became themselves admirable scholars, and, in some cases, made provision for the future, in order that their successors should not be impeded in their work by the lack of a liberal education. They were generous with the little money they received, as they were unsparing in the use of their health and life.

It is safe to say that Francis Asbury wrought as deeply into our national life, socially, morally, religiously, and, by consequence, politically, as any statesman who acted

a part in the really formative period of our nation—that period, I mean, which is marked by the building up of society in the valley of the Mississippi. It is not too much to say that if the great West sprang at once into civilization without passing through the intermediate stage of semibarbarism, it was due, more than to any other cause, to the Methodist preachers of the day. They laid hold on the growth of humanity springing up so luxuriantly in that rich field and engrafted upon it the scions of civilization, culture, and religion. For forty-five years, ending with his death in 1816, Asbury was the presiding genius of Methodism in this country.

The famous presiding elder of Illinois, Peter Cartwright, had been a backwoods preacher for nearly forty years, ranging the country from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. He was inured to every hardship, and had looked calmly at peril of every kind. The vocation in which he gloried was that of an itinerant preacher, and his congenial sphere that of a pastor in the woods. The Methodist economy then enjoined it as a duty on the preacher to diffuse sound literature and to place books in the homes of the people. Cartwright never traveled, if in a buggy, without a trunk, or, if on horseback, without a pair of saddle-bags crammed with books. These he disposed of with all diligence and thus entitled himself to the lasting gratitude of many a youth who, but for him, might have slumbered on without ever dreaming of the inspirational influences of education in the world's stock of blessings.

William H. Milburn, D.D., tells how he when a young man started out on horseback, with a pair of capacious saddle-bags stuffed with books, attired in a suit of blue

jeans, and crowned with a coonskin cap, and traveled as a licensed exhorter in company with the Rev. Peter Akers, D.D.

"In Illinois, Doctor Akers, for learning and power as a preacher, stood without a peer. It is true that the fervor of his feelings sometimes carried him to a great length of discourse, only equaled by the Covenanters or Puritans. He frequently 'held forth' for from three to five hours at a time, but as a rule his audiences were so enchanted by his eloquence that they would not have had the sermon shorter. I have heard that once when his discourse was unduly protracted, one of the congregation, who realized that his family was awaiting him, got up to leave the house. Dr. Akers shouted out: 'Stop, sir, I am not through yet.' 'Go on, sir,' said the offender, 'I am just going to dinner and will be back long before you are through.' His services were generally held in a double log-cabin with a porch in front; the men gathered in one room and the women in the other, and the boys on the porch. The preacher stood in the doorway."

Dr. Milburn tells us that his meager salary was received every three months, and at the end of the year he was paid one hundred dollars, besides presents of various yarn stockings, woolen shirts, and other useful articles. Within the year he preached nearly four hundred times and rode over three thousand miles.

"Of the Methodist preachers trained in the school of Asbury, not a few became men of note; some of them fair scholars in the accepted meaning of that word, and some grew to be scholars in a far higher sense. Two books they knew well, the Bible and the Hymns of Charles Wesley. One day they were the guests of those of high culture, the

next, perhaps, they put up in the lowliest cabins of the settlers. By virtue of their sacred functions, before which all human distinctions disappeared, they were the equals of every man whom they met. The highest were not above them, the lowest not beneath. They were, in that noble sense meant by the great Apostle, 'all things to all men,' and with a view that they might thereby 'win some' to a life of holiness and virtue. Not a few of these preachers became famous orators."

Perhaps no training for an orator—that is, one who by word of mouth is able to move men's hearts—is equal to that of the Methodist preacher a century ago. At early morning he mounted his horse and set out for the next station, perhaps twenty miles away, and it was likely that for hours there would not be a human being within sound of his voice. He takes out from his saddle-bag a pocket Bible and reads aloud a psalm, repeating it until the sound comes back to his ear as the exponent of the import of the passage. If he has a feeling for music, as most such men had, he sings over and over again one of Charles Wesley's glorious hymns. Then, for his sermon, not a word of which has been written, although he knows it all by heart, as he has recited it many times to himself—he now rehearses it, adding here and there a phrase, here and there leaving out another, trying every modulation and inflection of voice, and so by repeated revision and correction making it by mode of expression and manner of delivery as nearly perfect as lay in his power. Discourses as complete in conception and perfect in delivery as man ever heard have been listened to originally by a few score of people in some log-house on a Methodist circuit. It is no wonder that when some Methodist pioneer preacher had an opportunity

of delivering such a sermon before a great city audience he should electrify the assembly. It is said that on hearing a sermon so prepared, Henry Clay declared that Henry B. Bascom, an itinerant preacher who never set foot in college or ever heard a lecture on rhetoric, was the most eloquent speaker he had ever heard.

Such men had much to do with the early training of the Harper brothers. When boys, their father's house had been—as had been their father's father's before him—a preachers' home. Francis Asbury, Bishop Heading, and a long list of Methodist worthies were no strangers in their father's domicile. These noble men exerted a lasting influence on the Harper boys and taught them much of that courtesy of manner which marked them through life.

As setting forth the more cheerful side of their character, I cannot resist the temptation to cite the language of one of my grandfather's friends, the Rev. Dr. Stevens, who tells us that notwithstanding their many hardships, the early Methodist preachers were notable as a cheerful, if not indeed a humorous, class of men. "Their hopeful theology, their continued success, their unconscious self-sacrifices for the good of others, the great variety of characters they met in their travels, and their habit of self-accommodation to all, gave them an ease, a *bonhomie* which often took the form of jocose humor; and the occasional morbid minds among them could hardly resist the infectious example of their happier brethren. While they were as earnest as men about to face death, and full of the tenderness which could 'weep with those who wept,' no men could better 'rejoice with those who rejoiced.' They were usually the best story-tellers on their long circuits, and of course had abundance of their own adventures to

relate at the hearths and tables of their hosts. Not a few of them became noted as wits, in the best sense of the term, and were by their repartees, as well as by their courage and religious earnestness, a terror to evil-doers."

The gatherings at my grandfather's Monday dinners, which were a feature in his city home during my boyhood, were made up of just such men. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, Dr. Milburn, Dr. Durbin, Dr. McClintock, Dr. Crooks, Dr. Hagany, and many others were considered among the best raconteurs of their day. Stories circulated in rapid succession from the time they sat down to dinner until the meal was over and the second round of cigars had been lighted and consumed. The stories were as a rule original, either the personal experiences of one fresh from an Eastern circuit, or those just brought to town by some new arrival from the West. Full of pulsating life they were, and illustrative of their earnest labors throughout the land. The Drawer of HARPER'S MAGAZINE was the outcome of these gatherings, and when an especially good anecdote was told my grandfather would ask the narrator to write it out and put it in the drawer of his desk at the office, from which custom the department derived its name. These stories were gathered up once a month by the editor and worked into the department. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime was the second editor of the Drawer, which he conducted most successfully for many years.

One day Dr. Prime, during a call at Franklin Square, observed, "This Drawer in your MAGAZINE contains a good many objectionable anecdotes; you sometimes admit a profane word, and I occasionally find matter that I do not think is in the highest degree delicate." James Harper interrupted him. "Do you think you could

make it any better?" he asked. "Certainly I do," replied Dr. Prime. Then Fletcher spoke up, "Will you take an order?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said Fletcher, "we would like to have twenty pages for that department." Dr. Prime went home and in the course of a few days brought in the twenty pages. From that time he assumed charge of the department, and Fletcher subsequently told him that they were satisfied that the Drawer, under his management, sold more copies than any other one feature in the MAGAZINE. Some time after Dr. Prime's appointment James T. Fields asked Fletcher Harper, "Who makes up your Drawer?" The latter replied, "That is a profound secret." "Yes," said Fields, "but I don't ask the question from any idle curiosity; I should like to know who the man is who can get up such a mélange every month." Fletcher replied, "If you will keep it a profound secret I will tell you." He promised to do so, and Fletcher told him it was made up by the Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, editor of the *New York Observer*. "Then," said Fields with surprise, "that is the greatest joke that has ever been in the Drawer."

Dr. Prime received numerous contributions by mail, besides the material he found in the drawer of my grandfather's desk, and on one occasion a story came to him by post which appealed so keenly to his sense of humor that he decided to use it, although it was obviously personal in character and most uncomplimentary to the individual referred to. The name given was a common one, so he determined, in order to be on the safe side, to change it from Jones, say, to Smith, and also to substitute another town for the one given as the scene of the occurrence. To his astonishment, after the story appeared in

the MAGAZINE, Dr. Prime was handed a letter received by the House, couched in the most abusive terms, threatening all kinds of proceedings in retaliation for the publication of the story. It subsequently turned out that the contributor of the story had himself carefully changed the names before submitting the narrative, and that Dr. Prime, with solicitous precaution, had in some miraculous way changed them back again to their original form.

V

MANUAL work in this country on the farm, in domestic service, and in the factories was done quite entirely by native-born Americans when the brothers started in business. But in 1840 a new era had begun in our American industrial world and it rapidly gained momentum. Steam power soon manifested its forcible influence, and the increased demand for labor in every field invited and encouraged active immigration from Europe. The association of some kinds of manual labor with this incoming flood of ignorant workers put upon it something of the stigma that it had long suffered in the Southern States from connection with slave labor, and those who were American-born turned from certain lines of employment, especially that of domestic service.

The character of political issues also changed. For several years in the largest Northern cities an acute Protestant sensitiveness had been developed. The public school system, not yet firmly established, depended for its security entirely upon the support of American-born citizens, and the jealousy with which it was guarded against alien views and traditions brought on local conflicts. It was a result of such antagonism that James Harper was elected Mayor of New York City in 1844.

In 1840 the census showed the population of New York City to be 312,852. The city enjoyed and deserved the

reputation of being at that time the most prosperous and the worst governed city in the world. In 1842 Charles Dickens visited this country, and his pictures of New York City in the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and his *American Notes* cease to appear like exaggerations when they are compared with the files of contemporary newspapers. In 1844 the citizens of New York awoke to the necessity of reform in municipal government. Whigs and Democrats united in action for a non-political administration. The American love of civil liberty was intensified by the Puritan love of religious freedom, and the people demanded that foreigners, and particularly Roman Catholics, should not hold office. The leaders of this movement considered it essential to success that some one should head the ticket who had never been prominently identified with either of the great political parties, and the choice fell upon James Harper. Though not a politician in the party sense of the word, and never an attendant at ward meetings and primaries, he went regularly to the polls on the day of election and was accustomed to subscribe liberally to the support of the political organization which at the time possessed his confidence. Immersed in business, he was, like many of his fellow-citizens, too much occupied with his own affairs or, which was more likely, of a too reserved disposition to take any very active part in the administration of the affairs of the city. He was known to the public only as the senior member of an enterprising and flourishing publishing house, an earnest Methodist, an advocate of strict temperance principles, and a man of inflexible integrity.

The House of Harper was then publishing in numbers the handsomest edition of the Bible up to that time issued

from an American press, and he was thus identified in the public mind with the book the expulsion of which from the public schools was at that time so strenuously demanded by Bishop Hughes and the general run of Irish Roman Catholics; a demand which with equal vigor was resisted by the Native American party and the great body of earnest-minded Protestants of all shades of political opinion. The object of the movement was to redeem the city as well from the control of professional politicians.

James Harper received the unanimous nomination of the Reform party, and it was accepted by him, in the spirit in which it was tendered, and, after a brief but exciting canvass, he was elected Mayor of New York. There was also returned a majority of American Republicans in the Common Council, and the contest was universally regarded as a moral and religious victory. It was characterized by a newspaper of the day as "the cause, the struggle, and the sublime triumph of the Bible."

The election took place on the ninth day of April, 1844. When the result was announced James was called out to address the people who had assembled in front of his house in Rose Street. He stood on the balcony, a friend on each side holding a tallow candle, from which the grease dripped down upon his coat. "I feel," he said, "like the boy who had made a kite, the pride of his life, and set out to fly it. Higher and higher it went, till it caught in the limb of a tree. He climbed up to release it. He passed branch after branch, and then began to creep along the one on which his kite was hanging. On he went, until further advance was dangerous. He resolved to climb back, but found he could not. In fact, he was stuck. And that, fellow-citizens, is just what I am now."

On the 14th of May Mayor Harper's inaugural address was published.

The first duty of a successful candidate, as viewed by the majority of the party in power, was then—as now—to reward his electors by the distribution of the offices at his disposal. This duty Mayor Harper, to the great disappointment of a host of office-seekers, declined to perform. He utterly disregarded the popular cry of "Americans to govern America." He refused to expel any man from office because of his nativity or religious opinions. How little the Mayor shared the proscriptive feeling of so many of his party is curiously illustrated by a characteristic instance.

A bitter partisan, in an anonymous letter, thus addressed him shortly after his election: "You have a Roman Catholic woman in your bindery, and I call upon you as a Protestant and a native American to discharge her and supply her place with one of your own faith and land." The Harpers have never been accustomed to inquire closely into the religious faith of their employees, but James at once took measures to verify the statement of his correspondent. He looked into the matter, and, ascertaining that the woman referred to was faithful and industrious in her work and in rather straitened circumstances, he at once promoted her to a better station and increased her wages.

A week after Mayor Harper's inauguration the lower and more disorderly grog-shops were closed. Hackmen were put under some restraint. The booths which cluttered the sidewalks and impeded traffic were removed. Swine were excluded from the public thoroughfares, and cattle-driving below Fourteenth Street was forbidden in

the daytime, much to the disgust of some householders who still kept cows, pasturing them on the wild lands where Central Park is now situated, and driving them home at night to be milked and stabled. The Mayor's recommendation of the contract system for cleaning the streets was adopted. Contracts were given out for the removal of the filth and garbage which had been allowed to accumulate for a long time. In less than three weeks after the delivery of the inaugural address over twenty-five thousand loads of dirt had been removed, and an army of three hundred and fifty sweepers daily were employed in keeping the streets thus partially cleaned in better order.

Plans recommended by the Mayor for the construction of an adequate almshouse on Randall's Island were adopted, and the public charities which have since grown up there are in no small measure the fruit of his seed-sowing.

In 1807 the so-called Parade Grounds extended from Twenty-third Street up to Thirty-fourth, and from Seventh Avenue to Third Avenue. In 1814 this common ground was reduced so as to reach from Twenty-third to Thirty-first Street, and from Sixth Avenue to Fourth Avenue. When James became Mayor a further reduction was made to the present limits of Madison Square and this portion was then laid out as a park and enclosed.

In all his efforts at civic reform the Mayor was hampered by the want of an adequate police force. During the winter previous to his election a law had passed the State Legislature authorizing the Common Council to organize such a force, but no action had been taken under the law, and hence the best efforts of the Mayor were for a long time unavailing. It was urged that a regularly

uniformed and drilled police would partake of the character of a local standing army, and the scheme was identified in the popular mind with the institution of absolutism. It was opposed on that ground by not a few who consulted their prejudices rather than their judgment; but a more rational, though surely short-sighted, objection was based upon the additional expense which it would involve, and the proposition to divide the city into police districts and to rent or construct police stations was violently resisted in the Common Council on this account. That blind conservatism which opposes all innovations, however indispensable, furnished a still stronger element of resistance to the establishment of a municipal police force, or, as they were derisively called, "the Mayor's pups."

It was not until October that a police bill was introduced and pressed to its final passage by the friends of reform. Under this bill the city was divided into police districts, each district was provided with a watch-house, which served as police headquarters. The entire force, which was variously uniformed, was divided into four companies, and each company was divided in turn into four squads. There were sixteen sergeants, eight lieutenants, and four captains, the whole force being under the supervision of an inspector.

In the fall of 1844 the presidential election was held, and resulted in a victory for the Democratic party. James G. Birney drew off part of the Whig vote to the rising anti-slavery cause, which resulted in James K. Polk's defeating Henry Clay. Following close upon the inauguration of the Democratic President came the municipal elections. The Democrats, flushed with national success, resolved

to regain the administration of the New York government. The Whigs lacked both foresight and self-sacrifice, they being unwilling as a party to unite with other independent organizations in an endeavor to continue a non-partisan administration. They named a separate candidate, though they could hardly hope to elect him. Mayor Harper was the American Republican candidate for re-election, but took no part in the canvass. Some efforts were made to induce him to address various ward meetings, but he absolutely refused. It was, nevertheless, reported in the public prints that he was canvassing the city, which report called from him the following letter; otherwise he added no defense of his administration and offered no other plea for his re-election:

NEW YORK, *April* 1, 1845.

To the Editor of *The Sun:*

I see that in *The Sun* of this morning I am represented as addressing political meetings in the several wards as a candidate for the mayoralty. It is possible that you were only playing off an April joke at my expense, but lest some of your readers should take it in earnest, I must beg you to make the proper retraction. I have no time to attend to political meetings and no inclination to speak at them, most assuredly not as a candidate.

I have never sought for office, and if the 24,500 citizens of New York who placed me in the Mayor's chair last spring are desirous of a change, I can assure you that personally I have no objection. They will grant me, I hope, an honorable discharge, and when I lay down the honors of the office I shall lay down with them a heavy weight of labor and responsibility and care, besides making a gain in my pocket, for the expense is easily made to exceed the salary.

I have eaten but one meal at the expense of my constituents and have not driven a mile at their charge, and have allowed myself but one day of recreation since last May. Not one cent of the public money has been wasted the waste of which I could prevent. Fifteen hours of every twenty-four have been zealously, however

imperfectly, devoted by me to the service of my fellow-citizens, and, in a word, I have endeavored in the fear of God to do my duty, to reclaim the vicious, to maintain peace and good order, and to promote the cause of virtue and morality.

What I have succeeded in doing I will not undertake to say, but I will say, with a firm conviction of its truth, that if the party which put me in nomination, or some party which insists on separating the political interests of the city from those of the State and nation, shall remain in power, but a very short time will elapse before a saving of from forty to fifty per cent. will be effected in the administration of the city government.

This is the first time of my taking public notice of anything said to my prejudice and it shall be the last of the impending and approaching contest. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
JAMES HARPER.

The canvass was a close one; the Democratic candidate was a merchant of high reputation—William F. Havemeyer. The official returns stood as follows:

William F. Havemeyer, Democrat	23,282
James Harper, American Republican	16,609
Dudley Selden, Whig	6,816
Arthur Tappan, Abolitionist	62

James Harper retired to private life more gratified at the result of the election in which he was defeated than of that in which he was successful. He never again took an active part in politics, and from that time to the day of his death devoted himself to the cares and pleasures of his family circle and to his business. But his official title he never lost, being thereafter known as Mayor Harper.

One night while James was Mayor several of his nephews, on their way home from a fraternity dinner about 2 A.M., stopped at the Mayor's residence, and, observing that the lights had been extinguished, rang the front-

door bell violently. Presently the Mayor opened his second-story window and called down in a querulous voice, wanting to know what all the disturbance was about. The young men were muffled up, as it was a cold night, so that their uncle failed to recognize them, and his nephew, Joseph W. Harper, Jr., who acted as spokesman, informed the Mayor in a disguised voice that they had lost a yellow dog who answered to the name of Cato, and they would like to know if he could give them any information respecting the same, or help them to find him. The Mayor replied that if they didn't clear out immediately he would have them arrested, and slammed down his window. The next morning when James Harper arrived at his office he found the gallery of the main room hung with pictures of a yellow dog entitled Cato, and setting forth the fact that he had strayed or was stolen, and that a liberal reward was offered for his return. The Mayor's appreciation of the jest was only exceeded by his determination to get even some day with the boys.

My cousin, Joseph W. Harper, Jr., was generally known by his relatives and friends as "Brooklyn Joe," confusion often arising from the number of Josephs in the business. My father received the sobriquet of "Joe Twenty-second," as he lived in Twenty-second Street. There were, besides, Joseph Wesley, of the four brothers, Joseph Abner of the second generation, and two Josephs of the third. "Brooklyn Joe" was an inveterate practical joker. He had an old silk-hat on his desk which he would at times ingeniously insert under a visitor about to sit down, and then nonchalantly declare it of no consequence when the victim profusely apologized for his carelessness. I am told that he was prone to late hours when he was a young

man living in the Brooklyn parental home, and that his mother would invariably sit up for him, somewhat to his annoyance. One night just before he reached his home he met an organ-grinder on the street, and the idea occurred to him to cover up his late arrival by engaging the man to play in their large entrance-hall until he should have time to get into bed. So he offered the man five dollars if he would play until some one came down and paid him a dollar to stop. He further stipulated that he should not commence for ten minutes after he let him in. "Brooklyn Joe" managed to reach his room without detection, but was hardly in bed before the music burst through the house. Many white figures hurriedly appeared and indignantly protested against the noise, but the organ artist obediently ground on until he received the requisite dollar, and then he peaceably stole away. When his father on the double-quick reached Joe's room he found him apparently asleep, but it is doubtful if he succeeded at that time in hoodwinking his parent.

VI

THE Harper establishment was built up within a generation by four men who were the sons of a country carpenter, and who started with hardly any capital except their knowledge of their trade. But this one generation comprised fifty years of unremitting work. These men succeeded not because of a stroke of fortune or any accident of advantage, but by the slow and sure process of conformity to those laws which underlie industrial success.

The brothers were practically self-educated. They were, however, diligent readers, and early acquired the habit of study and intellectual intercourse. Actualities necessarily absorbed much of their attention, but the results of their training proved that the tortuous channels they were obliged to pursue in acquiring education and equipment, although at times difficult to follow, were sufficient to land them finally at the head of the guild of American Publishers.

The self-educated and energetic American who is a leader in his particular field of work, assuming his choice to be an ennobling one, is one of the best products of our soil, and the lack of a college education is not necessarily detrimental to him. For example, George William Curtis, Richard Henry Stoddard, Bayard Taylor, and Horace Greeley, who were contemporaries of the brothers, were self-educated, and they were men of whom the country is proud.

James Harper in many respects reminds one of Abraham Lincoln, or rather of what Lincoln would probably have been had a less heavy burden been laid upon his shoulders. There was the same keen sense of humor, the same fondness for jokes and witticisms, and the same readiness in finding or making an anecdote pat to the purpose. James's favorite way was to father his joke upon the person to whom he was speaking. Apropos of anything that came up he would say, "That puts me in mind of what you told me once," and then would come some story most likely invented on the spot. "Why! Mr. Harper," would be the response, "I never told you that; in fact, I never heard it before." "It is quite possible," would be the rejoinder, "but if it was not you it must have been somebody else," and then would probably come another story.

But those who supposed that James Harper was just an easy-going man who took everything lightly because the world had always used him kindly were wholly mistaken. "A keener judge of character I never knew," says J. C. Derby, the late publisher. "While apparently joking with a man, he was taking his measure, and in this he was rarely mistaken. If he thought him trustworthy there was no limit to his friendliness, not merely in word, but in act."

I cannot better illustrate this than by giving an extract from an interesting communication written to the firm by the late William Gowans, the well-known antiquarian bookseller of New York. "Shortly after I came to New York" (this must have been about seventy years ago) "I commenced bookselling in a very humble way. In order to keep my stock up I had often to visit 82 Cliff Street to procure a few cheap books. My purchases never amounted to more than five dollars at a time, except on

one occasion, when I bought in addition for my own reading Moore's *Life of Byron*. I always paid cash for my small purchases, and soon became intimate with James Harper. One day he asked me if I ever bought on credit. I answered that I never did, adding that I had once or twice made the attempt, and had always been refused, and had come to the conclusion that nobody would trust me to the amount of five dollars. He jumped up from his arm-chair, and clapped his great hand on my shoulder, with the words, 'You look like a brave, honest young man; I'll trust you for anything you want.' This was, with one exception, the first expression of kindness and confidence that had greeted me in my new home; the other was from a kind-hearted Quaker, a true gentleman, like James Harper. In both cases the kindness was proffered, not solicited. An offer of credit for half a million of dollars would not now produce upon me a tenth part of the effect produced by this offer from James Harper. That incident is stamped upon my memory. While I live I can never forget it or the man who made it."

On one occasion a young lad of fourteen applied to James Harper for a situation. James happened to know the boy and was aware that he was inclined to affect the manners of a man of the world, and was prematurely addicted to the use of tobacco, so he resolved to teach him a lesson.

"Do you smoke?" inquired the Mayor.

"Yes, sir," said the youth, with evident satisfaction at his accomplishment. Perhaps he anticipated the present of a cigar, and, if so, he was not destined to disappointment. James beckoned to a clerk, gave him twenty-five cents, and bade him purchase the largest and strongest

cigar he could find for the price at the nearest tobacconist's. The clerk fulfilled the commission, and James handed the regalia to the youngster and then explained to him his duties.

"We are greatly troubled with moths," said the Mayor; "they get into our bins and destroy the books, and it will be your business to smoke them out."

This was said with the utmost gravity and received with perfect credulity. Not only to smoke, but to be paid for the pleasure, outran the young man's wildest dreams. So he promptly entered one of the bins and set to work, puffing out the fragrant clouds from the strong cigar, which soon made his eyes water and took away his breath, but not for his life would the young martyr have admitted that this employment was not in every way delectable. Occasionally he would take the cigar out of his mouth for a rest, but as surely as he did so James would happen to appear and ask him if he were already getting tired of his job, and remark:

"Why, this bin isn't half smoked out yet; pull away, sonny; be industrious."

At it again the unconscious victim went, until at length the laughter of the clerks could be restrained no longer. The eyes and head of the young lad rose in rebellion, and, awakening at last to a perception of the joke, he was seen rushing down the stairs by the Mayor, who hailed him with:

"What! off so soon? Why, your work isn't half done yet, my boy!"

Report says that the young man was effectually cured of his taste for tobacco.

I will give one more instance of the sly humor in which

James Harper occasionally indulged, from J. C. Derby's delightful book, *Fifty Years Among Authors, Books, and Publishers*.

"One day it fell to him to entertain a visitor at the office who had come in with no object save to satisfy his curiosity; one of those dull-witted 'bores' to whom the parody of Ben Jonson's famous line might be aptly applied: 'He was not for a time, *but for all day*'

'After a great many questions about the business and th part taken by the several brothers, the visitor re-mrked, 'You say, Mr. Harper, that your brother John ss to the accounts, that your brother Wesley superin-tids the correspondence, and that your brother Fletcher leps the business moving, but you haven't told me what ou do.'

"'Oh,' replied James, 'they leave me an enormous mount of work; I have more to do than all of them put ogether.'

"'Indeed! That is very curious. Allow me to ask what it is.'

"'Why, my dear sir, between you and me, they leave me to entertain the bores.'"

John Harper was a man for an emergency. The striking habit of his mind was that of quick decision. He never hesitated, and with him to plan was to execute. The energetic impulses of the house as a rule proceeded from John or Fletcher. The former possessed the judicial temperament in a large degree and was a wise counselor, whose decisions were most apt to be in the right direction. Fletcher Harper had the temperament of an advocate, and he was enthusiastic, energetic, and followed

details with vigilance and accuracy. The financial and commercial side of the business was under the general direction of John Harper, while Fletcher Harper directed the literary department.

A gentleman who was quite familiar with the methods of the older days relates that when Fletcher first came into the business as a young man his older brother, John, who had some years the advantage of him in business experience, used to bring him into the counting-room and put hypothetical questions to him as to how he would deal with certain contingencies. After hearing his reply he would sometimes say to him, "Well, you would be foolish to do that," and then he would show him the error of his conclusion. In this way he gave him the advantage of his own larger experience and trained him to study out a business situation. I might add that in later years my grandfather, Fletcher Harper, used to try very much the same method with me when I was entering upon my business career.

As an apprentice John Harper had acquired the reputation of being an excellent proofreader. At an early age he developed an intuitive taste in typography that was so marked that as long as he remained in active life a specimen page of every important book issued by the House was always submitted to him for examination. He was quick to detect a typographical error. If there was but a single mistake in a page, were it but a turned letter, his keen eye was always sure to catch it. He was especially critical in the matter of title-pages, and it was characteristic of him that whenever one was submitted for his inspection his natural instinct was to feel in his waistcoat pocket for a pencil before looking at it. Not infrequently



a title-page was revised a dozen times before it received his imprimatur.

Neither he nor his brothers ever worked on Sunday, even during their apprenticeship. It is told of John that one Saturday afternoon, when he was a journeyman printer in the employment of Jonathan Seymour, he was informed that he was expected to work the next day on the catalogue of an auction sale which was to be held on the following Monday. "That I will not do," was the sturdy but respectful reply. "I will forfeit my papers, but I will not work on Sunday." When the clock struck twelve that night John Harper laid down his composing-stick and went home, regardless of a threat to discharge him. On Monday morning Seymour, who admired the pluck and moral courage of the young man, apologized for having spoken harshly to him, and made him foreman of a department.

Joseph Wesley Harper, the third of the brothers, was a man of delicate health, but of fine literary judgment. He was gentle in his manners, and during his active life conducted the correspondence of the firm with authors. His letters were models of penmanship, expression, and courteous and considerate treatment of authors.

It is told that when he was a child an old presiding elder said to his mother, "Sister Harper, why don't you give one of your boys to the Lord to be a preacher?"

"Why," said she, "that is just what I expect to do, and I have already selected one of them."

"Which one have you selected?" inquired the gratified elder.

"I have selected Wesley," was the reply.

"Why Wesley rather than James, John or Fletcher?"

"Oh, well," replied Mother Harper, "Wesley seems to be the most feeble and delicate in health, and he is rather lazy." Then perceiving from the elder's perplexed and rather injured look that he had put a wrong construction on her motives, she hastened to add, "I thought that if I gave Wesley to the Lord He would take him and make him over again, so that he would be strong and influential."

Derby, in his sympathetic way, tells us that Wesley "was gentle, refined, and affectionate in spirit, and that he possessed a natural inclination to the literary culture which distinguished him in after life. His mind was quick, subtile, and at the same time broad and catholic. He had an intimate acquaintance with the productions of the best authors, and few men were better read in the current literature of the day. His manner was invariably courteous and affable, and no one could be long in his presence without feeling at home. The most sensitive author found in him a sympathetic friend and adviser. If a manuscript was to be declined the declination was always made in the kindest manner, and the disappointment softened, not infrequently, with suggestion and advice that gave the unsuccessful applicant fresh heart and hope."

Fletcher Harper possessed unusual administrative abilities. His judgment was quick, decisive, and generally correct. As a publisher he was creative, courageous, and at times even audacious. George William Curtis said of him: "In all his business relations Fletcher Harper showed the quality of a great administrator. He was a man of the truest modesty, and gaily said that he was a 'passable' man of business; but he would have been distinguished in any chief public trust demanding im-

mense energy, sagacity, quick and unerring judgment, and easy and efficient mastery of men. He had the instinct of a leader. He knew at once what was to be done, and his shrewd estimate of men led him to choose his instruments. Fletcher Harper was always quiet, and appeared to be at leisure, but his electrical energy, his controlling will, made him seem, for all that, the organizing force of the huge factory that swarmed and hummed around him. Like all masterful men, he abhorred ruts and routine, and was constantly and quietly testing the readiness and intelligence of those around him. He dropped a pregnant hint. The hearer saw the scope and purpose, made thorough and ample preparation, supposing the thing was to be done. Mr. Harper came, saw with satisfaction that a hint could be correctly taken, but announced that the thing would not be done. What he wanted was the habit and faculty of readiness, and thus he surrounded himself with minute-men."

When John C. Spencer was Secretary of State at Albany, in 1839, it became his duty to supervise the selection of books for the School District Libraries. The alert mind of Fletcher saw the opportunity thus presented for an important stroke of business, and, going to his brother James, he said, "Boss, give me a letter to your friend Thurlow Weed, and ask him to introduce me to Mr. Spencer." Armed with this letter, the "boy," as James called him, took the boat for Albany, and on arriving there put up at the old Eagle Tavern. He then sauntered out to find Mr. Weed, who was the editor of the *Albany Journal*, and a man of great influence. Mr. Weed received him in the kindest manner, and, having read James Harper's letter, said:

"Well, Fletcher, I shall be glad to do what I can for you for your own sake, as well as on account of my dear friend, your brother. Now, Spencer is a very difficult man to approach. He is sensitive and always suspicious of possible jobs; he requires to be approached with some delicacy and caution." He then added, suddenly, "Why! he is coming to my house to-night. The Governor will be there and the Lieutenant-Governor and Spencer and some Senators and Assemblymen."

Fletcher replied, impulsively, "That is the very time I can meet him."

Mr. Weed shook his head. "Now, don't be in such a hurry, my boy; don't be in such a hurry. I will manage that. I don't think it would answer for you to meet him at my house. Let me arrange it for you."

Accordingly, during the evening and in the presence of a number of friends, but not directly to Secretary Spencer, Weed casually remarked that he had had a pleasant interview that day with a young man from New York, a hard-working, intelligent, industrious, straightforward young printer, and that he was the youngest brother of his old friend and fellow-pressman, James Harper. Spencer, overhearing Weed's remarks—as he intended he should—turned to Weed and said:

"Who is this wonderful young man, this young printer? Where is he, and why didn't you ask him here to-night?"

"Why, Spencer, he is very sensitive," remarked Weed. "He has come to Albany expressly to see you on business."

"Then why not have him here to-night?" repeated Spencer.

"Because," said Weed, "he is not that kind of a man,

and he is too proud to avail himself of a social occasion for business purposes."

The Secretary immediately replied: "Well, you make me very desirous of knowing him. I should like to see him early to-morrow morning. Where is he?"

"He is down at the Eagle Tavern," said Weed. "I will bring him up to-morrow, but, mind he is very proud and sensitive."

Accordingly, the next day Weed presented Fletcher to Secretary Spencer. The Secretary was very favorably disposed toward him. He said, "I understand, my young friend, that you want to furnish the State with the School District Library books."

Fletcher replied, "Yes, that is what I have come for, Mr. Secretary."

"How do you propose to do it?" asked Spencer.

"I propose to do it under your direction," said Fletcher.

"You haven't all the books," observed Spencer.

"We will buy them, then," replied Fletcher.

"But suppose you cannot buy them?" said Spencer.

"We will make arrangements of some kind," Fletcher assured Spencer.

"How about the price?" asked Spencer.

"That," said Fletcher, looking the Secretary squarely in the eyes, "you shall decide. Whatever arrangements you may make will be satisfactory to my brothers and to me. We shall put ourselves in your hands."

The result of the interview was that Spencer gave the House the making and supplying of what became known in every household in New York State as Harper's School District Library.

Harper & Brothers acknowledged their old friend Weed's kind services in the following letter:

NEW YORK, *January* 2, 1841.

THURLOW WEED, ESQ.:

DEAR FRIEND,—Your gratifying letter of the 31st ult. came to hand this moment. You have indeed made us very happy. This is a glorious beginning for us, for which we beg you to accept our unbounded and inexpressible thanks. The "Brothers Cheeryble" (if we may be allowed for once to apply your beautiful compliment to ourselves) will ever remember your kindness. Individually and collectively wishing a Happy New Year to the dictator, we remain your obliged friends.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

The day before my grandfather died I remember Thurlow Weed coming to Twenty-second Street with a bottle of old Jamaica rum under his arm. He said that it was many, many years old, and the last bottle he had, and if anything could give his dear friend physical strength that would.

Derby says of the four brothers: "They cared not so much about business success or the accumulation of wealth as of leading happy and useful lives. Success and wealth came to them, but neither was the chief object of their ambition. It is a singular fact that the *American Cyclopædia*, which contains more than twenty-three thousand titles of subjects, gives but one title of a business firm, and that reads 'Harper & Brothers.' The reason for this exception is probably the fact that the four brothers acted as a unit in all their business transactions. They were known, individually, as exemplary Christian gentlemen, but, collectively, the brothers were inseparable. Their firm name was probably in their day more widely known among English-speaking people than that of any other business house."

The brothers, although devout members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, were not always in strict harmony with the rigid views which prevailed at that time among some of the members. For instance, my grandmother told me that she and my grandfather were once very much shocked to see a young woman turned away from the communion-table because she wore ear-rings. At a later period John Harper was in danger of being disciplined because he allowed his young children to participate in round dances at his home.

In their early married days the brothers lived adjacent to their place of business. James took up his abode in Rose Street, one of the narrow winding ways which are characteristic of the lower part of the city. It is said that all the streets hereabout were originally laid out by the cows that picked their way from the town up to their pasture grounds in the Bowery, and that the Dutch burghers built their houses on the line of these cow-tracks. If this is not the true explanation of the crooked streets of this part of the city, it is the only plausible one which has been offered.

The three-story brick houses which lined the streets in this neighborhood were not unprepossessing in appearance, but they were devoid of modern comforts. For instance, their only water-supply was derived from the street pump. My father-in-law, Col. Richard M. Hoe, the celebrated inventor who lived in this part of the city at the time, related to me that a friend of his, thinking the labor of bringing water from the pump to his house rather onerous for a maid-servant, told his coachman to fetch the water, but the man protested that it was not within his province. "Very well," said his employer, "bring around

the carriage and horses." When they arrived he directed the maid to get in with her pails, and then told the driver to take her to the pump and fill her pails and then bring her back.

In 1845 the city of New York had fairly begun its strides northward. Yet Bleecker Street, barely a mile above the City Hall, was the registered boundary between "Down-town" and "Up-town," or, as a clever writer christened it, "Upper-ten-dom." The "upper ten" included all who lived in a fashionable neighborhood north of Bleecker Street; the "lower ten" meant all who lived south of that charmed line. Almost every family whose means permitted had moved or was preparing to move "above Bleecker."

My grandfather told me that when he was a young man it was the fashion to move every year or so, always gravitating to the northern portion of Manhattan Island. He owned at one time a spacious house in Cliff Street, just back of the publishing premises. Afterward he moved to Seventh Street, near Second Avenue, where I was born in 1850, and a year or two later he purchased a house in Twenty-second Street, where he subsequently lived in the winter season.

My earliest remembrances of New York City are first the Hippodrome, which was located on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, where the Fifth Avenue Hotel stood for many years, and, secondly, General Worth's funeral, when his remains were placed under the monument on Fifth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street. The martial music, the muffled drums, and his war horse with the General's boots reversed, all left a lasting impression on my memory.

I give the following letter, written by my grandfather to his brothers during one of his many visits to London, as a voucher of his attention to business while off on a vacation.

LONDON, *July* 3, 1847.

MY DEAR BROTHERS,—Here we are still, anxiously awaiting the departure of the Steamer *Washington* to convey us to our homes. She is to sail on the 10th instant after having undergone some alterations in her machinery.

I shall bring with me a part of the casts from the cuts of the *Arabian Nights*.

Mr. Low sends you, among other books, *The Land of the Bible*, by Dr. Wilson, which appears to me to be worthy of your special attention. He will also enclose our agreement with Messrs. Clowes and with himself.

With Dr. Corson's assistance I have obtained access to some of the forthcoming medical literature, which I am quite sure will be of much advantage to us.

Accept my thanks for your kind letter of the 14th inst.

The *Washington* is full of freight and passengers; Mr. and Mrs. Bangs return with me.

This sheet of paper and the envelope are sample of five reams which I have requested Mr. Low to send you.

The information which I have obtained in London connected with the book trade I hope will prove somewhat useful and profitable to us in our future operations.

Mr. Bangs has employed Mr. Low as agent; you will notice his advertisement in the *Publishers' Circular*. If Mr. B. had come to London a few days sooner his consignments would have been more numerous for his August sale.

Mr. Bohn's views, I think, are somewhat modified. He told me yesterday that he was disposed to negotiate for stereotype plates. An offer for a large quantity for cash would be acceptable to him, I have no doubt. There are some excellent books in his library.

The book business here is in a languishing state.

Messrs. Longman eagerly purchased the early sheets of Anthon's *Xenophon* for twenty-five pounds.

Mr. Barnes' future volumes must be copyrighted in England.

They are selling enormously. Three or four different editions are published.

I hope you have forwarded the proof-sheets of our new edition of Webster. Any further delay will be injurious to the work.

Hoping soon to see you, and begging to be remembered to your families, father Harper, father and mother Lyon and all inquiring friends, I remain,

Your affectionate brother,

FLETCHER.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS.

I conclude this chapter with an interesting communication received by Harper & Brothers, in 1847, in relation to the Greeley and Raymond Discussion which had for some time been carried on in their respective journals in an animated manner.

The undersigned desire that the Messrs. Harper should publish their discussion of Association in a well-printed pamphlet. They will engage at the end of six months to purchase all the copies that may remain unsold of an edition of One Thousand at the cost price, leaving the publishers all the profits that may accrue from the sale of any numbers they may choose to print.

HORACE GREELEY.
H. J. RAYMOND.



VII

EARLY in 1840 the Middle West was eager for education. Debating societies became popular and the lyceum movement flourished. The desire for libraries and the improvement of public schools created a constantly increasing market for books, and the lecture bureaus stimulated the growing interest in biographies and works of travel and adventure.

To meet the requirements of this demand Harper & Brothers early began the publication of libraries, or sets of books uniform in binding and price. The best known of these libraries is Harper's Family Library, begun in 1830, which contained one hundred and eighty-seven volumes. Most of the books in this collection were by English authors, although there were a few by American writers. Another library was Harper's Boys and Girls' Library, the publication of which was started in 1831. These works were, as a rule, by American authors, several of the volumes being written by the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks, a well-known Episcopal clergyman of this city, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Uncle Philip." In the same year the House began the publication of a Classical Library.

The original series of Harper's Library of Select Novels was started in 1830, but was abandoned in 1834, as the size and form were unpopular, most of the stories being

in two volumes. But in 1842 a new series was begun under the same title, published in brown paper covers and containing some of the best fiction of the day. With the exception of possibly half a dozen or so, they were all by English authors. The novels in this library were complete in one volume. The popularity of the library was very great, reaching six hundred and fifteen volumes.

Harper's School District Library was started in response to a call for such a series of books from the libraries in New England and New York State. Booksellers throughout the State of New York became much interested in the passage by the Legislature of a measure relative to libraries for the public schools which had been recommended by Governor Seward. The sum of fifty-five thousand dollars was to be appropriated annually for five years, provided each school district where the appropriation was applied raised an amount equal to that apportioned to it by the State. The act was passed and became a rich harvest for Harper & Brothers. They issued from their press with great rapidity nearly three hundred volumes in the various departments of science—history, biography, and travel—especially designed for school libraries.

Mention might also be made of other series, such as Harper's Selected Library of Standard Literature, Harper's New Classical Library, Harper's Student Series, Harper's Story Books, and several others.

The firm early recognized the commercial value of religious literature, and their list was rich in books of this character. Among the many important works of this class I shall simply note the fact that they printed for the Methodist Book Concern John Wesley's Works in ten

volumes, and that they were the publishers of several editions of *The Book of Common Prayer*. One edition contained nearly seven hundred engravings and was published under the editorship of Bishop Wainwright, from whom I quote the following letter addressed to Fletcher Harper:

NEW YORK, *December* 31, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—I do not know when I have been more astonished than I was some little time since upon asking for you at the office to hear that you had sailed for Europe. I had been down but a short time before, and, not seeing you, I heard nothing of the matter. The last time I saw you I remember nodding to you as you were in a carriage at the corner of Maiden Lane and Pearl St. I little supposed at the time that you were going on such an errand. I should certainly have been to see you off and shake hands with you before your departure, and I feel so much disappointed at not being able to do so that I must write you this line to wish you God speed and health and happiness during your tour abroad. I wish it were in my way to offer you any facilities on the continent. When you go to England I shall be most happy to give you some letters that may possibly be of service to you. I will not trouble you with a long letter, as you will probably have to read many more important ones by this packet. Should you at any time have a moment of leisure I should be very happy to hear from you how things strike you abroad. I trust your wife will receive benefit from the excursion. Please to make my respects to her, and believe me to be,

Most sincerely your friend,

JOHN M. WAINWRIGHT.

The Autobiography of Lucien Bonaparte was published by the Harpers in 1836. At the time of its publication there was considerable public dispute concerning the control of the American market by English publishers. Saunders & Otley, of London, with a view to reaping the benefit of the sale of this work in the United States, determined to establish an American agency under the management of Frederick Saunders. The Harpers obtained

an advance copy of the "Autobiography" and had their edition on the market twenty-four hours after the volume came into their possession. Saunders & Otley thereupon gave up their effort to control both markets, and in consequence their representative became a clerk in the Harper establishment.

Derby records an amusing anecdote of an experience which Daniel Appleton had about this time during a sojourn in England. "One day while in London Appleton called upon Mr. Duncan, a book publisher of some renown, doing business in Paternoster Row. He published an edition of the Hebrew Bible, of which Appleton wanted several hundred copies on three or four months' credit. Duncan declined to sell on time, telling Appleton that he had made up his mind not to give credit to any American booksellers again, as he had already lost too much money by them. Appleton replied, 'Do you say that you have lost a great deal of money through American booksellers?' Duncan replied, 'Yes, I do!' 'Well,' said Appleton, 'if you will make out your account against any or all the American booksellers by whom you have lost money, limited as my available means are at present, I will give you a draft for the whole amount at once.' Duncan, with much surprise, asked: 'What do you mean? The amount due from them is very large. You could not possibly pay it.' Appleton said, 'Let me have the accounts and I will pay them at once.' Duncan then presented the names and the amounts due from the American firms. After Appleton had looked over the list he exclaimed: 'These are not Americans! Every one of them is English, brought up here in Paternoster Row and sent to America to act as agents for the sale of your books. I

don't propose to pay for them! I want your accounts against American booksellers!' Mr. Duncan, thus brought to bay, said, 'Appleton, you have got me this time; there is a difference, and you shall have all the books and credit desired!'"

Harper & Brothers were fortunate at this period of their business career in the associations they formed and maintained with literary men, prominent educators, and especially with the clergy. Their counting-room was a popular resort of the literati of the country and the House obtained on many occasions from these intellectual friends suggestions which were of great value to them in the development of their gradually broadening literary plans.

The old Columbia College grounds were not far from the Harper buildings, situated as they were between Murray and Barclay streets, at the head of Park Place, and the members of the faculty were frequent visitors in Franklin Square. Among them may be mentioned above all others Prof. Charles Anthon, a leader among the constructive educators of his time, and Prof. Henry Drisler, one of the earliest American classical scholars to attain to international repute as a recognized authority in the humanities.

We published Edgar Allan Poe's narrative of "Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket" in 1838. After that, for some reason which I have been unable to discover, the House ceased to publish for Poe. Whether Poe was dissatisfied or the firm lacked initiative in securing his work, I am at a loss to say, but I do know that they greatly admired his productions.

I have taken the following letters from Woodberry's

interesting *Life of Edgar Allan Poe.* In June, 1844, Poe wrote to Prof. Charles Anthon:

It is true that I have no claims upon your attention, not even that of personal acquaintance. But I have reached a crisis of my life in which I sadly stand in need of aid, and without being able to say why—unless it is that I so earnestly desire your friendship —I have always felt a half hope that, if I appealed to you, you would prove my friend. I know that you have unbounded influence with the Harpers, and I know that if you would exert it in my behalf you could procure me the publication I desire.

NEW YORK, *November* 2, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—I have called upon the Harpers as you requested, and have cheerfully exerted with them any influence I possess, but without accomplishing anything of importance. They have *complaints* against you, grounded on certain movements of yours, when they acted as your publishers some years ago, and appear very little inclined to enter upon the matter which you have so much at heart. However, they have retained for the second perusal the letter which you sent to me, and have promised that should they see fit to come to terms with you they will address a note to you forthwith. Of course if you should not hear from them their silence must be construed into a declination of your proposal. *My own advice* to you is to call in person at their office, and talk over the matter with them. I am *very sure* that such a step on your part will remove many of the difficulties which at present obstruct your way. You do me injustice by supposing that I am a stranger to your production. I subscribed to the "Messenger" only because you are connected with it, and I have since that period read and, as a matter of course, admired, very many of your other pieces. The Harpers also entertain, as I have heard from their own lips, the highest opinion of your talents, but— I remain very sincerely,

Your friend and well-wisher,

CHARLES ANTHON.

P. S.—The MSS. which you were kind enough to send can be obtained by you at any time on calling at my residence. C. A.

In the early history of the House their agreements with authors were generally brief, consisting sometimes of but a few lines, and quite often they were simply oral under-

standings. As an example of a short and comprehensive form of agreement the following lines embody a most important contract—namely, the publication of a series of Greek and Latin books edited by Prof. Charles Anthon. This enterprise, which extended over twenty-five years and embraced thirty-nine volumes, was conducted with profit and satisfaction to both parties.

AGREEMENT

Anthon's Classical Series. The subscriber, intending to edit a Series of Classical and Auxiliary Works for the use of schools and colleges, hereby agrees that the said Works shall be stereotyped, printed, and published by Harper & Brothers of New York; it being expressly understood that the profits arising from the publication of such Works shall be equally shared between the subscriber and said Harper & Brothers. CHARLES ANTHON.
NEW YORK, *Oct.* 3, 1835.

I do not remember that there was ever any dissension between Professor Anthon and the House regarding this agreement, although the Professor had the reputation of being exacting, if not censorious. The mutual confidence and cordiality between author and publisher which is clearly evinced by the above document may be commended to the attention of writers who in the present day so cautiously bargain with publishers through their paid agents. Complete trust in the integrity and good faith of his publisher by the author is absolutely essential to the best commercial results.

Here is another example of a simple and workable form of agreement made in a few lines of correspondence:

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS:

I have before me your favor of the 14th instant, in which you state the terms of Agreement between us for publishing my book entitled "Travels in Europe, etc." to be as follows:

"We are to allow you or your legal representative one-half of the net profits arising from the sale of said work during the term of copyright. And further—We are to render you an account current of the same on the first days of February and August of each year, if required."

(Signed) "HARPER & BROTHERS."

The above is my understanding of the agreement, supposing at the same time that you consider me a joint and equal owner with you in the plates.

Yours respectfully,
W. FISK.

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 6, 1838.

From time to time in the early period of the history of the House the Harpers published books of an educational character; but that class of work did not form a large element in their business until about 1836, when they began the publication of Professor Anthon's Classical Series. Their catalogue of 1847 contained a large and important list of educational books published or projected.

The volumes in Professor Anthon's Classical Series were not only of value to students, but they were also beautiful in their typography, and most accurate in their proof-reading, a point of great importance in books of that character. The pages of *Homer* and *Xenophon* were especially attractive and were much admired by scholars and practical printers. English educators, while criticizing the liberal annotations in these books, were not unwilling to reprint them for use in their institutions of learning.

Professor Anthon helped to introduce the results of German scholarship to his American audience. He was rich in learning and exact in execution; and there was

no indication of carelessness or slovenly work in his books. Some years after Anthon's death, which occurred about 1866, two manuscripts of his were found among his effects, one a text and notes to certain books of Livy, and the other notes to six plays of Euripides. These were published by the House and were widely welcomed by scholars. Anthon's manuscript was in itself a work of art. While the penmanship was very small, the preparation had been so carefully made that compositors had little trouble with it, and consequently there were few corrections necessary in proof.

The firm published in 1850 Andrews's Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the larger German-Latin Lexicon by Dr. Willliam Freund, which immediately took its place as the best Latin-English dictionary published. At the same time the beauty of its typography attracted attention. In fact, even to-day, few educational books have been printed in this country which surpass it in the quality of the composition and presswork. This lexicon held its pre-eminent place in the market for many years. Soon after its publication John Harper, while in Europe, secured from Dr. Freund, for the sum of two thousand dollars, a very important collection of revisions, additions, and corrigenda. This material after some years was put into the hands of Charlton T. Lewis and Charles Short, who prepared an entirely new work published in 1879 and entitled *Harper's Latin Dictionary. Founded on the Translation of Freund's Latin-German Lexicon. Edited by E. A. Andrews, LL.D. Revised, enlarged, and in great part rewritten by Charlton T. Lewis, Ph.D., and Charles Short, LL.D.* The revision, preparation, and manufacture occupied several years, and the cost, exclusive

of composition and electrotyping, was nearly twenty thousand dollars before a page was put to press. In fact, after the editors had pronounced the work complete and ready for press the Harpers had the finished plates read by competent scholars for the accuracy of the references, bad letters, etc., and this reading alone cost them over twenty-two hundred dollars. This work was found to be such an advance upon anything of the kind then existing in the English language that the Clarendon Press, of Oxford, England, purchased a set of plates and adopted it as their own publication. Later on two other dictionaries on a smaller scale, for less advanced students, were made out of this great work, and these in time were also adopted by the Clarendon Press.

The *Greek Lexicon* of Liddell and Scott, edited and enlarged by Prof. Henry Drisler, is also mentioned in this catalogue. This was a very successful work, and retained its place on the list until about 1882, when a new edition, published in England, containing extensive American revisions, additions, and corrections, supplied at the suggestion of Harper & Brothers by Prof. Henry Drisler, in association with Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins, and Prof. W. W. Goodwin, of Harvard, came into the market and was imported in large quantities by the firm. The original work was in this way superseded.

The adoption by the Clarendon Press of Lewis and Short's revised *Latin Dictionary* and the incorporation of extensive revisions and additions from American scholars in their new edition of Liddell and Scott's *Greek Lexicon* was a remarkable and well-merited compliment to the classicists of this country.

Harper & Brothers' list was further enriched about this time by Robinson's Greek Lexicon of the New Testament, Professor Fowler's great work on the English language, and by several additions to Professor Loomis's *Course of Mathematics and Astronomy*.

In 1844 the firm contracted with Charles H. Haswell, a well-known consulting and construction engineer in this city, for the publication of his *Engineers' and Mechanics' Pocket-Book*. This work was extraordinarily successful and has occupied its place upon the market up to the present time. It has been three times set up anew, besides being continually enlarged by the addition of new material as it came to the notice of the author. In his early life Haswell was associated with Fletcher Harper and the long-time foreman of the Harper composing-room, Henry Marsh, in the membership of "Lafayette," Engine Number Seven in the New York Volunteer Fire Department. It is related that Haswell and Fletcher Harper were at one time rival candidates for the coveted position of foreman of that company. Haswell was unsuccessful in this ambition, but if he failed at that time he subsequently won great success in other and more important fields.

Haswell's active life was continued until his ninety-seventh year, when he died as the result of a fall in his home. Fifty years after the publication of his book he wrote to the publishers a most appreciative and cordial letter, referring to their pleasant relations during the long period of their business acquaintance. When he was eighty-seven years old he published through the House a work entitled *The Recollections of an Octogenarian*, which has taken a high place among the books in that

field, as it gives a minute description of the growth of New York City during his lifetime.

Previous to their disastrous fire of 1853 the House had published 1,549 works in 2,028 volumes, of which works 722 were original and 827 reprints.

VIII

In June, 1842, while Harper & Brothers were engaged in publishing G. P. R. James's story of *Morley Ernstein*, for which keen competition had been manifested, their establishment was surreptitiously entered early one morning for the purpose of securing one of their copies of this work and the bindery was set on fire. This resulted in the firm's beginning a spirited retaliatory policy by the sale of novels in other and cheaper forms of binding. Having in their vaults the plates of Bulwer's novels, which they purchased from Phillips & Sampson, of Boston, simply to take the edition out of the market, they now brought them out in separate numbers, one novel in each, at twenty-five cents. New works by this author were also published as they appeared in the same form. This course, after a hard fight, overcame the opposition, but the series thus begun was continued with little variation in Harper's Library of Select Novels.

I quote the following extracts from an important work we publish, by Frederic Hudson, *Journalism in America:*

About the time the Atlantic began to be traversed by steamships several large papers, published weekly, were established in New York and Boston. They were entitled the Boston *Notion*, and the *New World* and *Brother Jonathan*, of New York. They were literary sheets and made news of literature. Park Benjamin, Rufus W. Griswold, George Roberts, and Jonas Winchester were

the publishers. John Neal, Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro, Griswold, and Benjamin were the chief editors; but they impressed Bulwer, G. P. R. James, Dickens, Ainsworth, Lever, Sheridan Knowles, Lover, and all the writers of note, into their service *nolens volens*. They made war by their enterprise on the Harpers and other large publishers and brought literature into the market at greatly reduced prices. They were a sensation in New York. What the New York *Herald* endeavored to do with the political, commercial, and marine movements of the day, these energetic *litterateurs* and publishers attempted to accomplish with Bulwer and Dickens. *Zanoni* was thus published by the Harpers, the *New World*, and *Brother Jonathan* in the spring of 1842. It sold for twelve and a half cents, and in some instances at six and a quarter cents.

These weekly sheets made the same arrangements to secure early copies of the latest novel from the incoming steamships as the *Herald* made to obtain the latest number of the London *Times*. An entire novel would sometimes be published by these competitors on the day of its arrival.



These novels, plays, and romances, in monster folios and double sheets were sold in the streets by newsboys at ten cents each. Ann and Nassau streets, where the *New World* and *Brother Jonathan* were published, were scenes of wild excitement on the arrival of a steamship with a fresh novel. The newsboys would swarm out, crying: "'Rival of the *Britannia*. 'Ere's *Dickens's Notes*—only ten cents!" These papers obtained large circulations by this sort of enterprise. It was, however, too sensational to last, and they were too dependent on foreign brains. Immense quantities were sent all over the country, especially to the Southern States, and as other matter than novels and plays was published, some of which was considered objectionable and contraband from a Southern political and social point of view, there was trouble with the authorities in that section of the country.

So great and sharp was the competition among these large literary news-sheets that the *Herald* uttered the following predictions relative to them in March, 1843:

The terrible contest and competition now going on among the publishers of cheap literature will produce two or three results: first, the ruin of all the publishers; second, the fortunes of all the venders in the large cities; and, third, the spread of literary taste among the people. All these results are positive and certain.

Hudson goes on to say that

These predictions were partly verified. In 1845 the *New World* was absorbed by the *Emporium*, and Park Benjamin became an editor in Baltimore in 1846. He was the father of sensationally cheap literature in the United States. The *Boston Notion* ceased to exist, and its publisher opened a first-class hotel in New York. John Neal, who was the chief editor of *Brother Jonathan* in 1843, still lives (in 1873) with his brain as active as ever, in Portland, Maine, mixed up in railroads and literature.

The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit was published in 1844 by the House in seventeen numbers, and the sales were chiefly made through newsboys, then a new institution. Upon one occasion, while waiting for the delivery of the numbers, James Harper made them a speech which stimulated the enthusiasm of the young venders, who welcomed his remarks with extravagant approval.



Among the most valuable connections which the four brothers made, in what may be called the middle period of their business life, was an agreement entered into with the two brothers Jacob and John S. C. Abbott. The Abbotts' *Histories of Kings and Queens* had a long-continued popularity. These histories may be said to have furnished the basis of historical knowledge to many children. Abraham Lincoln wrote the following tribute to them:

I want to thank you and your brother for Abbotts' Series of Histories. I have not education enough to appreciate the profound works of voluminous historians, and, if I had, I have no time to read them. But your Series of Histories gives me, in

brief compass, just that knowledge of past men and events which I need. I have read them with the greatest interest. To them I am indebted for about all the historical knowledge I have.

John S. C. Abbott's *Napoleon Bonaparte* was first published serially in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and proved a very attractive feature, but at the same time it provoked much discussion, as Abbott took the most sympathetic view of the Emperor. Many subscribers to the MAGAZINE dissented vigorously from his estimate of Napoleon, and even canceled their subscriptions, sending us as well indignant letters of protest. Abbott was informed by the firm of these facts with a view, as they hoped, to his modifying some of his statements. He replied "that he made every line he wrote the subject of prayer, and what he wrote he believed to be the truth and he could make no change." Notwithstanding the strictures on Abbott's rating of Napoleon, the book continued to be extensively read, and even within the last few years has sold largely in a new subscription edition.

January 26, 1856, John S. C. Abbott wrote to Fletcher Harper, saying, "This week I received from the Emperor Napoleon a very beautiful gold medal with a letter from him through his secretary."

Another extremely popular author of the day was the Rev. Albert Barnes, whose Notes on the New Testament were issued in revised form by the House. The new edition sold in large quantities throughout the country. An interesting and unusual circumstance worth noting, in this connection, was the fact that the author donated copies liberally to preachers, Sunday-school teachers, and others, and he kept a running account with the firm covering such gratuitous distribution. In later years, since the

introduction of the International Series of Sunday-School Lessons, these Notes are not in so great demand, as nearly all Christian denominations and most of the religious papers, as well as some of the secular papers, now furnish notes every week on the Sunday-school lesson, which renders the use of Barnes's Notes of less importance to the average student.

Quite early in their business career the Harpers engaged in the publication of medical books, and for a number of years they added to their list valuable works in this branch of literature. As this was a line of business rather unusual for general publishers to engage in, it is more than likely that their reason for undertaking this technical line was due to the advice of some professional men with whom they had intimate personal relations—such, for instance, as David Meredith Reese, M.D., a prominent physician at that time in New York City and a personal friend of the brothers. Among these medical books may be mentioned *Cooper's Surgical Dictionary*, edited by Dr. David Meredith Reese; *Good's Study of Medicine*, an English work edited by American physicians, and pronounced by English medical journals of that day as without a rival in medical literature, and *The Institutes of Medicine*, by Dr. Martyn Paine, the able and spirited medical professor in the University of the City of New York.

About this time American wood-engravers began to produce noteworthy work, and they were destined to be classed among the best exemplars of that class of art in the world. Joseph A. Adams was one of the first engraver-artists in the United States. He was an intelligent and thoughtful man, who was accustomed to study his Bible diligently. In pondering the pages of the inspired book

the wonderful events narrated suggested to him the idea of illustrating the work, and the inspiration resulted in his carefully preparing drawings on wood and engraving them himself. The work fascinated him, and he continued until he had accumulated a large number of exquisite illustrations of the Holy Scriptures. It occurred to him during this work that the Bible fully illustrated would prove a valuable publication, and one that might compensate him for his labor of love. So he applied to the Harpers, and found that they were delighted with the idea, and this suggestion resulted in the publication of Harper's Illustrated Family Bible, which was so admired and welcomed over half a century ago. Adams's share of the profits was over sixty thousand dollars. These illustrations showed great care, and the engraving was well executed; but the art of engraving has made such progress since then that they have been far excelled by the masterly work of the present day. And yet an expert's recent opinion on the frontispiece to Harper's Bible is to the effect that it is "one of the finest examples of woodcut printing ever produced, its lights are so clear and its darks so black that it equals prints from a steel plate."

Harper's Pictorial Bible was embellished with sixteen hundred engravings. Adams was assisted in this work by John G. Chapman, who supplied a great many beautiful drawings. It was published originally in fifty-four parts. A large number of copies was consumed in our fire of 1853. The early editions sold very extensively, but after the fire the sale was not so successful.

Of Benson J. Lossing, who was an engraver and draftsman, as well as writer, Derby says, writing of his youthful days:

At the age of twenty years Lossing edited a literary paper in Poughkeepsie, New York, and wishing to illustrate it he paid to the late Joseph A. Adams fifty dollars for two weeks' instruction in the art of wood-engraving. *The Family Magazine*, the first profusely illustrated periodical published in this country, needing an editor, Lossing accepted an invitation to become its conductor and illustrator, which circumstance fixed his residence in New York City as a professional engraver on wood. He pursued the business about thirty years, at the same time engaging in literary pursuits, and for many years he did most of Harper & Brothers' engraving.

Lossing's first book was an outline, *History of the Fine Arts*, which formed one of the volumes of Harper's Family Library. In 1848 he began his first great work, *The Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, and from that time on he was engaged in the production of illustrated works on American History and Biography.

The Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution was conceived accidentally, and in this wise. Lossing was riding to Stamford from Greenwich, and in descending a steep declivity of the road he noticed a flight of rough, irregular steps formed of rocks on one side nearly concealed by bushes. Standing at the dooryard gate of a house near by was an old man, of whom he inquired the purpose of the rocky stairs. "Why," the man replied, "that is where General Putnam escaped when chased by the British troopers. I saw the performance." The informant was General Mead, of the Connecticut Militia of Revolutionary fame.

Lossing forthwith made a sketch of the locality, and was deeply impressed with the thought that these steps, the lingering relics of a stirring historical event, indicated the fate of many other interesting remains of that period which might be lost to future historians. Lossing, thereupon realizing the importance of making drawings and full notes as far as possible of all similar incidents connected with that period of our national history, that night conceived the plan of his *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*. On his return home he took two pieces of drawing-paper, marked upon them the proposed size of the page, then drew some pictures in sepia to show the style of illustration, and submitted the scheme to the consideration of Harper & Brothers. A contract was speedily concluded before a drawing was made or a word of the text written, and within a fortnight Lossing was on his way to the battle-fields of the Revolution, gathering incidents with pen

and pencil. The preparation of this work occupied the author over four years, during which time he traveled ten thousand miles between Canada and Florida. He drew most of his sketches on the blocks ready for engraving, and completed the work unaided in twenty-two months.

The two large volumes, containing fifteen hundred pages of letterpress profusely annotated, and about eleven hundred illustrations, were soon afterward published by the House and met with a cordial reception.

Washington Irving wrote to Lossing on its publication as follows:

Sunnyside, *January* 4, 1852.

I have the *Field-Book* constantly by me for perusal and reference. While I have been delighted by the freshness, freedom, and spirit of your narrative and the graphic effect of your descriptions, I have been gratified at finding how scrupulously attentive you have been to accuracy as to facts, which is essential in writings of an historical nature. As I observed on a former occasion, there is a genial spirit throughout your whole work that wins the good-will of the reader.

I am surprised to find in how short a time you have accomplished your undertaking, considering you had to travel from Dan to Beersheba to collect facts and anecdotes, sketch and engrave, write, print, and correct the proofs, and with all this to have accomplished it in so satisfactory a manner.

Complimentary letters were also received from Edward Everett, President Millard Fillmore, Jared Sparks, George Bancroft, and Robert Chambers, of London.

Lossing used to relate with much glee, says Derby, his first introduction to Daniel Appleton. The latter was about to republish a little German book for children, containing one hundred small woodcuts. He inquired one day of Lossing what he would charge to re-engrave them. Lossing replied, "After I finish my luncheon I will call and give you an answer." When he returned Lossing

agreed to engrave them for four dollars each, but he received no definite information concerning them for several weeks. Meeting Appleton one day, he inquired if he proposed to have the engravings copied. Appleton was a man of few words, and to those who were unacquainted with his genuine kindness of heart he sometimes appeared brusque in his manner of speech. To Lossing's question he answered, "Yes, but you won't do them." "Allow me to inquire why," said Lossing. "Another engraver has offered to reproduce them for two dollars apiece," replied Appleton. "He has not examined them sufficiently to observe the amount of work on them, and will shave himself," said Lossing, "or he will shave you." "Good engraver," was the reply. Several months afterward Appleton showed Lossing a copy of an English edition of *Puss in Boots*, with colored lithographic plates, and inquired at what price he would redraw and engrave them on a smaller scale. Lossing named his price. "Do them," said Mr. Appleton. As Lossing turned to go Appleton said curtly: "Come here. Do you remember what you said about that engraver that was to engrave those woodcuts in the German book?" "Yes; I said he would shave himself or shave you." "Shaved me," was the laconic response; and this was all that was said. The pictures of *Puss in Boots* were executed by Lossing and gave entire satisfaction.

IX

In 1817, when James Harper first applied to the house of Evert Duyckinck for orders, the old gentleman told him rather gruffly that there was no occasion for another printing-house in New York. "There are enough firms to do the work," said he. From that day on the House steadily grew and broadened the scope of its activities, until early in 1850 the publication of a monthly magazine was considered. The time was auspicious, as serial literature was just rising into prominence and popular favor.

Such a periodical as the one contemplated would of itself require large resources, and it would be an additional item, and an important one, in their diverse and constantly increasing business. The firm, however, concluded to undertake the venture, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE was started June, 1850, with Henry J. Raymond as managing editor. My grandfather, Fletcher Harper, was, however, the real editor of the MAGAZINE, as well as subsequently of the WEEKLY and BAZAR, all of which he personally directed until a year or two before he died.

Henry M. Alden, the present editor of our MAGAZINE, in a reminiscent mood reminds me that the MAGAZINE was no accidental emergence in the literary world; it came in the natural evolution of the Harpers' publishing business. Fletcher Harper once said: "If we were asked why we first started a monthly magazine we would have to say

frankly that it was as a tender to our business, though it has grown into something quite beyond that." There was much satisfaction among the brothers in what was eventually accomplished beyond their first intention, notwithstanding this modest and wholly ingenuous disclaimer of merit on account of it as expressed by my grandfather. The scope of the general business of the House really determined the character of the MAGAZINE. It is quite probable that the popular appreciation of Harper's Family Library — itself a kind of serial publication — suggested the issue of a periodical for the diffusion of good literature. The fact that for several months it was wholly eclectic, containing the cream of foreign periodical literature, and that the illustrations of the first number consisted only of three portraits of contemporary historians—Alison, Macaulay, and Prescott—shows how far removed from the vision of its promoters was the field of its future accomplishment. And right here it must be clearly pointed out that the first and dominant note of the MAGAZINE was literary rather than artistic. The thoughtful readers of the day were satisfied with the best literature without pictures. The first six numbers issued, apart from fashion plates, contained an average of only eight pictures each, and one-fourth of these were portraits, while nearly all the others had purely literary associations. This success of a distinctively literary enterprise—the literature, be it remembered, being substantially English, and, while contemporaneous, having no special timeliness in an acutely journalistic sense—is notable, and reflects credit upon the literary taste of that generation of American readers. The art of pictorial illustration was in its crude infancy in the early fifties, and there were

few artists in the field. For that matter, our American literature at that period had few eminent names to show. If HARPER'S MAGAZINE had been started upon the plan of exclusive American authorship, the limitation thus imposed would have been an obstacle to the development of its present comprehensive and popular scope. Every other American magazine existing in 1850 had a definite plan which determined its field, and, as a matter of fact, had filled its field and had attained its full development. If it had a specialty—as Godey's had, being a magazine for women, devoted to fashions and kindred objects—it had its appropriate constituency. Dow's *Waverley Magazine*, a weekly, showed what success was possible to a periodical appealing mainly to romantic sensibility. As regards literary appeal, the conditions of American literature at that time fixed a narrow limit. Outside of Hawthorne's novels, then clearly indicated as to their quality by such an example as *The Scarlet Letter*, published in 1850, there was no new American fiction of a high order until 1851, when Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* first appeared.

In this situation the Harpers did as magazine publishers what for many years they had been doing in their book business—they brought to readers the richest treasures of literature wherever they were to be found, which at that time was mostly in the periodical publications of Europe. Thus it was that the best English fiction of the last half-century was published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. At the end of 1850, after six months' trial of its chances with the public, the MAGAZINE had a monthly circulation of more than fifty thousand copies. In 1853 one hundred and thirty thousand copies of the MAGAZINE were printed per month.

In the mean time HARPER'S MAGAZINE was developing a distinctive type of periodical by natural evolution. Its eclectic character rapidly disappeared in its very infancy. The nebulous miscellany was resolved into a constellation. There are really only two types of magazine, excluding, of course, those devoted to some distinctive specialty. Blackwood is the original of one type, Harper of the other. In the latter the type was gradually disclosed—what it was to become was indicated only in the becoming. The distinction is not that of an illustrated from an unillustrated magazine. Harper is not Blackwood plus suitable illustrations. Some things—for example, the best kind of fiction—might be common to both, but there would always be this difference, that Blackwood would by choice appeal to a limited class of highly cultivated readers, proposing to meet special demands of that class, while Harper would be addressed to all readers of average intelligence, having for its purpose their entertainment and illumination, meeting in a general way the varied claims of their human intellect and sensibility, and in this accommodation following the lines of their aspiration. Blackwood would begin on the highest level of special literary excellence, and should it seek popularity in a wider appeal, must do so through accommodation, relaxing its first tension imperiling its original type. Harper, starting from the lowest level to which Blackwood could properly fall, would, with always the most ready accommodation to popular interest, steadily ascend, improving in every essential respect as to substance and form, while constantly broadening its appeal, never quite reaching its full tension—the perfect fulfilment of its type.

Looking back upon the one hundred and twenty-one

volumes, the first impression made upon the mind is that of a real exposition of the last half-century and more in every field of human activity and interest. The next impression is that of a steady growth in literary and artistic excellence, as well as in the efficient achievement of its initial purpose.

The intimacy between the MAGAZINE and the book-publishing department, never wholly broken, was closest in the first score of years after the establishment of the former, and very largely determined its character. The House has been eminent as publishers of books on themes especially suited to a popular illustrated periodical—books of travel and exploration, of science popularly treated, of history and biography, and, in general, of the kind of literature best suited to the home, when the practice of reading aloud in the family circle was still a prevalent custom. If the books were illustrated—as those of travel and exploration and science were sure to be—a foretaste of these was frequently given in the MAGAZINE articles with some of the pictures. African and Arctic exploration furnished the most lively reading and the most striking pictures for many years, and next in novelty and curious interest ranked the articles describing the strange aspects of human life and natural scenery in Russia and the Far East, in the islands of the Pacific, and in the wilds of South and Central America. Foreign travel was not so common in the middle of the last century as it is now, and Europe afforded to writer and artist much that was new and picturesque. Our own yet wild West and the newly settled Pacific coast, with its rude mining-camps, added another vast field of novelty and adventure.

The first writer for HARPER'S MAGAZINE distinguished

for his use of the pencil was "Porte Crayon" (the significant pen-name of D. H. Strother), whose remarkably quaint descriptions of life in the mountains of Virginia, with his still quainter pictures, began during the second year of the MAGAZINE. He was given a roving commission which took him to other parts of his native South and to New England, where he was, however, not so much at home, missing the plump negro wenches and jolly piccaninnies whom he delighted to portray. One of his characteristic articles described an artist's railway journey which he contributed to the MAGAZINE from Southern battlefields during the War. Much wise philosophy was blended with his humor and a quick sense of the picturesque. He died at Charleston, West Virginia, in 1888.

The wonders of science freshly disclosed in sea, earth, and sky engaged their full share of the expository scheme. Here Jacob Abbott was the first and most valued contributor. He entered the new industrial field with equal zest. The earliest important illustrated article was his description of the Novelty Iron-Works, in New York City —the first in a series of such articles that have all along been a special feature of the MAGAZINE.

From this brief survey, mainly confined to the earliest volumes of Harper—which contained at the same time serial novels by Lever, Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray—one sees what was the first shaping of the wholly new type of a popular magazine designated the Harper type, and how essential to the perfection of this type was the art of pictorial illustration.

The Harper brothers saw an enormous reading public in a country of cheap literature, and an immense store of material at their disposition in England, more various and

attractive than the home supply, and they resolved to bring the two together. The plan of the new magazine contemplated a periodical larger than any then published, filled with the choicest selections and conducted with adequate resources of capital and of business sagacity and energy.

Fletcher Harper threw himself into the work with all the force of his nature and all his shrewd, practical energy. The old compositors—for the House, by liberality and mutual confidence, has retained the services of many men during their lives—recounted the excitement and the interest of preparing the early issues of the MONTHLY. Fletcher Harper brought copy into the composing-room, and often remained busy with the rest, supervising and arranging, until nine and ten o'clock in the evening.

It is almost incredible that within a period so comparatively short the monthly supply of brilliant and valuable periodical literature with which we are now so pleasantly familiar was totally unknown. And this invigorating and bountiful monthly feast is due in great part to the successful establishment of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and that success is in turn largely beholden to the insight and foresight and masterly energy of Fletcher Harper. His was the hand of Briareus that mainly shaped and molded this work, and no other individual can be named to whose masterful quality so much of the honor of the present high and happy condition of periodical literature in this country is to be ascribed as to Fletcher Harper.

The book-publishing part of the business had meanwhile steadily increased, and it was computed by a contemporaneous newspaper that "for several years prior to 1853 the firm had printed on an average twenty-five volumes a minute, averaging ten hours to the day."



This rapid growth of business required a corresponding increase in mechanical appliances. The brothers were equally quick to seize and cautious to test every new invention which promised to facilitate or enhance the value of their productions. "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good" was their motto, and not least among the services which they rendered to mankind was their early introduction of improvements in the mechanism of their trade. They were among the first to employ steam as a motive power in the press-room, and theirs was the first house in America to introduce extensively the then almost unknown art of electrotyping. Their Bible was the first illustrated work of any magnitude to be printed in this country on a power-press. Prior to 1844 illustrations were almost invariably printed separately from the reading matter, but with the introduction of electrotyping this extra presswork was avoided.

From the dingy little attic in Dover Street, where two or three hand-presses, worked by James and John in person, supplied all the orders obtained from city booksellers, the establishment had grown in 1853 to be the largest and most complete of its kind in the world, that of Brockhaus, in Leipzig, ranking next. It occupied five five-story buildings on Pearl Street and six on Cliff Street. Every operation necessary to the manufacture of a book was carried on within its walls.

Such in brief was the business of Harper & Brothers when, in December, 1853, an accident occurred, against which no reasonable precaution could have guarded them, and in a few hours the work of many years was almost or entirely destroyed.

X

THE firm had already suffered by fire four times, in Dover Street, on Fulton Street, at 230 Pearl Street, and at 82 Cliff Street in 1842.

In 1842 a careless apprentice, in kindling a fire in the stove of the drying-room, ignited some papers which strewed the floor, and the flames communicated with sheets upon the drying-frames, and in a moment they were in a blaze. But the fire was soon extinguished with small loss. The brothers, however, accepted the warning and took prompt measures to guard against its recurrence. Their buildings were not fireproof at that time, but every precaution was observed which experience could suggest. No fires were allowed in the buildings except in the engine-room; every department was heated by steam, and gas burners were substituted for charcoal furnaces for heating the tools in the bindery.

To clean ink off the rollers in the press-room camphene was found to be the best medium, and for this process a small room had been selected on the third floor of the lower building in Pearl Street. It was lined throughout with zinc, and the rollers were taken in there from the adjoining press-rooms, cleaned and then returned to the presses. In this room, on Saturday, December 10, 1853, a plumber was at work making some repairs. He had occasion to use a light, and having lighted his lamp, he

looked about for a place to throw the match. A pan of what appeared to be water was at his feet, and, as an extra precaution, he threw the match into the pan, which was full of camphene. In a moment the room was in a blaze, and the plumber had barely time to escape. The flames, pursuing him, burst through the thin partition, and the camphene ran in rivulets of fire along the floor. This building was stored from top to bottom with combustible materials, and the flames spread through the building with fearful rapidity. The fire broke out just before one o'clock, and within two hours the establishment was in ruins.

The cry of fire produced a panic among the employees. Fortunately at that hour many of the hands were away at dinner; those who remained rushed for the stairs, and some in their terror fled to the windows and cried for help. A young man from Appleton's had just received an order for books, and the package had been tied up by him when the alarm was given. He had no knife ready to cut the string, and was obliged to leave the package so rapid was the progress of the conflagration.

There was but one room in the establishment in which there was no panic, and that was the counting-room. The instant the fire was reported its significance was realized. "The camphene-room on fire?" said John Harper; "then we are lost; save the hands." This one thought was predominant. "What part of the property shall we save first?" cried a frightened employee. "Never mind the property," said John, "save the lives."

When the fire was announced John Harper was making up his deposits; he took the checks and money lying in the cashier's drawer, called a clerk, and bade him take them

to the bank. He then went to the head of the stairs leading to the press-room, saw the hopelessness of endeavoring to save anything, and directed the engineer to make his way to the boiler and let off the steam, in order to prevent an explosion. Meanwhile the other brothers gathered together the subscription orders, books of accounts, receipts, and similar valuable papers at hand, and put them into a large safe. This was dragged out upon the sidewalk and its contents were saved. Wesley Harper was still employed in the counting-room when a policeman touched him on the shoulder and said, "It's not safe here"; and Wesley took the hint and retreated with the others to the opposite sidewalk. Five minutes afterward the counting-room was wrapped in flames. Young Joseph W. Harper, Jr., who at high tension was assisting his father at the time, said that James Harper, who was coolly hunting around the office for something, came to him and asked him if he could find his rubbers, as it was damp outside, and he did not like to go without them. When they were satisfied that every one employed in the establishment was safe, the four brothers joined the excited throng in the street and calmly watched the heroic efforts of the firemen.

The City Hall bell called the firemen to the seventh district, and a dense crowd of spectators immediately filled all the streets where a view could be obtained.

A general alarm was sounded and engines came to the scene from as far away as Harlem. Long ladders were raised to the upper windows, and the girls who were too frightened to retreat by the stairways or were cut off by the progress of the flames were carried by the firemen down these perilous fire-escapes. One girl, panic-stricken, threw herself from an upper-story window, and a man

below endeavored to catch her in his arms. He broke her fall, and a dislocated hip was her only injury. The dress of another girl caught fire, but she had sufficient presence of mind to slip off the flaming garment, and escaped unhurt. Not a single life was lost, and only one person was seriously injured.

The firemen did their utmost to save the buildings, and long after the fierce flames had beaten back the bystanders from the open square these courageous men continued their exertions. One fire company raised a large door upon the sidewalk opposite, and from behind this shelter continued to play upon the flames until the shield ceased to protect them. The telegraph wires were melted and dropped from their fastenings, and the hose in the street was burned to a crisp and fell in pieces. "From two to four o'clock," said a representative of the New York *Tribune* who witnessed the fire, "the crowd in Franklin Square was beyond conception. All the avenues leading into it had become packed with human beings, and the awful heat from the Harper buildings had driven the crowd back against the Walton House opposite until they were shoved against those behind and closed in like the case of a telescope. Fortunately we got a position between an engine and a broken-down cart, where the view of both sides of the street and down the square and through Pearl Street, under an arch of fire, was magnificent. In rapid succession, the fronts of the tall buildings had gone down, crash after crash, as the beams gave way with the weight of thirty-three power-presses, while the burning contents of all these rooms glowed up like a sea of melted lava, and north and south the flames were pouring out of the windows of the five-story buildings, from basement to

attic, reaching their forked tongues over the wide street, and ever and again interlocking with those from the roof and upper windows of the tall hotel opposite."

About two o'clock Brother John coolly took his watch from his pocket, looked at it, and quietly remarked that it was dinner-time, adding by way of suggestion to the other three brothers that they "had better come to his house that night and talk it over." They accordingly left the scene where the results of many years of toil lay destroyed, agreeing to meet after supper at John's home.

At length the flames began to diminish, the heat grew less intense, the glare subsided; the engines again took up a position where they could contend with the flames, and by five o'clock the fire was entirely under control. In three hours sixteen large buildings had been destroyed, embracing property estimated as worth over a million and a half of dollars. Of this loss nearly, if not quite, a million was borne by Harper & Brothers, their entire insurance amounting to less than two hundred thousand dollars. This was said to have been the largest fire loss sustained up to that time by a commercial house.

The January number of the MAGAZINE, which was "in press" at the time, was entirely destroyed. Not a sheet, plate, woodcut, proof, or line of copy was saved. The entire work had to be done over again. Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations had been ready for some days, but were kept back till a larger supply could be secured. Fortunately, the author had sent a set of advance sheets to his friend Henry Grinnell, from which the book was subsequently reset. Prof. Henry Drisler had brought nearly to completion an edition of Yonge's *English-Greek Lexicon*, a work requiring the utmost care both in prepara-

tion and in printing. It was entirely destroyed. Unfortunately, the author had not kept the proofs submitted to him, and the whole work had to be done over again, which involved the labor of eighteen years before it was again ready for publication.

On the other hand, the stereotype plates of the House fortunately were stored in their vaults, and such as were not actually in course of printing at the time were saved. The destruction of these would have been an incalculable loss, not only to the authors and publishers, but to American literature as well.

That evening the four brothers met for consultation at the house of John Harper. Henry J. Raymond, the editor of the MAGAZINE, was invited to join them. The disaster had done nothing to abate their usual confidence and cheerfulness. At the close of the interview Raymond remarked, "This seems more like an evening of social festivity than a consultation over a great calamity." As the brothers were able to meet their loss, pay all debts, and still retire with a competence, a suggestion was made that they wind up the concern, as they were too advanced in years to attempt to revivify the House, but this alternative hardly received a second thought. John pointed out that they all had sons for whom they should provide, and it was accordingly resolved to take instant and energetic measures to rebuild and to repair, as far as possible, the injury suffered. A telegram was sent to the Adams Company for twenty new presses. This promptitude saved nearly three months of valuable time, for the telegram reached its destination a few hours in advance of some orders previously sent by mail. That night John commenced his plans for the construction of the new build-

ings, which were built and occupied in less than a year after the fire occurred, John being the chief architect supervising the construction.

The following card was drawn up at the conference and sent to the papers for publication on Monday morning, and the same issue which announced the destruction of their property also contained the announcement of their resumption of business:

A CARD

The undersigned take occasion to say that in consequence of the destruction of their establishment by fire this afternoon they will be unable immediately to fill all the orders with which they have been favored.

The sheets, stereotype plates, and copy of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for January having been consumed, a few days will unavoidably occur in the delivery of that number to agents and subscribers.

The undersigned take this occasion to return their thanks to the members of the fire and police departments, and others, who rendered assistance in rescuing persons in their employment and portions of their property from destruction. Their business will be resumed at the earliest possible moment. The members of the firm can be seen on business at Nos. 79 and 81 Cliff Street.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

On Monday morning the brothers opened a temporary office on the corner of Beekman and Gold streets. There they were to be found in constant consultation, giving orders, providing for immediate demands, and forming plans reaching far into the future. As soon as the ruins cooled sufficiently the vaults were opened and the stereotype plates were taken out and sent to printing-offices in the city and elsewhere.

The papers announced on Tuesday that Harper & Brothers "are carrying forward their work at reprinting

with great industry. No less than forty-four presses are at work for them in this city, besides others in Philadelphia, Boston, Cambridge, and Andover."

The foreman of the composing-room, Henry Marsh, was summoned and directed to get a room, obtain type, and set his men instantly to work. Letters were despatched in every direction to correspondents. The matter for the new number of the January MAGAZINE was collected. Telegrams were sent to contributors to forward new copy. On Tuesday morning the wheels of business had begun to move again, and the counting-room was established close by the old quarters. On the tenth day of January the MAGAZINE appeared. It bore no other token of the calamity than a brief card of explanation, and there were no illustrations, as it was impossible to engrave the cuts and issue the number promptly.

There were few American houses, whatever their energy, whose business was so prudently organized that they could bear so great a loss so easily. The first feeling, probably, in many minds was that the Harpers were ruined. One timid man asked James Harper, before any public assurance of continuing business had been given, how much they would pay on the dollar. "One hundred cents," was the prompt reply.

As a rule, however, their business friends were more anxious to help the House than to save themselves. The sun had not yet set on the smoking ruins before assistance had been proffered from various quarters—type from one house, presses from a second, office-room from a third. Cyrus W. Field & Company offered to loan the House ten thousand dollars, a day after the fire. Their strenuous efforts to re-establish their business increased the sympa-

thy which was felt for them, and offers poured in from every direction, showing how kindly were the relations they sustained to their business associates and the general confidence placed in them. Authors proposed to loan them at low interest, or at none at all. Employees proposed that payment of their wages should be deferred and even agreed to suffer a temporary reduction. Over one hundred thousand dollars was put at the disposal of the Harpers before Monday night, and a large portion of this sum was from sympathizers whom they did not know personally. Even the servants in the household of one of the brothers, supposing at first that the resources of their employer had been greatly crippled, consulted together and agreed in a body to continue their services at greatly reduced wages. None of these tokens of affection and esteem were accepted, but they were deeply appreciated.

While the fire was in progress Counselor Pentz commiserated my grandfather upon the loss of property. My grandfather turned to him and assured him that the fire tragedy, terrible as it was, could be overcome, but that the recent death of one of his grandchildren was in truth an irreparable loss.

I add the following paragraph from the general acknowledgment of the House published in the January number of the MAGAZINE explanatory of the delay which the fire had occasioned:

> The publishers would do injustice to their own feelings if they were to close this unwonted notice of their personal affairs without acknowledging the cordial expressions of kindness and sympathy which have reached them through public and private channels from every section of the country. They prize them not merely or mainly for the aid they proffer in the re-establishment of their business—though for this purpose, if they were needed,

they would be invaluable—but as gratifying indications of the extent to which their labors have won favor from the community, by contributing to the public instruction and entertainment. To the press, especially, they beg leave to return their acknowledgments for its hearty and unanimous declarations of sympathy in their misfortunes. Feeling that, as far as the public is concerned, its effects will be but temporary, and that its weight upon themselves is substantially lightened by the evidences of kindly feeling which it has called forth, they will address themselves with confident courage and increased assiduity to the augmented labors which it has devolved upon them.

I subjoin two letters received just after the fire, in answer to hurried calls for material to make up the January MAGAZINE. The first was addressed to Fletcher Harper:

CHICAGO, *December* 14, 1853.

I reached here last evening, my dear Sir, and found Mr. Raymond's despatch. I answered it immediately, and with this I mail to you the "Easy Chair" matter. It will do, although prepared in a great hurry. I shall be at home by Christmas.

Let me say to you how sincerely I sympathize with you and your firm in this sudden and tremendous blow—from which you will show us all how American enterprise can recover without a visible scar. Your energy will be like the flesh of the Indians, of whom the old writers said that if it were cut with an axe it would heal smoothly before night.

Present my kindest regards to your house, if you please, and believe me,

Very faithfully your friend,
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Wednesday Morning, *December* 14, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,—I herewith send you the promised morsel. It is shorter than the other, and I trust it will be found sufficiently light and puffy, without more shortening. I hope this will not get "burnt to a crisp," also; for two batches in succession spoiled in an over-heated oven will not be palatable to the hungry public. They like things *well*-done, but not *over*-done.

I was deeply impressed yesterday with the true greatness

exhibited by the Brothers Harper in calmly—yet *chcerfully*—taking the implements of labor in their hands to retrieve a fortune, accumulated during thirty years of toil, and then, to the amount of more than half a million of dollars, a smoking, irreclaimable dissolution. To see men, in the decline of life, beginning anew to establish a mighty business—mighty in extent and influence—unawed by the great calamity, and even scarcely depressed in spirits beneath its crushing weight, was to me a moral spectacle of great and newfound interest, teaching a lesson that none but the insensate can read without vast profit. In this great misfortune is involved the greatest triumph of their career. Wherever the English language finds expression in newspapers, and from the lips of millions there will be found words of sympathy and exclamations of admiration. And those who, like us, know them in *undress*, can appreciate their sturdy qualities and rejoice in the universal expression of friendship.

Yours truly,

BENSON J. LOSSING.

GEORGE RIPLEY, ESQ.,[1]
Tribune Office, N. Y.

From the many letters of sympathy I select a couple, and give them as an indication of the esteem in which the brothers were held.

BRITISH CONSULATE, NORFOLK, VA.,
December 14, 1853.

MY DEAR SIRS,—I cannot tell you how shocked and grieved I have been to see an account of the destruction of your magnificent establishment and a great part of your stock by fire. I can assure you that this is no cold compliment but the simple expression of sincere sympathy with your severe loss.

I cannot but feel as I have always declared, that you have uniformly treated me with kindness and liberality and that you have been eminently gentlemanly and fair in all our mutual dealings. At the same time as I at present seek nothing from you, I should be wanting to myself and to several much esteemed friends did I not express the sincere part I take in your late dis-

[1] "George Ripley's connection with HARPER'S MAGAZINE began with its beginning in 1850, and continued intimate and confidential till his death, on the 4th of July, 1880."—Frothingham's *Life of Ripley*.

aster. I am the more inclined to do so, because I feel that you have cause to complain of my not returning the proofs of *Ticonderoga* as rapidly as possible. I have been wandering half over the surface of this Continent. I only returned here a few days ago and found some returned proofs from distant places. Since my return, I have been occupied in moving out of my half-consumed house into one not so much exposed to incendiaries, and probably this week will elapse before I can get even at my papers. As soon as I do, I will devote my mornings to the corrections, and as the work will not be published in London yet, I think I shall be in time to make the two editions to appear simultaneously.

Although a few hundred thousand dollars is not as much to you as a few thousands to me, yet I know that such a loss as you have sustained must be a great mortification to the wealthiest and most generous man and therefore I beg you to accept my true sympathy and to believe me,

Ever yours truly,

G. P. R. JAMES.

PHILADELPHIA, *December* 20, 1853.

FROM MRS. S. J. HALE.

I have not written since your great loss by the fire, because I knew you must be harassed by incessant demands on your time, and I thought that forbearing to trouble you would be the most acceptable sympathy I could offer. I am sorry, very, very sorry for your losses—some of which may, I fear, be very heavy and almost irreparable.

But adversity, that tries the souls of good men, when bravely borne, brings its own reward in ways that are often more really beneficial than continued prosperity would be.

May God prosper your noble efforts to retrieve your losses.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale's popular work, *Woman's Record*, being sketches of distinguished women from the Creation to the present Era, with two hundred and fifty portraits engraved by Lossing and Barritt, was published by the House in 1845.

John Harper, recognizing the fact that the location of the House had become inconvenient and that business was seeking other sections of the city, recommended some

years earlier the expediency of securing a site farther uptown, and was at the time considering the advisability of purchasing land at the corner of Broadway and Bleecker Street, or Fourth Avenue and Ninth Street, where the Bible House was subsequently erected. The other members of the firm, however, were inclined to keep the original location where they had laid the foundations of their business. After the fire in 1853 Harper & Brothers were offered in exchange for their land on Pearl and Cliff streets an entire block on Broadway facing Madison Square, but the conservative views of the members of the House prevailed, and they declined. There were certain traditions attached to the old neighborhood which appealed to the brothers. The swamp, as it was originally called, was the headquarters of the hide and leather business and was largely settled by prosperous Quakers, and during the early years of the existence of the House was the home of several book-selling concerns, all of which, however, as time went on yielded to the changing conditions of the vicinity, and either moved elsewhere or went out of business.

While making temporary arrangements for the immediate prosecution of their business the brothers were carefully considering the selection of materials for their new building, and they determined, if the science of construction could prevent, they would not be burned out again.

William Borrow had just brought to perfection his invention of iron beams for building purposes, and Peter Cooper, under whose patronage it had been developed, had decided to adopt it in erecting the Cooper Union. After careful examination the brothers concluded to make use of this iron-frame invention in their new establishment,

and through the courtesy of Peter Cooper, who allowed their work to take precedence over the Cooper Union, then under construction, the Harper plant was the first fireproof building of any considerable magnitude erected in the city of New York. The new buildings cover more than half an acre of ground, are seven stories high, and afford employment to about seven hundred and fifty men and women.

It would take us too far afield to attempt to narrate in detail the various architectural improvements adopted in the construction of the new premises, but I must note the fact that in erecting and equipping their new factory the brothers helped to introduce to the commercial world many improvements then but little known.

The Cliff Street building is the factory, and the building facing Franklin Square contains the offices, editorial rooms, and warerooms; the front of the main building is wholly of iron. Many additional precautions were taken against their old enemy, fire. Between the two buildings is a spacious courtyard, in which, separate from either building, are the engines, furnaces, and boilers, covered over by a low roof of iron and glass. John Harper's idea in placing the boilers there was that, in case an explosion should occur, the buildings would receive less damage. He had in mind a terrible disaster which had recently occurred two blocks away, in Hague Street, where many lives were lost through an explosion of the boilers, which brought down the entire building.

No communication is possible within the buildings between the different stories: the only way of access from one floor to the other is by a circular staircase contained in a round brick tower in the center of the court-

yard. Iron bridges reach from this tower to the different floors. Each floor is in fact an isolated fireproof division containing nothing combustible except the furniture and stock. It is believed that in no case could a fire spread from one floor to another.

When the buildings were completed Charles H. Haswell, the eminent consulting engineer, was desired to examine and report upon the finished work. His report read as follows:

> I have visited and examined the buildings comprising your establishment upon Franklin Square and Cliff Street, and having given the matter full consideration, I submit as follows: 1. The risk of a fire occurring within any of the buildings, under existing arrangements, is so very remote as to be quite inconsiderable. 2. The effect of a fire occurring external to any of your buildings would not necessarily endanger the security of them or any part of them. 3. In the event of a fire occurring within any part of your establishment, or of being communicated to it from without, I cannot recognize the probability of its extending beyond the immediate location of its origin or of its communication.

The buildings have proved successful in every respect and have remained without material change in constant use up to the present writing.

XI

In the correspondence of the House I find the first letter on the question of International Copyright addressed to the firm by President Fillmore. It reads as follows:

WASHINGTON, *August* 9, 1852.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS:

GENTLEMEN,—It has become my duty to consider the propriety of negotiating an international copyright treaty with England, and knowing you must have given some attention to the subject, I shall be happy to have your views, and also to receive from you any arguments you may have in your possession, pro or con, affecting the subject.

I am your obedient servant,
MILLARD FILLMORE.

The firm answered as follows:

August 23, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—We have carefully considered the subject of an *International Copyright* to which our attention was called by your letter of the 9th inst. The great importance of such an arrangement, as that which is proposed to make by treaty with Great Britain, becomes more and more manifest the more the subject is considered. But although our experience and observation have led us to form opinions more or less definite upon it, we have concluded, in consequence of our close relations with all the parties to be affected by it—with the authors of England and this country on the one hand, by whom its enactment is mainly sought, and with the industrial interests of the reading public of the United States on the other, by whom its operation would be largely felt,—to abstain from taking any steps to influence the action of our Government in regard to it. Feeling entirely con-

fident, that, under your Administration, nothing of such marked and far-reaching consequence to the best interests of the country will be done without the most full and impartial inquiry into its direct and remote results upon all the parties to be affected by it, we are quite content to submit our own interests and opinions to whatever action the good of the country may induce you to take.

To His Excellency,
MILLARD FILLMORE, *President United States,*
WASHINGTON, D. C.

This is the first skirmish of the long and rigorous campaign for international copyright, in which the House eventually took a prominent part, and which finally resulted in the compromise bill of March 3, 1891.

Apropos of this I insert here a letter received over a year later from Cyrus W. Field & Company, Commission Merchants and Wholesale Paper Dealers, but I find no reference to this communication in the firm's letter-book of that year.

NEW YORK, *February* 8, 1854.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *Present:*

GENTLEMEN,—We enclose Petition against the International Copyright *Treaty* with the signatures of the principal Paper Houses attached.

We find the Booksellers are actively engaged in obtaining signatures to a similar petition, and we have therefore not interfered with them.

We have written a letter and enclosed one of forms, to Mr. Edward Walker and endeavored to persuade him to make a stir among the Bookbinders, and the same to Mr. J. F. Trow, to induce him to stir up the Printers.

The enclosed you will please forward to Washington, D. C.

We remain, truly your friends,

CYRUS W. FIELD & Co.

Of Charles Dickens's first visit to this country, in 1842, George William Curtis says in his *Literary and Social Essays*:

If Mr. Dickens, instead of dining at other people's expense, and making speeches at his own, when he came to see us, had devoted an evening or two in the week to lecturing, his purse would have been fuller, his feelings sweeter, and his fame fairer. It was a Quixotic crusade, that of the Copyright, and the excellent Don has never forgiven the windmill that broke his spear.

Dickens's first trip to America was made primarily in the interests of international copyright, but he found our people far from enthusiastic on the subject. Dickens was tendered a dinner in Boston by fellow-sympathizers for the purpose of drawing attention to this important subject. Among the invited guests were several prominent New-Yorkers, one of whom was William M. Evarts, even then an eminent lawyer and already manifesting his statesmanlike proclivities, in that he rather fought shy of Dickens's copyright propaganda. In acknowledging the invitation, Evarts replied with regret that it would be impossible for him to be present at the banquet, but that he would take pleasure in offering a toast to the distinguished guest of the occasion, which was:

Here's to Charles Dickens. He may wear laurels on his brow, but he can't browse on his laurel.

Dickens was charged with being greatly embittered against this country because of the lack of interest shown in international copyright. We have reason, however, to know that he had not been in this country three weeks before he had ceased altogether to expect the passage of such a measure—although, perhaps, in his own case, the offer of liberal payment for advanced sheets of his popular works may have somewhat lessened his disappointment over this result. That he did not anticipate the passage of an international copyright law at any time after his

return, even when informed by L. Gaylord Clark that there had sprung up a strong feeling in the country in favor of such a measure, may be gathered from the following characteristic passage from a letter of his, written to Clark while the early numbers of *Chuzzlewit* were appearing in England:

> What impossible odds shall I wager against some piece of property of yours, *that we shall not be in our graves, and out of them, in particles of dust, impalpable*, before those worthy men at Washington, in their earthy riots, care one miserable d—n for Mind? I believe that, in this respect, Justice and Millennium will walk down the shore of Time together.

Before the days of international copyright it was the custom among American publishers to secure from English authors or their publishers early sheets of forthcoming books, and to pay for them, under the protection of trade courtesy. The system was but a makeshift, but it usually answered its purpose, and its principles were respected by all first-class publishing houses.

The general observance by the leading American publishers of these trade-courtesy rules and regulations as they were developed and accepted was most extraordinary. Henry Holt thus describes trade courtesy: "In the first place, it was a brief realization of the ideals of philosophical anarchism—self-regulation without law." A somewhat complicated system of trade "announcements" had grown up under the necessities of the situation, of the nature of a *caveat emptor*, whereby publishers gave formal notice of their intention to bring out certain English books. It was not uncommon for one or more publishers to announce the same book, which led to consultation and, as a rule, to an amicable adjustment.

Even when no arrangement had been made for a forthcoming English book, the *modus operandi* under the courtesy of the trade was to announce it as early as possible as "in press" if the book seemed promising to a publisher. Under this provision the first announcement stood good as against another publisher's subsequent announcement, it being assumed in every case that payment would be made for *advance* sheets. If a publisher had the advance sheets in his possession, such right or claim overrode a simple announcement. Publishers sometimes differed as to their claim to a certain book, which at times resulted in acrimonious controversy and even retaliation. But, with rare exceptions, one another's engagements were respected. An offer received by a publisher from an author already identified with another house was by courtesy first submitted to the house which had already published the author's works, and publishers abstained from entering into competition for books which were recognized as the special province of another house.

Occasionally, through inadvertence or misunderstanding, two publishers might have the same work in hand and partly manufactured before realizing the fact; but in such cases a friendly adjustment would generally be reached, either by one house reimbursing the other for its outlay and taking the book, or, the dispute would be determined by arbitration, the contention being commonly left to a fellow-publisher for arbitrament. The houses controlled by trade courtesy invariably endeavored to meet all cases of trade friction on the highest plane of equity. If a publisher declined to comply with the requirements of trade courtesy some method would be

adopted to discipline the offender—generally by the printing of lower-priced editions of his foreign reprints by his aggrieved competitor.

When it is borne in mind that all these arrangements were for prospective financial profit and that the publishers were in aggressive competition with one another without any protection in law, as far as the foreign reprints were concerned, it is certainly remarkable that the restrictions of trade courtesy remained so long in force, and that the leading publishers continued as a rule on the most friendly and even cordial terms. I doubt if a similar compact between important rival commercial houses would be possible in any other country or in any other line of business.

When I first contemplated giving a few literary dinners in London I was informed by the initiated that it was not considered good form, and hardly discreet, to include at such functions English publishers representing different houses without previous consultation with them or acquaintance with their wishes. I do not think that an English publisher entertaining in New York would have required such caution.

In connection with this subject I remember attending a dinner given at the University Club, New York, by Henry Holt to Benjamin H. Bristow and Marshall Jewell. During the evening the conversation turned on the respective merits of William E. Norris and Thomas Hardy, and Holt expressed the opinion that Norris was the coming man. I stood out for Hardy, and Holt turned to me and generously offered to exchange authors—he having published for Hardy and we for Norris. I accepted his proposition, and from that time on we have published all of

Hardy's novels and Henry Holt & Co. have had the first claim on any work by Norris.

Before the enactment of the International Copyright law the competition between publishers for new writers was very keen, resulting sometimes in the payment of excessive prices to foreign authors, for it must always be borne in mind that such purchases carried no legal rights with them and that frequently within twenty-four hours after publication a piratical edition would appear on the market, making it necessary to reduce the retail price of the authorized work so low that there would be little if any profit accruing therefrom. When it was distinctly understood, however, that a publisher was always ready to defend his interests in this way he was not so likely to be molested; but it was necessary to keep the prices of foreign books as low as possible so as not to invite competition.

While in the shop of an intelligent dealer of old books a short time ago the conversation turned upon certain works by well-known English authors published thirty or forty years ago. The dealer was of the opinion that their books were appropriated by American publishers without any pecuniary compensation, before international copyright gave English authors legal rights in this country and secured to American publishers legal protection. It was explained to him that, on the contrary, leading American publishers were in the habit of paying English authors or their representatives liberally for advance sheets, in view of the fact that unauthorized editions of the same work were apt to be promptly put on the market by irresponsible publishers, for which the English author received no return.

Though having no present significance under changed conditions, payments made to important English authors may be of interest to the reader.

Harper & Brothers paid Charles Dickens as much as £1,250 for *Great Expectations;* to W. M. Thackeray £480 for *The Virginians;* to Anthony Trollope £700 for *Sir Harry Hotspur.* George Eliot was paid as high as £1,700 for one novel.

The payments to Wilkie Collins ran as high as £750 each for *The Woman in White, Man and Wife,* and *The Moonstone.* For Charles Reade's *A Woman Hater* £1,000.

Between 1848 and 1860 Macaulay's *History of England* was published, and £650 was paid by Harper & Brothers for the American market, although no protection was accorded, and several unauthorized editions were promptly put in the field, compelling the publishers of the authorized editions to sell their productions at about cost. In 1876 *Macaulay's Life and Letters* was published, and we paid £1,000 for the advance sheets.

The above transactions are but a few in the long list of dealings with English authors by Harper & Brothers. The record-books of D. Appleton & Co., Charles Scribner's Sons, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., J. B. Lippincott & Co., G. P. Putnam's Sons, Henry Holt, Dodd, Mead & Co., etc., would show a similar array of facts and figures, and make clear that, while many people in this country and England were of the opinion that the editions of English books published in this country brought no pecuniary return to the authors, the facts were that large sums were regularly paid by American publishers for the privilege of a few days' priority. These arrangements were

satisfactory, with few exceptions, to English authors, and were usually sought by them.

The injustice arising from the absence of international copyright fell with greater force upon an American author than upon a foreign author, for his books were not only unprotected abroad, but the low prices obligatory on all foreign books republished in this country, resulted in disastrous discrimination against him. A novel, say by Dickens or Thackeray, would retail here at from ten cents to a dollar, whereas the price of a romance by Hawthorne or Irving would be at least a dollar and a half. This state of affairs did not tend to encourage literary production in the United States, and was one of the main reasons for the strenuous efforts made by American authors and publishers to procure international copyright.

The following extracts from HARPER'S WEEKLY are pertinent as showing some of the restrictions on the voluntary payments to English authors.

PUBLISHERS' CARD

Mr. Thackeray's new story *The Virginians*, with many humorous illustrations by the author, is commenced in the December number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of Two Thousand Dollars.

With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the New York *Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an International Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun to copy this Story into their paper. The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's *Little Dorrit*, for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars

for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the copyright law.

The New York *Tribune*, of November 26, said in reply:

The monthly parts of *The Virginians*, *carefully reprinted from a London copy*, will be found in the *Weekly* and *Semi-Weekly Tribune*, usually a few days in advance of its appearance in any other American publication.

The rejoinder in HARPER'S WEEKLY read as follows:

This is simply untrue. HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January was published on the 17th of December; it contained Part II of Mr. Thackeray's Novel, in which three slight corrections were made from the London copy. *The Virginians* was "carefully reprinted," *with these alterations* in the *Semi-Weekly Tribune* the next day. When the Editor of the *Tribune* receives a "London copy," he will be able to ascertain what these alterations are. The *Tribune* has put forth a characteristic apology for its acknowledged appropriation of the property of another; it has now an opportunity of trying its hand at a defense of its demonstrated want of veracity.

We notice that the *Athenæum*, the London Publishers' Circular, and some other English papers are indignant at the injury which the New York *Tribune* is doing to British authors by systematically reprinting their work upon the publishers who have purchased the proof-sheets. These foreign journals naturally inquire whether this can be the same *Tribune* whose articles in favor of British authors have been so carefully forwarded to Great Britain, and whose editors are reported to be so anxious for the acquaintance of foreign literary men. It is surmised in certain quarters that the Mr. Greeley who was over in England during the Crystal Palace excitement must be dead, and that his inheritance must have fallen among thieves.

Thackeray wrote to our London agent as follows:

36 ONSLOW SQUARE, LONDON, *December* 11, 1857.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to hear from you that the New York *Tribune* is reprinting *The Virginians*, and no doubt hurting the

Messrs. Harper's issue of the story, who pay me $100 per month for early impressions. But I do not see what good any remonstrances of mine can effect. If American houses choose to reprint our books we can't prevent them, and the *Tribune* will doubtless take its own course, in spite of any objections of mine or Messrs. Harper. Could English writers have remonstrated with any effect we should have done so years ago: but I am sure that an outcry at present would neither be useful nor dignified; and can only express my regret that I don't see how, in the present instance, I can be of service to a House which shows itself inclined to act in a kind and friendly manner to English literary men.

W. M. THACKERAY.

The "Easy Chair," in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1853, remarks:

We may not pass by silently the new stir in relation to an international copyright. And however the question may finally be settled, we welcome the discussion, and the interest in the discussion, as so many tokens of the increased consideration which is given, both by people and by government, to the making and the printing of books. Twenty odd millions of people in our commonwealth are furnishing a host of readers; and it behooves government and people to consider wisely what sort of reading is to be furnished, and what sort of pay the furnishers are to receive.

It is not a little curious to observe in this connection, the varying and contradictory reports, which find their way into the divided journals, in respect to the emoluments of authors. One newspaper gravely assures us that American writers are a motley company of poor starving characters, grateful for the smallest crumbs of favor, living by hook and by crook, and dragging out a pitiful existence—like the Scriptural Lazarus—at the tables of Mr. Publisher Dives!

Another, equally well informed, takes occasion to enumerate the beautiful country seats which have sprung into existence under the touch of the industrious pens, and enumerates with a most excellent and worthy glow of feeling, the large estates which have been amassed at the hands of American writers.

Between the two stories, we must confess that we are somewhat puzzled to get at the truth of the matter. We do not remember ever to have seen a *bona fide* statement of an author, over his own signature; from which we infer that they are an

exceedingly cautious race; being ready (if the tide serves) to live upon the credit of a large capital, and equally ready to enlist sympathy for their neglected attainments.

Sir Bulwer Lytton is said to have remarked in the House of Commons, that under the existence of a copyright law, he would have made some sixty thousand pounds in this country; but it is very much easier to say what one would have made, than to tell what one has made. It was, however, a pleasant fancy of the Baronet's; and, rich or poor, we could lay our hands on the heads of a great many American writers who would, we think, be glad to entertain a prospect of even one-third less imaginative power.

After all, twenty millions of reading people are making a market for books which the old world has never dreamed of. Good books are to be sold henceforth in the world's history by tens of thousands, as they once sold by hundreds.

Thackeray's *Adventures of Philip* and George Eliot's *Romola* ran as serials in the MAGAZINE about this time, and *Hard Cash*, by Charles Reade, was serialized in the WEEKLY. Charles Reade writes:

I am just finishing a good mediæval story on the basis of *A Good Fight*. My proposal to you is: either to account to me for the new matter on the same easy terms you had the old, or else to raise no objections to another publisher's taking the new sheets, provided he will honorably purchase your plates and remnants of stock. Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis, of the New York *Herald*, is instructed by me to make final arrangements with your kind co-operation, I having in my instructions distinctly given you the refusal, and also made your consent to other arrangements an essential stipulation. The new novel referred to, in which is incorporated *A Good Fight*, is entitled *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

XII

"For nearly six years after my connection with the establishment," says Alden, "the beautiful association of the four Harper brothers remained unbroken. They were known among themselves and their intimates by sobriquets whose origin referred to a time far antedating my acquaintance with them. James was for obvious reason known as 'the Mayor'; John was 'the Colonel'; Joseph Wesley 'the Captain'; Fletcher 'the Major.' How indelible in my memory are the faces of these men and their frankly disclosed characters!"

The daily business life of the four Harper brothers was very simple. They gave their personal attention to details of business as far as necessary, but were willing to trust to the experience and honesty of their employees to carry out their own departments in the business without interference so far as the results of such course were found satisfactory. They came early to business and stayed long until later years, when with advancing age and the entrance of their sons and grandsons into the business, they allowed themselves greater latitude. In these later years James Harper would reach the office by eight o'clock and John Harper perhaps about nine, and they would leave business at twelve or one and not return. Wesley and Fletcher would arrive later and would be in the office or the establishment most of the afternoon.



Upon entering the counting-room in the morning they would hang up their hats and overcoats on the railing separating the inclosure from the main room, and proceed at once to open the mail. When this was done and the cash handed to the cashier and the letters sent out for distribution, the brothers were then ready to transact other business, read the papers, or receive visitors. James and John would generally be found at one end of the counting-room, Wesley and Fletcher being at their desks at the other end, unless they were in consultation, when they would sit alongside of John and discuss matters and reach their conclusions. James's voice was loud, and he was not a consecutive talker; John had a low, rather monotonous and somewhat guttural but musical voice, which was very pleasant to hear in conversation. Wesley had an asthmatic affection in his voice, but Fletcher had an earnest and definite way of expressing himself which was clear and impressive. They were always ready to meet any one who had business to transact, no matter who he was. It might be that a clerk wanted instruction, a foreman had a sheet just off the press to submit for color, imposition, etc., a compositor with a proof for inspection, an author with a manuscript, a dealer wishing to leave an order for books, a paper-maker with samples, an old friend who wanted a few minutes' social chat, or a distinguished visitor who had just come to town. All these had free access to the counting-room, and were received with courtesy.

For a great many years their bookkeeping was conducted on the principle of single entry, but about 1857 William H. Demarest, who had been their cashier for a number of years, and who continued to hold this position until the break in his health twenty years later, prevailed





upon them to adopt the system of double entry, which they were rather reluctant to do, but finally yielded to his persuasion. He used to relate with a great deal of gusto that one morning after John Harper had opened his mail and passed out the cash from the letters for record the money was found twenty-five cents short. He reported the matter to John Harper, who in a laughing way turned to his brothers and said: "Demarest is making a great ado because I took twenty-five cents from the mail and gave it to a beggar." Demarest thought this was quite a tribute to the usefulness of the new system.

In this way the four brothers passed their simple and useful business lives, varied occasionally by a visit to Europe, in which they mingled pleasure and business. Fletcher was very fond of taking such a trip. Sometimes he would meet his old friend, Captain Price, who was sailing the next day, and, without any word to the office, would go off with him. The first that would be known at the office of the matter would be the word that Fletcher had sailed that morning. He was very popular in England among authors and publishers, and his attractive presence and courteous manners won him friends in all directions.

The following story told by Mr. Phayre is an illustration of the winning manner in which Fletcher Harper was accustomed to deal with persons who had business with him:

"Frederick Halpin was one of the last of the old steel-plate portrait engravers. He frequently did work for the House, which was always in the highest degree satisfactory. He had the artistic temperament, was gentle, modest and unobtrusive in manner. One day he brought in a portrait which he had engraved for the House, and

it was taken to Mr. Fletcher Harper, who looked over the proof of the portrait very carefully. Turning to Halpin, he said most pleasantly, 'It is a very fine piece of work, Mr. Halpin; what is your bill?' Halpin said very modestly, as if almost ashamed to mention the sum, 'One hundred and fifty dollars.' 'Is that all?' said Mr. Harper; 'I wish for your sake it was more,' and he immediately paid the bill. Of course this is a small circumstance, but it is not always that successful business men meet demands upon them in the same cordial, encouraging spirit."

While strictly orthodox and conservative in their religious opinions, Harper & Brothers were not unwilling to publish books which to some minds were disturbing. One of their early books, published in 1830, was *The History of the Jews*, by Dean Milman. The author treated some of the statements in the Old Testament Scriptures as unhistorical, and gave but little support to the miraculous element. The publisher of the English edition, John Murray, was very much disturbed at the reception of the book, for the orthodox classes were greatly shocked by its free statements; the sale was stopped in London and the publication of the series in which it had appeared suspended. Harper & Brothers, however, saw no reason for withholding the book from the public and letting its statements be taken for what they were worth. They were also the publishers of Robert Chambers's *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, which was severely criticized upon publication by many conservative authorities, but which prepared the way for Darwin's books, and became one of the classics of science.

Harper & Brothers published *Henry Esmond* in November, 1852, and on November 16, 1852, Thackeray first

visited the United States to deliver six lectures on *The English Humorists*. Of Dickens, who preceded him as a reader, Curtis said: "The style of 'Boz' was that of the trained actor; of 'Titmarsh' that of the accomplished gentleman amateur." The "Easy Chair" remarked:

When it was ascertained that Thackeray was coming the public feeling on this side of the sea was very much divided as to his probable reception. "He'll come and humbug us, eat our dinners, pocket our money, and go home and abuse us, like that unmitigated snob, Dickens," said Jonathan, chafing with the remembrance of that great ball at the Park Theater and the "Boz" tableaux, and the universal wining and dining to which the distinguished Dickens was subject while he was our guest. "Let him have his say," said the others, "and we will have our look. We will pay a dollar to hear him, if we can see him at the same time; and as for the abuse, why, it takes more than two such cubs of the roaring British Lion to frighten the American Eagle. Let him come, and give him fair play."

He did come, and had fair play, and returned to England with a comfortable pot of gold holding twelve thousand dollars. There was no disappointment with his lectures. Those who knew his books found the author in the lecturer. Those who did not know his books were charmed in the lecturer by what is charming in the author—the unaffected humanity, the tenderness, the sweetness, the genial play of fancy, and the sad touch of truth, with the glancing stroke of satire which, lightning-like, illumines while it withers. The lectures were even more delightful than the books, because of the tone of the voice and the appearance of the man. We conceive this to be the chief result of Thackeray's visit, that he convinced us of his intellectual integrity; he showed us how impossible it is for him to see the world and describe it other than he does. He does not profess cynicism, nor satirize society with malice; there is no man more humble, none more simple; his interests are human and concrete, not abstract.

General James Grant Wilson in his exhaustive work, *Thackeray in the United States*, says:

During his month's sojourn in New York Thackeray made a morning call on the Harpers, where he met the ex-mayor, senior

member of the great publishing house. In response to his inquiry as to the most popular author in this country, the visitor was astonished to hear from Mr. Harper that the now forgotten G. P. R. James, of "two horsemen" fame, who produced a couple of novels per annum, was at the head of the list. During their interview a bright-eyed little girl, entering the counting-room in Cliff Street, was introduced as his daughter by the veteran publisher. Thackeray smilingly shook hands with her, saying, "So this is a pirate's daughter, is it?" an appellation which much amused the fun-loving ex-mayor.

We had in our possession a treasure which we prized very dearly, namely, the original manuscript of Thackeray's lecture on "Charity and Humor," which he had given us as copy for book form. Much to our regret, this manuscript—and it was a model of plain, strong, unaffected chirography, characteristic of the author—was destroyed in our fire of 1853.

The following is quoted from the article on "Charity and Humor" which appeared in the June number of our MAGAZINE for 1853:

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it —I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness, which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share and say a Benediction for the meal.

General Wilson gave Dickens's reply:

LONDON, *March* 23, 1855.

MY DEAR THACKERAY,—I have read in the *Times* to-day, an account of your last night's lecture, and cannot refrain from assuring you, in all truth and earnestness, that I am profoundly touched by your generous reference to me. I do not know how to tell you what a glow it spread over my heart. Out of its fulness

I do entreat you to believe that I shall never forget your words of commendation. If you could wholly know how you have moved me and how you have animated me, you would be the happier, I am certain.

Faithfully yours ever,
CHARLES DICKENS.

While in New York Thackeray wrote to the firm as follows:

November 27, 1852.

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to your proposal of yesterday, I shall be happy to part with my interest in the United States in my forthcoming volume, *Lectures on the Humorous Writers of the Last Century*, to be published simultaneously with the London Edition. The sum of One Thousand Dollars offered by you to be paid to my order, on my sending to you the last sheets of the English edition of the work.

Your very faithful servant,
W. M. THACKERAY.

Thackeray and Curtis were intimate friends, especially during his second visit to New York, in 1855. They frequently dined together, and it was not unusual for Curtis, who sang delightfully, to entertain the party by singing "Drink to me only with thine eyes," or he would join the other guests in duet or chorus.

Here is one of W. M. Thackeray's graceful invitations to dinner:

CLARENDON, *Thursday.*

MY DEAR CURTIS,—Don't forget the *partie carré* dinner at Delmonico's, the other merry blades being Bayard Taylor and Fred Cozzens; the day and the hour, Saturday at seven sharp. That's all. Adoo!

W. M. THACKERAY.

Dr. Kane, the arctic explorer, was a man of the greatest simplicity. Just after his return, and before he had written his book, the "Easy Chair" heard him tell the tale

of his voyage at a little dinner at the Century Club. Thackeray was one of the guests—and, indeed, the dinner grew out of Thackeray's wish to see the doctor. The tale and the telling were equally delightful, and as the brave little man paused in speaking Thackeray arose from his chair to his full height and gravely asked the giver of the feast whether Dr. Kane would probably permit him to kneel down and kiss his boots. Kane himself was as much surprised as any one of the guests, and laughed as gaily at the droll homage of the Englishman. We published Dr. E. K. Kane's *The United States Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin*, in 1854.

Charles Eliot Norton wrote of Curtis in his *Memorials of Two Friends* with a discrimination that was *intime*, owing to his love for George William Curtis:

> Seldom has there been so general a favorite as he, and seldom a man who received more flattery with less harm to the sincerity of his nature. When he returned home from Europe in 1850, a youth of twenty-six, with keen perceptions of the delights of life, with accomplishments and graces and tastes that opened every door to him, with literary ambitions which were soon to be gratified by the brilliant success of his first book, with the youth of both sexes crowding round him at Newport, at Saratoga, at New York, to follow his alluring lead, and to catch from him, if they might, the secret of his charm—at this time he stood at the parting of the ways. As Izaak Walton said of his friend, Sir Henry Wotton, "His company seemed to be one of the delights of mankind." He was flattered and caressed, and for a time he floated on the swift current of pleasure. It would have been so easy to yield to the temptations of the world! But his pure, youthful heart cherished other ideals. He heard the voice of duty saying, "Come, follow me"; and he obeyed. The path along which she led was difficult. The times were dark. He recognized the claim which, in a democracy like ours, the country has on every one of her sons for the best service which he can render. He had a most public soul, and he gave himself without

reserve to the cause of justice, of freedom, and of popular intelligence!

Curtis went back to newspaper work after his return from Europe, notwithstanding the joys of the freedom which he had been having, but apparently he went back unwillingly, for in February, 1852, he wrote to Norton:

I have been in the traces nearly three weeks. They want me to join the concern permanently, to buy stock, etc.—but I shrink from the utter slavery of such a life. I have no moment of the day or night properly my own.

Curtis's first connection with the House is most interesting. He had been a publisher himself, a member of the firm of Dix, Edwards & Co., and that firm having failed, with a chivalric spirit he assumed responsibility for their debts. His books, which had been published by the bankrupt firm, were taken over by Harper & Brothers, and he in 1863 became the Political Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, which position he retained until his death, in 1892. It may be remarked that Curtis was popular throughout the entire establishment of Harper & Brothers. He was always the *chevalier sans reproche*, and treated every employee, no matter how humble, with the most polished courtesy. His editorials were usually written at his home in Staten Island, but Mondays and Thursdays he worked at a desk in the composing-room, either writing editorials or reading and correcting proofs.

The "Easy Chair" department in HARPER'S MAGAZINE was in Curtis's hands in 1853, but he was not the sole contributor for several years.

June 25, 1853, Curtis wrote from Newport to Fletcher Harper as follows:

DEAR SIR,—I shall hope to see you on Tuesday or Wednesday,

and since I find that I must abstain from my harder studies, this summer—I hope that we shall be able to arrange that I shall sit in your chair! But my health is more uncertain than I wish it was—spite of this consoling ocean.

Probably I shall ask you to pay me more than you will think reasonable. But we shall see.

I am, Dear Sir,

Very truly yours,
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Soon afterward Curtis became identified with the House and continued a lifelong friendship with the members of the firm.

When Curtis returned from his Eastern travels he brought a manuscript account of his journeyings, which he submitted to Harper & Brothers, and, introducing himself to John Harper, said to him that he desired a publisher for his book of travels in Syria. Mr. Harper looked up at the spruce young traveler and said, "We have just published a book on Syria." "Then," said Mr. Curtis, "you will not need mine," and turned to go. "Not so fast, not so fast, my young friend," replied Mr. Harper. "We never ought to turn a young author away without giving his book a fair consideration." And he added—Curtis himself tells this—"this manuscript may be the finest book that was ever written, and" (with a sly look at the author) "perhaps you and I think so; but you must remember that to a merchant the commodity in which he deals is always merchandise." Curtis adds, "Had every author been as wisely instructed, the calamities of authors, so far as they spring from relations with publishers, would have been signally diminished." After examining a few of the neatly written chapters, John Harper said: "We will publish your book, and you may bring us all the

manuscripts on Syria you choose, if written as well as this." And thus Curtis's *Nile Notes of the Howadji* appeared from the press of Harper & Brothers in the spring of 1851. This picture of the East was so vivid that Whipple, the well-known Boston critic, said that "he had never before felt the East." It was the precursor of the *Howadji in Syria*, which was followed by the charming volume entitled *Lotus-Eating*, beautifully illustrated by Curtis's intimate friend, the late John F. Kensett.

From Venice, December 26, 1853, Donald G. Mitchell thus addressed Fletcher Harper:

> DEAR SIR,—With this please find "Gossip" (which I call "Our Kaleidoscope") for March. I know not if its manner will please you; also please find 3 or 4 pages of something I had intended for the body of your MAGAZINE. You will perceive that it is the introductory *half* of a story: being however complete as giving a picture of Venice.
>
> Publish if you choose as it is; or wait if you prefer for the sequel, which will be of equal length and which I will send with next "Easy Chair"—if I write one.

Mitchell, E. P. Whipple, and Dr. Lyman Abbott were frequent contributors to departments in the MAGAZINE. Dr. Abbott succeeded George Ripley as editor of the *Literary Record*, and he in turn was followed by Charles D. Deshler.

Lewis Gaylord Clark, editor of the New York *Knickerbocker Magazine*, was at this time in charge of the "Drawer" in HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Clark had the "Drawer" but a short time, and was followed by the Rev. S. Irenaeus Prime, D.D., who was followed by Col. William A. Seaver, who conducted that department for many years.

George Ripley, one of the three to call the first meeting of the "Transcendental Club" in Boston, and who was the originator, in 1840, of "Brook Farm," West Roxbury, Mass., was at this time literary adviser of the House. Among those associated with George Ripley in his "Brook Farm" enterprise were Charles A. Dana, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and George William Curtis and his brother. R. W. Emerson and Margaret Fuller were frequent visitors. The tone of the community was intellectual, and its creed was that all should assist in the drudgery of life in order that all might partake of the higher pleasures of the mind. Colonel Higginson says: "Whatever might be said of the actual glebe of 'Brook Farm,' the social structure was of the richest. Those who ever lived there usually account it to this day as the happiest period of their lives." Much good, however, came from it, and all who were connected with it, as community or school, will probably agree with the judgment of Charles A. Dana, one of its members and teachers, who wrote this of it shortly after the death of Ripley, the founder:

> It is not too much to say that every person who was at "Brook Farm" for any length of time has ever since looked back to it with a feeling of satisfaction. The healthy mixture of manual and intellectual labor, the kindly and unaffected social relations, the absence of anything like assumption or servility, the amusements, the discussions, the friendships, the ideal and poetical atmosphere which gave a charm to life—all these continue to create a picture toward which the mind turns back with pleasure as to something distant and beautiful not elsewhere met with amid the routine of this world.

Later on George Ripley became our principal reader, and the "opinions" received from him were models of their kind—succinct, lucid, and trustworthy. The num-

ber of "opinions" Ripley wrote for the House was amazing. Book manuscripts and early sheets of foreign works were sent to him daily, ranging from novels to the most scholarly productions, all of which were grist to his mill. His ability to epitomize a romance into the limits of an ordinary "opinion" was marvelous.

In 1847 Harper & Brothers secured the services of Sampson Low as their agent in England. Low was a publisher of wide experience as the head of the firm of Sampson Low & Co., afterward Sampson Low, Marston & Co. He was a tall, handsome type of an English gentleman, with a wide acquaintance with authors, and he remained in the service of Harper & Brothers until his death, in 1886. To the last he dressed in the old style, with high collar, stock, and a ruffled shirt-front. He was personally a warm friend of the older members of the firm, especially of Fletcher Harper. He conducted business in their interest with English authors and publishers, negotiating for advance sheets of English books and publishing English editions of American books.

XIII

THE first number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, A Journal of Civilization, was issued January 3, 1857. The intention of the publishers, as indicated by its second title, was to make a high-class illustrated weekly paper adapted for family reading. HARPER'S WEEKLY was the creation of Fletcher Harper, and became his pet enterprise, and until within a few months of his death the best energies of his controlling mind were devoted to its management.

The WEEKLY showed the same capacity of development in line with the popular demand as had the MAGAZINE. Like the MONTHLY, the WEEKLY was a success from the start. It steadily climbed up to one hundred and twenty thousand circulation. Theodore Sedgwick was its first managing editor. In the early volumes it confined itself chiefly to non-political matters, but at the outbreak of the Civil War it began its career as a national power.

Fletcher's enterprise found full scope during the Rebellion; one of his first strokes was to make, as far as possible, each officer of our army and navy an attaché of the WEEKLY by offering to send it free to any Union officer who forwarded his address, and asking in return sketches of any places of interest to the people at home.

The four brothers were Whigs or Democrats up to the firing on Fort Sumter, whereupon they immediately became strong War Republicans. Fletcher Harper was on

a visit to the South about this time, and left Charleston for New York by steamer a few days before the attack on Fort Sumter. Up to this time party predilections affected the firm but little, and in its early numbers HARPER'S WEEKLY was editorially, by reason of this policy—the policy of merchants and men of property of New York and Boston—protesting against the extravagance both of slave-holders and abolitionists, and was consequently found fault with by both parties alike. The firm was hoping for a peaceful solution of the embittering disputes between the rival sections, but at the same time there was no doubt as to where the House of Harper would stand when the inevitable arrived.

The WEEKLY had little to say for Abraham Lincoln when he was first nominated, for it frankly favored Seward; but before then it had announced that he

> who thinks that a possible separation of the Union could now be made is blindly ignorant of the true state of the country. It involves fraternal discord and internecine war. It involves the beggary of the rich and the ruin of the poor, and the oppression of the middling and the abasement of the humble. It involves the trampling under hoof of the harvest and the sack of cities.

From April, 1861, up to the time of the first nomination of Grover Cleveland the WEEKLY advocated the principles of the Republican party; but it has always maintained the character of an independent observer in politics, and has refused to be bound by party trammels or to be considered a party organ.

George William Curtis began his connection with the WEEKLY by contributing a department called "The Lounger," a series of charming and brilliant papers.

On Sedgwick's retirement, in 1858, he was succeeded by

John Bonner, an accomplished journalist, who occupied the position of managing editor for several years with tact and ability.

Wilkie Collins's *The Dead Secret* was begun anonymously as a serial in the first volume of the WEEKLY, but it was not published by us in book form until 1873, when we issued a library edition of his novels on the occasion of his visit to this country. Soon after Collins's arrival in New York he dined with us in Twenty-second Street. In his acceptance of my uncle's invitation he added a postscript in which he warned his host that he drank only extra dry champagne. At that time sweet champagne was almost exclusively bought for this market, and I recall the difficulty we had to find the wine he required. The reason for this rather broad hint was that Collins suffered with gout in the eyes, and, from his experience at other New York functions, he found this precautionary notice necessary.

The best known of Collins's novels is *The Woman in White*, which made a profound impression at the time it was first issued and is vividly remembered by those who read it. In the character of Count Fosco, Collins made a distinct addition to the world's stock of famous creations in fiction. Already it has lasted for over fifty years, and at least another generation of fame seems to be assured to it. Collins said that he chose a foreigner for this character because the crime was "too ingenious for an English villain." Wilkie Collins's villains were not of the coarse and stalwart type. He knew how to draw a villain who could seem a gentleman and often pass for one, who would appear well in a drawing-room and be *au fait* astride a horse in Rotten Row.

February 7, 1857, there appeared in the WEEKLY an

anonymous poem entitled "Nothing to Wear," which proved a popular hit, and the authorship was promptly claimed by several individuals. August 8th the WEEKLY said editorially:

> Some little stir has been created in literary circles by a claim set up by a young lady, the daughter of the Rev. Isaac Peck, to the authorship of the now famous poem of "Nothing to Wear." The story which the lady's friends tell is, that Miss Peck tore her dress, and was led by that accident to a train of highly moral reflections which found vent in verse; that she carried the verse aforesaid about in her pocket, and unhappily lost it on leaving the cars near Twenty-sixth Street; leading to the inference that Mr. Butler, from whom we obtained the poem, picked up the idea, and some thirty of the identical lines, in or near the cars aforesaid, and appropriated them to his own use. For our own part, we regret to confess that we do not believe that Miss Peck or any one else but Mr. Butler wrote a single line of that poem. We see no serious reason for going behind the original manuscript, which is now before us in Mr. Butler's handwriting, and to which, at our request, he added some twenty-five lines to fill out the page.

In November of the same year this poem was republished in the MAGAZINE with the author's name, William Allen Butler, attached, and it was appropriately illustrated by Hoppin.

The nearest approach to an article touching a current political issue published in the MAGAZINE was that contributed to the September number in 1859 by Stephen A. Douglas, "The Dividing Line Between Federal and Local Authority." This article Horace Greeley desired to answer, and his proposition called forth the following letter from my grandfather:

September 28, 1859.

HORACE GREELEY, ESQ.:

SIR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, in which you propose to furnish "in your own name" (for the December number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE) a review of Mr. Douglas's late essay on popular sovereignty.

We published Senator Douglas's article because it was an exposition of an important phase of the political history of the country, prepared by a statesman whose experience of territorial jurisprudence has been large, and whose leadership of an influential political party is undoubted.

Should the recognized leaders of the Republican or the Southern Parties think fit to prepare similar expositions of the same historical question, from their respective points of view, we should probably be willing to publish them in the periodical which contained the article of Senator Douglas.

We must therefore very respectfully decline your offer as we have declined many others from writers both at the South and the North.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

FLETCHER HARPER.

We received the following very kind letter from the Rev. Dr. William Arthur, for whom we had published the remarkably successful book *The Tongue of Fire*.

WESLEYAN MISSION HOUSE, BISHOPSGATE STREET, WITHIN,
LONDON, *October* 26, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have this moment read in the *Times* that your house has suffered in the deluge which is sweeping all before it, in your commercial world; and I cannot lose a moment in expressing my sincere sympathy with yourself, your brothers, and your respective families in what must be a severe pain and trial to you all, whatever may be the issue of it. I need not say that when I wrote last, requesting my balance, I had *no such* idea of this money-panic, as six months ago we had of the Indian rebellion, though I suppose men of business here then knew something of it. I know few who can worse afford to lose than I; for this year I have no salary; but I cheerfully take my lot, whatever it may prove; and only feel for the inconvenience and mortification which you must all suffer. These events touch none of us by accident; our Heavenly Father appoints them wisely and well, and I earnestly pray both that He may support and comfort you all, and make them turn to good!

With sincerest respects to all your family group,

Yours, dear Sir,

Very faithfully,

FLETCHER HARPER, ESQ. WM. ARTHUR.

The panic of 1857 resulted in great business depression in all lines of trade. There was a suspension of specie payment and a large list of failures throughout the country. As a matter of business precaution, although not compelled to do so by actual circumstances, Harper & Brothers thought it wise to make an assignment of their business, and placed their affairs nominally in the hands of two of the sons, John W. Harper and Joseph W. Harper, Jr. This arrangement was only in name, and in no way injured the credit of the House. Bills were paid as usual, business went on without intermission, and in a few days the tension in the business world was relaxed and affairs resumed their usual course. The standing of the House was in no way affected by the proceeding; many other business houses took a similar course for their own protection, as well as in the interest of their clients.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE IN HARPER'S WEEKLY, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1857

In answer to several correspondents, the publishers beg to state that recent events have not, and will not, interfere with the regular appearance and general business of HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, which were never so prosperous as they are at the present time. Our friends in the press will confer a favor on us by publishing the above.

In 1849 we contracted with Richard Hildreth, of Boston, to publish his work *A History of the United States*, which has proved an excellent introduction to the study of American history.

In 1843 William H. Prescott, of Boston, made an agreement with us for the publication of his *Conquest of Mexico* and the *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella* in 1844, and for the *Conquest of Peru* in 1846.

Fletcher Harper used to relate how he went to Boston to see Prescott to arrange with him for the publication of these books, and how he felt so diffident about approaching that eminent man that he walked two or three times around the block before mustering up courage to ring his door-bell.

Later on Prescott writes to my grandfather:

BOSTON, *April* 2, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—When I saw you in New York the other day, you mentioned that if I would select any new extracts from the reviews of my works, they would be printed in the advertising sheet of Hildreth's forthcoming work. On looking over your late advertisements, I do not think they can be materially improved. Soon after *Peru* came out, I sent some extracts from the English journals, to Mr. Saunders, who filed them away, and intended to use them, but I believe never did. If you still have them, you might select a few notes for this work.

Instead of the notice you usually print from the *London Quarterly* relating to the *Conquest of Mexico* there is a short one still better—in No. 146, Art. 1—viz.: "Perhaps the ablest work that has yet issued from an American press—Mr. Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico.*"

I hope the Yankee public will show they think so, by taking off an extra quantity of copies. But who will give two dollars a volume for Prescott, when they can buy Macaulay for seventy-five cents? This was a hard cut for us all.

Yours truly,

W. H. PRESCOTT.

FLETCHER HARPER, ESQ.

Ogden in his *Life of Prescott* says:

The rights of placing the *Conquest of Mexico* he sold to the Harpers from plates provided by himself. The publishers were to have five thousand copies for which they offered $7,500 in cash—"an enormous price," notes Prescott, "which I should not have had the courage to ask of any publisher. I hope they may not be disappointed, for their sakes as well as mine." The *Conquest of Peru* was published March, 1847. The Harpers paid him

$7,500 on the day of publication—at the rate of one dollar per copy, "terms," Ticknor remarks, "more liberal than had ever been offered for a work of grave history on this side of the Atlantic."

During the year 1854 Prescott entered into a contract with Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, by which he transferred all his books to that firm. "I have left the Harpers"—I quote again from Rollo Ogden's work—"not from any dissatisfaction with them, for they have dealt well by me from the first to the last, but because they were not prepared to come up to the liberal offer made by the other party. We part, therefore, with the same good understanding with which we have always kept together."

Although the firm was not aware who the publishers were who made the offer referred to, nevertheless they promptly advised Prescott to accept the proposition, which he did, and he wrote to the House as follows:

LYNN, *July* 19, 1854.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS:

DEAR SIRS,—I duly received yours of the 10th instant, and read its contents with sincere regret, as it announced to me the dissolution of the business relations that have so long subsisted between us. I should have replied sooner, but I have been unavoidably delayed in bringing my arrangements with the other house to a close; and I thought it was better to settle every point definitely with my new associates before communicating again with you.

I have arranged with them for the publication of my new *History of Philip the Second*, and for that of the former histories simultaneously.

And now allow me to say that this is one of the most unpleasant letters I ever wrote in my life, since it is to break off a long and pleasant intercourse with friends with whom I have never interchanged any words but those of kindness and regard. And the feelings will not be lessened, I am sure, between us. For you will have the candor to admit that it would be too great a sacrifice of

my interests for me to decline proposals which secure to me the certain payment of fifty thousand dollars, independently of the usual copyright on the sale of the octavo editions of the old histories.

As I dislike mysteries, I should mention the name of the house, but this I have been requested not to do for the present.

Believe me, my dear Sirs,

Very sincerely,

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

A year later Mr. Prescott wrote:

LYNN, *July* 24, 1855.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS:

DEAR SIRS,—I am entering on a new enterprise in my arrangements with the Boston house. How it will turn out time will show. But whether well or ill, I can not forget the long and pleasant relations I have had with you, in which the good understanding which should subsist between author and publisher has not been interrupted for a moment. Every year of our connection has confirmed me in the opinion I had early formed of the high and honorable character of your house, for every member of which I beg to express sentiments of the most sincere regard.

Believe me, dear Sirs,

Very truly your friend,

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

In September, 1855, Prescott gave a letter of introduction to Lothrop Motley's brother as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Thomas Motley, Jr., who goes to your city for the purpose of making arrangements for the publication of a work by his brother, Mr. Lothrop Motley. He is a gentleman of high character and entire responsibility. His brother, Mr. Lothrop Motley, is now in Europe, where he has been engaged several years in the composition of a history of the Netherlands.

As he has been living in the midst of the scenes he describes, and with the best materials at his command, his works cannot fail to be of the most authentic character. Although I have not seen the manuscript, yet I cannot doubt, from his high parts and brilliant and attractive style, that his book will be one of great interest and importance. I hope therefore that you will give it

a careful examination, and that he will be able to make an arrangement with you which will be satisfactory to both.

I remain, dear Sirs,

Very truly yours,

W. H. PRESCOTT.

During the year 1839 we brought out John Lothrop Motley's *Morton's Hope*, a novel, and the earliest work published by him.

Motley's first important historical essay, an article of fifty pages, was published in *The North American Review* for October, 1845.

In 1851 Motley went abroad to secure material for his history of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*. April 12, 1856, we published this work in three volumes. It was declined by John Murray, of London, and published there, simultaneously with the American edition, at the author's expense. It proved an immediate success, and Motley was hailed as an historian of the first rank on both sides of the Atlantic.

The following three letters from Motley are interesting and pertinent:

BOSTON, *February* 16, 1857.

FLETCHER HARPER, ESQ.:

MY DEAR SIR,—I write a line to ask you for a little information concerning the prospects of my history. When I had the pleasure of seeing you in October last, I think that there were about eleven hundred copies on hand. I should like to know how many have been sold, and whether the demand is sufficient to justify another edition this spring. It has seemed to me that perhaps something might be done to push the sales a little. The book has certainly been well and favorably received in many quarters. You perceive that the last *Edinburgh Review* has an article, in which it is treated of, conjointly with the work of Mr. Prescott, and placed upon an equality with it. It is also alluded to in a complimentary manner in the London *Times* for January 12, in a review of Prescott's *Philip II*. There is also a long article upon my work in

the *London Monthly Review* of December last, with copious extracts. There was also one in the London *Daily News*, which I have never seen. I know nothing of the authorship of any of these articles. The *Edinburgh* I have only seen in the proof-sheets of *Littell's Living Age*, for the 7th of next March—but I have been unable to procure a copy of the number of the *Review* itself, but I suppose it will be republished before long. I have been informed, on very good authority, that the article was written by the celebrated Guizot, ex-prime minister of France.

You perhaps saw a very complimentary notice of the book in the New York *Independent*. The paper was sent me, and I thought the article one of the best written as it certainly was one of the most flattering criticisms that I have yet received.

I mention these things, not from egotism, but confidentially, in the way of business and because it seems to me that with so much and often such warm commendation the book ought to sell a little better—many people—young and old—find it readable and interesting and the critics have treated it very handsomely. Yet Prescott has sold eleven thousand copies while we have been selling a far less number. I am quite aware of the advantages of an old and great reputation like that of Mr. Prescott, but still I should think that the *Dutch Republic* had been long enough before the world to acquire popularity. I am writing to you as I should talk to you if I were in your office. I have no doubt that it is a great advantage to have had the work placed in your hands, and I have always been glad of it. No other house could have given it at once such extensive circulation. I would only hint that perhaps something might be done in the way of advertisement, or of agencies in the western country, to give the sales an impulse.

Mr. Joseph Harper, Jr., was kind enough to inform me, when I was in New York, that he intended to get up a sheet of extracts from notices of the press, and have them printed on the cover of your MAGAZINE. If this could be done, I should think it would be very advantageous. Besides the American reviews and journals, there might be quotations from the London *Athenæum*, *Press*, *Non-Conformist*, *Examiner*, *Daily News*, *Times*, *Westminster Review*, *Monthly Review*, and *North British Review*, all of which have praised the work. They have all done this voluntarily and almost in spite of themselves—for *between ourselves*, my London publisher has, I think, but very little influence or connection, and does not push the book at all.

You, no doubt, saw the long articles in *The North American Review* and the *Christian Examiner*, both of which were very ably written.

May I beg of you to send me a line in answer? I am aware that, in the multiplicity and extent of your affairs, my book cannot occupy as much of your attention as it does of mine, but as I have already set myself to work upon another history, I shall feel more disposed to labor, if assured that the prospects for the one already published remain encouraging.

Meantime I remain,

Very truly yours,

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY.

BRUSSELS, *January* 7, 1858.

MESSRS. HARPER BROTHERS:

DEAR SIRS,—It would give me pleasure to receive a line from you. When I left America in August last, the great commercial crisis had not occurred, and the book trade seemed to be flourishing. At that moment, there were but very few copies of the *Dutch Republic* on hand, and you contemplated a new edition in the fall. I had caused, as you may remember, a very handsome engraving of William the Silent to be executed, as a frontispiece for that edition, and I had made certain alterations and abbreviations in the text.

I am quite aware that the great revulsion in the financial world had put an end to all publishing schemes for the time being. I have understood with pleasure however, that your house, although like many other large and widely extended establishments, obliged temporarily to suspend, was as strong and rich as ever, and competent to carry on its large affairs with its usual energy and ability, as soon as the general business of the country should revive.

As I have been living very much out of the world—deeply engaged in studies for my next historical work—I am not as well informed as I desire to be, upon business matters. Would you therefore have the kindness to send me a line, care of Messrs. Baring Brothers & Company, stating the number of copies of the D. R. now on hand, and the prospect which there may be of publishing a new edition.

I wish also to state a few facts, which it is important that you should know, and which I hope that you will make use of as an advertisement, whenever you put the work again to press,

1. A translation of the work into the French language is soon to appear, executed under the superintendence of the celebrated M. Guizot, to whom I conceded the right of translation, some eight or nine months ago. The application was made to me, quite unexpectedly on my part, through the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*—I had no acquaintance whatever with M. Guizot or Mr. Reeve (the editor of the E. R.).

2. A reprint of the work has been published in Amsterdam, and has had a very good sale.

3. A translation of the whole work into the German language has been published at Leipzig and Dresden.

4. A translation of the book into the Dutch language has been made under the supervision of M. Bakhuizen van den Brink, the archivist-in-chief of the kingdom of the Netherlands, the most learned man and the cleverest writer in the country. He has written an introductory chapter to the work, of a very complimentary character, and has added many notes and comments. It is publishing in numbers, very handsomely printed, and will hardly be concluded before the close of the year.

An elaborate and very commendatory article upon the book, 65 octavo pages in length, has just been published in the leading review of the country (called the *Gids*), by one of the best historical writers of Holland.

These various editions of translations and notices have been undertaken, not only without any solicitation on my part—but entirely without my knowledge.—Previously to last week, when I made a visit to the Hague, for the purpose of making a preliminary examination of the unpublished documents in the public offices, I was not aware that the work was at all known in Holland. I am, however, in doubt no longer. The most learned and competent judges have given it their approbation, and the booksellers inform me that it is considered the standard work upon the subject. [1] Every facility has been offered me by the most important functionaries, for the continuance of my labors.

I mention these things to you as matters of fact likely to interest you; as your enterprising house was the first to bring the book

[1] When I was last in New York I gave (if I am not mistaken) to Mr. Joseph Harper a copy of a very commendatory notice of the work extracted from the preface to the 1st vol. 2nd series of the *Archives de la maison d'Orange Nassau*, by M. Groen van Prinsterer, one of the foremost statesmen and publicists of Holland. This was all that I then knew about the position of the book.

into general circulation. It is important to the permanent value of the work, that its currency as a leading authority in the country of which it treats, shall be known at home.

You may make use of the facts thus communicated, in the manner you may think the most advisable. Of course it is unnecessary to hint that they should not appear as coming from me. At the same time, as I was quite ignorant of them myself, until last week, it is very natural that they should be entirely unknown to others.

Please let me hear from you at your earliest convenience and believe me, Very truly yours,

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY.

ROME, *March* 5, 1859.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS:

DEAR SIRS,—Yesterday I received a letter from M. Guizot, stating that the first volume of the French translation of the *Dutch Republic*, edited by him, had just been published. Its appearance was hastened by the publication of a rival translation at Brussels, which has already, as I am informed, had great success. I have already mentioned to you that Dutch and German translations of the work have appeared. Thus you see that its European reputation may be considered as fully established. Many reprints of the original have also appeared—at Leipzig, Amsterdam and London. From all this I derive, unfortunately, no pecuniary compensation whatever—and I can only hope that the sales of your edition have been respectable in amount.

It would give me very great pleasure to hear from you, at your earliest convenience.

Meantime I remain,

Very respectfully and truly yours,

J. L. MOTLEY.

We published the first two volumes of his second work, *History of the United Netherlands*, in 1861, and they met with equal, if not increased, success.

Motley was a very handsome young man. He entered Harvard at the age of thirteen, and, though the youngest in his class, stood third in college rank. He was a remarkable linguist and a rapacious reader.

When Motley had matured the plan for his *Dutch Republic* he learned to his amazement that Prescott had the *History of Philip the Second of Spain* in preparation, although his *Conquest of Peru* had not yet been published. Motley thereupon concluded to abandon his *magnum opus*. "I had not," he said, "first made up my mind to write a history, and then cast about to take up a subject. My subject had taken me up, drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself. It was necessary for me, it seemed, to write the book I had been thinking much of, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press, and I had no inclination or interest to write any other." He determined to call on Prescott, lay his plan before him, and frankly declare his willingness to give up his work rather than to conflict with Prescott. Rollo Ogden says that Prescott, "who was incapable of envy, and who delighted in encouraging young aspirants, received Motley's suggestion in the most liberal spirit. He assured Motley that the two books would not collide, and then warmly encouraged young Motley to carry out his purpose, and courteously placed his own library at his disposal. 'Had the result of that interview,' said Motley, 'been different, had he distinctly stated, or even vaguely hinted, that it would be as well if I should select some other topic, or had he sprinkled me with the cold water of conventional and commonplace encouragement, I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, and no doubt have laid down the pen at once; for, as I have already said, it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write one particular history.'"

Prescott's first two volumes of the *History of Philip the Second* were published in 1855, while Motley's *The Rise of*

the Dutch Republic did not appear until 1856. Prescott in his preface to his work referred most cordially to Motley's forthcoming history, and asked the reader's attention to the more minute account of his brother historian.

Motley's soul was the soul of a singularly noble, sincere, honorable, and intrepid gentleman, who felt the mere imputation of a stain as a wound: and to the young men of the country intimacy with such a spirit through his writings cannot but exert a healthy stimulus on all that is best both in their exertions and their aspirations.

I insert here a letter from Motley, although of a later date:

VIENNA, *May* 19, 1863.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS:

DEAR SIRS,—I write to request you to have the kindness to forward to me until further notice your HARPER'S WEEKLY journal.

Please direct it to me as *American Minister*, Vienna, Austria, which will insure its safe delivery.—Also please pay the *whole* postage and let the envelope have two inches space on each end, according to continental requirements—I mention these things because I have often been obliged to pay *letter* postage on American papers in consequence of their being neglected.—The bill can be sent to my brother T. Motley, Jun., Esq. I hope you will be so good as to let me have the paper on receipt of this. I have recently had the advantage of seeing a few numbers, and I highly appreciate its great artistic and literary merits.

Will you also let me know how many copies of *The United Netherlands* have thus far been sold? I am quite aware that the times make the book trade very languid, but I observe that there is still a regular and respectable sale for the *Dutch Republic*.

By the time the war is over and the Union restored I shall probably have a volume or two ready for the press. I hope to finish *The United Netherlands* and lay the foundation for the "Thirty Years' War" before a great while.

Ever very respectfully and truly yours,

J. L. MOTLEY.

The Legal Tender Act of February 25, 1862, made the government notes legal tender. Contracts requiring payment in gold coin were subsequently declared illegal. In order to secure payment in gold, contracts were frequently made calling for payment in gold as a commodity —that is, so many pounds, ounces, and pennyweights of gold of the fineness required for coin. In our contract with J. Lothrop Motley for the third and fourth volumes of *The United Netherlands* it was stipulated that:

> Harper & Brothers agree to deliver to said Motley, or his legal representatives, on the day of publication by them of the two volumes, two hundred and sixty-eight ounces and fifteen pennyweights of gold of such fineness that of one thousand parts nine hundred thereof are pure metal and one hundred alloy.

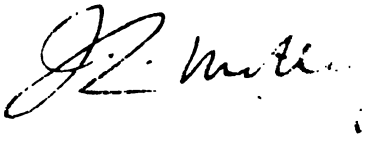
This amounted to five thousand dollars in gold.

The History of the Origin, Formation and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States, by George Ticknor Curtis, also of Boston, appeared from the Harper press in 1854.

In 1855 we brought out *Miscellanies* for George Bancroft, of Boston. These studies, although written at an early period of Bancroft's literary career, exhibit the same breadth and sagacity of view, the same philosophical acumen, and the same combination of ornate and forcible expression which distinguished the efforts of his maturer years.

George Bancroft lived to celebrate, amid a shower of congratulations from his friends, his eighty-ninth birthday in Newport, October 3, 1889. His *The Life of Martin Van Buren* was published by Harper & Brothers the same year and attested the mental vigor of the venerable historian. The book was originally written at the prompting of Silas Wright many years before, but the manuscript was thor-





oughly revised by Mr. Bancroft, and its preface announcing that fact bears date of September 2, 1889.

Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, who was a frequent contributor to the MAGAZINE, and for whom we published a work entitled *The Hasheesh Eater*, wrote to my grandfather as follows:

NEW YORK, *January*, 1859.

FLETCHER HARPER, ESQ.:

VERY DEAR SIR,—I have for weeks been wishing very much to write to you, and this on many accounts, but, for pressing reasons which will now appear, have not done so until now, when I am able at the same time to offer you the congratulations of the New Year.

A few weeks ago I had occasion for sixty dollars. I wrote to our friend Nordhoff to trouble himself with his wonted kindness to ask that an advance to that extent might be made me—and you were so good as to direct that it should be done as I asked. Whereupon the check was forwarded.

At the time I wrote Nordhoff, I told him that I should have several articles for him ready by Christmas Day. I as fully expected to fulfil my promise, to the letter. I had hardly made it however, before the nervous ailment, of which I am now, thank God, nearly cured, resulted in a congested state of the brain, which has lasted up to a week ago with continual pain and part of the time much danger. I was restricted by my physicians to the very slightest mental effort with which my affairs could be carried on—reduced to the very minimum of letter-writing, even to nearest relatives. Brain fever—or congestion of an active type was apprehended for me, and threats were made both by the doctors and the disease that I should never be able, very likely, to use my head (all necessary as it is to *me*) again, if I used it now.

Let this account to yourself and my friend Nordhoff for the non-fulfilment of my engagement and my silence, heretofore, as to the reasons.

I write so particularly all the facts of the case, because I am particularly anxious to have my integrity and good-faith stand well with you as a House—with *you* as a man. I know no better time of the year than this, when we are all exchanging felicitations with each other, to speak of the light of most sincere friendship and respect in which I regard you. Long before I knew you I had been thrown somewhat among enemies of your firm. An especial

clique there was (more sectarian than anything else) that never spoke of yourself and your co-partners to me otherwise than with strong hostility, and the consequence was, that until through the kindness of our friend Mr. Curtis I was introduced to you, I had never possessed any opportunity of coming unbiased to my own conclusions in regard to a set of men, upon whom it is necessary, for their great prominence in the world of Books and Commerce, to come to some conclusion of one kind or another. Permit me to express to you, my dear Sir, the sincere and very great pleasure with which I have in my own person been disproving every slander which ever came to my ears. As a simple rendition of justice between man and man, let me own to you how growing has been my feeling of warm personal regard to you for all the unusual generosity you have shown in the maintenance of all our relations. Unusual, I say, because it is indeed rare to find any appreciation of each other among men beyond the mere even balance of money-justice. To you, my dear Sir—with pleasure I acknowledge it—I owe almost every encouragement I have received in the progress thus far of a literary career. The debt is far from a heavy one to me. I love to assure you that I am conscious of it. I am but twenty-two years old now—I have had somewhat of illness and of bad habits in stimulus-using to fight on my way up into a more successful and untiring career. The Water Cure and my will have utterly conquered my habits of stimulus—not even tobacco do I trouble now—and my health is fast becoming thoroughly resettled. Be assured that when I again return to hard work as an author, I shall recollect—(I never forget such things) your kindness to a young writer, and will endeavor to prove more substantially the friendship of

F.-H. LUDLOW.

Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood writes:

What geniuses, now forgotten, I used to see at the great ogre's castle in Franklin Square! Poor Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, the hasheesh eater! His eclipse was a sad one, and yet he held the town in his slender right hand at one time.

In January, 1860, we began a serial by Ludlow in the WEEKLY, "The New Partner," illustrated by John McLenan.

XIV

THE "Easy Chair" of HARPER'S MAGAZINE in 1855, reflecting the conservative views of an experienced and venerable publishing house, takes a fractious young author amiably to task in the following amusing manner:

Young Blank called on us yesterday with a face in keeping with his name, railing vehemently against his publishers.

"Swindling scoundrels!" said the impetuous Blank, "they've tried to cheat me out of all the profits; there's my book advertised everywhere; praised in all the papers; complimented by my friends in private letters; which has sold immensely, and been noticed in London, even in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in Paris, and now the beggarly fellows tell me there is hardly a balance of a hundred dollars to my credit. It's too much for human patience. Oh, 'Easy Chair,' why do we unhappy authors always go to the wall?"

The young man was lost in a tumult of wounded vanity and disappointed desire. Every word of newspaper praise had been at least a doubloon in his fancy, and he thought it would be two in his purse. The private letter of some distant friend seemed to him the chorus of a vast region—the voice of the West—the pæan of the South. You may imagine how many youths there are about an "Easy Chair" situated as ours is.

"My dear Blank," said we gravely, "this is one of those matters in which experience is wiser than theory. Have we not, in other years, pursued the same bright phantoms which you follow? Have we not been slowly taught to discover success within and not without ourselves?

"Consider the number of manuscripts which are yearly produced. Think of the small proportion of these that ever come into the hands of a publisher. Think how few of these are ever examined. Of those which are examined, what an immense

majority are necessarily rejected! and of the few which are accepted how very, very few sell, or are ever heard of after the advertisement is withdrawn from the newspapers! And of those which sell, and are heard of, calculate the number which afford anything like an income, or even a large compensation to the authors, and you will gradually perceive that the prizes of pecuniary success in literature are painfully few, and you may, according to your modesty, reckon your chance of drawing a large one.

"Let us suppose that your manuscript is accepted. After long and inexplicable delays it is published. To you it seems a perfectly easy thing to publish a book as soon as it is printed. But, Blank, you are not a publisher, or you would understand the waitings for times and seasons, and the thousand details unknown to all but the initiated, which affect the publishing as they do all other business, each in its way. The moment your book is published you acquire an honorable importance in your own eyes. You are the maker of a book; in that, at least, you are like Shakespeare. You belong to the literary guild; in that you are with Voltaire, Johnson, and Goldsmith. You are an author; in that you are like Joel Barlow and Mr. Cornelius Matthews. Your book is announced with due flourish—'A new work by Benoni Blank, Esq.' The whole newspaper seems to have been printed to say that one thing. Your eye constantly slips aside from the editorial column, which blazes so brilliantly with Sebastopolic speculations, to that large type in which your small name figures. You cannot but wonder if everybody sees how remarkably apparent your name is upon the page.

"There is another bliss. It is when you see the shop-posters, and step in, and find fresh copies of your volume upon the counter. There are some noble booksellers, who step forward, blandly smiling, and offer you your own book, saying, 'This is a very popular new work.' You say that you have read it, and found it very entertaining. That, of course, is merely to put the noble shopman off the scent.

"Then come the newspaper notices. You are delighted with the discrimination that discovers the rare merit of this new book, which is destined to a great success, and argues so happily for the career of the author. You think, already, as you lay down the paper, of hobnobbing with Dickens, and calling Bulwer brother. What style of autograph will you adopt, for now it will be in demand? The mail brings you a hundred responses from friends to whom you have despatched your book 'with the regards of the

author.' They were always sure you would do this thing; they knew that your talents would, etc., and must, etc.; and they congratulate so gracefully that you drop a few pious tears, and wonder how you were such a very clever fellow and had not known it. You had fancied yourself not at all deficient, possibly, but you had not thought of the extraordinary powers you possessed.

"It is not all over with one newspaper nor with one mail. Fresh notices, fresh letters, fall like dew upon your nascent fame and self-importance. It is natural, it is certainly pardonable, that you should believe the voice of so much newspaper praise, and so many enthusiastic letters, to be the award of fame, and to imply a universal public acquaintance with your great work. How equally natural is your consequent indignation at the very limited balance to your credit on the publishers' books!

"You indignantly demand explanations, and they are graciously given. The newspapers swallowed up at least a hundred copies as material for that fine fulmination in print which has so exhilarated you; a hundred more, presented to your friends 'with the regards,' etc., explain the private pæan. Item: two hundred copies at — apiece, which do not figure upon the credit side of your account. For the rest, ask of the next hundred men you meet how many have read your book; and of those who have read it, ascertain how many have bought it. You will slowly and sadly come to see that you may be an author of repute, and yet have nothing to draw upon at your publisher's. You may be an eminent literary name, and yet find no eminent publisher willing to undertake your work.

"Consider what a book is to a publisher. It is so much pork, cotton and corn. If your book is the best poetry that has ever been written in the century, it will not pay you nor the publisher to print it. It is simply a case of red and white blankets. If the demand is for red, you may go hang your whites upon the willows. The publisher is a dealer in certain commodities. It is his business and his instinct to expose for sale what is wanted, and therefore only to buy such. And you will often hear an intelligent publisher say, 'Your book may be the best in the world, but our knowledge of our trade and its demands compels us to decline accepting it; for we do not publish for the sake of literature, but for our own livelihood, just as you wrote the book. If you have made an economical mistake in writing a book for which there is no call, and in which there is no possible interest, why should we

make the same one by publishing it? You must excuse us; but really our hands are so full just now. If you could make it convenient to call a year from next June?'

"Besides all this, dear Blank, remember that it is not so easy to swindle you in a large establishment, as in your soreness you naturally believe. Every item connected with a book is noted by many hands, and unless you suppose a grand conspiracy of principals and clerks, to do you out of a few hundreds, and themselves out of their bread and butter and good name, you must relinquish the swindling theory.

"Don't suppose that this 'Easy Chair' has not the liveliest sympathy with you, friend Blank. It has long ago renounced the writing of books, not because it disbelieved the honesty of publishers, but because it saw too plainly the dismal chances of a book-making career. A man who lives by his pen must make up his mind to compromise, and submit, and suffer, as in all other pursuits. If his love of letters is so strong that it can survive the weary wear of book-work, he will be happy, for the muses do indeed bless those that serve them with such devotion. But if vanity, or indolence, or any meaner motive, leads him to literature, it were better for him that a ledger were tied about his neck and he were cast into a counting-house.

"Believe, dear Blank, a veracious old 'Easy Chair' that has had losses. Be readier to doubt your own power of interesting the public, than to question the integrity of others. Be very sure that your wrath is a sublime anger for the sake of outraged art and letters, and not a very small gust of wounded vanity. If you are a man of letters, and seriously devoted to such pursuits, you are upon the losing side in respect of wealth and ease. But you should not be a man of letters if you do not feel such loss to be your gain. If your object is money-making, don't make books; but go and begin as a small clerk, and then you may gradually grow into a sure and steady, if small, income. We, whose lot is cast in this 'Easy Chair,' have also cast in with Apollo. The smile of the muse is sunnier than the glitter of eagles, and the song of the fauns in the forest sweeter than the clink of silver. The moment it ceases to be so, we will desert the groves and the piping. Oh, Blank, it is less the praise of newspapers than the content of your own heart that is worth craving."

He listened with reluctant ears. Yet his brow relaxed and his voice grew milder.

"I have no right to doubt you," he said, "but it is hard to be-

lieve. You who sit in this 'Easy Chair' and see so much more than I can see of the detail and skeleton of the thing, must be right. I will try to believe it, and be less ready to credit every hard story I hear of every publisher."

Blank went gently away, and we wish his friend Dash could consider these things and be less loud in his sweeping assertions, and his general condemnation of things he does not understand.

Authors were not infrequently unduly suspicious in those days, and there are still members of their profession who, in the present day, are inclined occasionally to belabor their publishers unwisely and unjustly, strange as it may seem. Byron once sent a copy of the Bible to his publisher, John Murray, a close inspection of which revealed the fact that the poet had made certain erasures and substitutions in the New Testament, by which the fortieth verse of the eighteenth Chapter of the Gospel according to St. John was made to read, not "Barabbas was a robber," but, "Barabbas was a publisher," although Murray was one of the most honorable and liberal of men to be found in his, or any other, line of life.

American publishers were not the only so-called "pirates" flying the black flag in the absence of international copyright. English houses repeatedly published books by American writers without even a "by your leave." In some cases they changed titles and even altered and abbreviated the text of books with entire lack of courtesy to the American author. Dilke, of the *Athenæum*, made a savage attack upon an English publisher, who, it seems, gave a new title-page to a Yankee book, and pirated it in the same way that English authors had complained of certain American publishers for doing.

As for the House of Harper, it was not only their custom to arrange with English authors for advance sheets of

their books, but also with periodical publishers for early sheets and electrotypes of illustrations. James Hogg writes from Edinburgh, July 11, 1856:

By this post you will receive a copy of our magazine *Titan* for July.

I have been made aware by seeing the reprints, of the very large amount of matter which is regularly published in America by several monthly prints from our columns.

This being a matter in which I ought to have a pecuniary interest I have resolved to make such arrangements, by a treaty with some one house, as will result in a monthly payment to me for early proof-sheets and thus put all reprinters out of the field, except that single channel with which I am in communication. I am the more resolute in consequence of the literary arrangements (both completed and in progress) which have been made for *Titan*. At great expense the next twelve months will show by the sterling value of the contents that very distinguished writers are on the staff.

What I propose to do is to send out per mail the proof-sheets of each Number the *moment* the author's revise is corrected. All I rely upon is simply this. Whoever agrees with me will have the contents of each Number in his hands before any other person and whatever he likes to reprint can be out before any one else. It will not suit the purpose (I fancy) of others to come out the *following* month with the *same* matter and be behindhand.

You will notice that De Quincey has a paper in the Number I send. He will be a frequent contributor during the next year.

You are the first to whom I have opened the subject. Will it suit your purposes to pay me £60 per month for the proof-sheets mailed as I have described? If so, I shall be glad to make the arrangement; if not, perhaps you will be good enough to favor me with a note of refusal per *first mail.*

This proposition of Hogg's was not considered desirable, as arrangements already existed or were soon after completed with other magazines, such as *Once a Week, Household Words, Cornhill, Belgravia* and later on with the *London Graphic* and *Illustrated London News.* But we wrote to Hogg suggesting that he submit early sheets of impor-

tant articles suitable for this country, and stating that we would pay him for all found available.

In February, 1856, Henry J. Raymond, who had been managing editor of the MAGAZINE since 1850, addressed the firm as follows:

ALBANY, *February* 13, 1856.

GENTLEMEN,—I have for some time past felt that my other engagements rendered it impossible for me to give proper attention to the duties of the connection I have had with your establishment. I deem it my duty, therefore, to resign it, that you may make other provision for their performance

Thanking you very cordially for the uniform kindness I have experienced at your hands, I am

Very truly,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY J. RAYMOND.

Already in 1851 Henry J. Raymond, George Jones, E. B. Morgan, D. B. St. John, and E. B. Wesley had started the New York *Times*, and Raymond had said in the issue of the first number, "I must work hard for five years to put this bantling on a solid footing."

At one time the *Times* was published under the firm name of Raymond, Harper & Co. Fletcher Harper purchased St. John's shares and placed his son, Fletcher Harper, Jr., in the business as his representative. I remember my grandfather explained to me that there was an unpleasant complication among the partners, which annoyed him to such an extent that he withdrew from the partnership, and the publishers then became Raymond, Wesley & Co. Wesley afterward sold his shares to Leonard W. Jerome, the well-known financier, and with this change the firm became Henry J. Raymond & Co., and under this imprint the *Times* was published up to the death of Raymond.

On Raymond's retirement from our House Alfred H. Guernsey became managing editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Dr. Guernsey, as he was familiarly called, had received his education at the Union Theological Seminary, in this city. He was a favorite student of Dr. Edward Robinson, the noted Hebrew scholar of his day. Dr. Robinson used to say that he expected Guernsey would be his successor in his chair, but Guernsey concluded not to become a clergyman and drifted into literary pursuits. At one time he wrote a series of articles in the New York *Times* under the title of "Letters from a Switch-Tender," purporting to be stationed at the corner of Broadway and Canal Street, a terminal of the Sixth and Eighth avenue street-car lines. These letters attracted at the time a good deal of attention. Dr. Guernsey first obtained employment in our establishment as a compositor and proof-reader, and was gradually advanced, until he became the managing editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, which post he filled for a number of years. He was a good literary critic and a hard-working author. In his capacity as editor he prepared many articles for the MAGAZINE; he possessed the exceptional ability to make a readable article of eight to twelve pages out of a two-volume biographical or historical work. The late M. W. Hazeltine was for years a distinguished master in this line of literary condensation in the columns of the New York *Sun*.

Charles Reade was a sincere friend of the House. Once or twice we experienced the lowering clouds of his displeasure, but the early light of explanation soon dissipated any threatening thunderbolts and everything would again appear serene and calm.

THE HOUSE OF HARPER

In his *Memoirs*, compiled by Charles L. and Compton Reade, Charles Reade gives with considerable spirit and candor an account of a passage at arms he had with the editor of *Once a Week*.

I am sorry to say that the editor of *Once a Week* has been very annoying, tampering with my text and so on. I have been obliged to tell him that he must distinguish between anonymous contributions and those in which an approved author takes the responsibility of signing his own name.

Answer.—That with every wish to oblige me, he cannot resign his editorial functions.

Answer.—That if he alters my text I will publicly disown his alterations in an advertisement, and send no more manuscript to the office.

On this he seems to be down on his luck a little. For he confines himself to ending my last number on the feeblest sentence *he* can find out, and begging me to end the tale as soon as possible, which of course I shall not do to oblige him. But all this is unfortunate, and makes me fear that I am a very quarrelsome man, or that some other authors must be very spiritless ones.

It is rather ungrateful on the other side, for the story has done great things for them, as far as I can learn. . . .

Is it not monstrous that a person whose name does not appear should assume to alter the text of an approved author, who signs his name to the text in question?

Another little worry! Sampson Low, Harper's agent, has only just let me know that Ticknor & Fields advertise to publish *Good Fight*. It is very wrong, when they know I have treated with Harpers. A month ago I proposed to Low to print in advance at Clowes, and send out last sheet well ahead. The noodle poohpoohed it. They must all be wiser than me. Now, too late, he sees his mistake.

The compilers of his *Memoirs* note that "noodle here may be a term of endearment, for it is not one of Charles Reade's superlatives, and he always professed a very warm regard for the veteran publisher, now, alas, no more."

Reade wrote to the House in regard to our publication of *A Good Fight:*

6 BOLTON ROW, MAYFAIR, *June* 2, 1859.

DEAR SIRS,—Messrs. Bradbury and Evans have solicited me very warmly to produce a short story in two or three numbers for their new miscellany.

I think I shall do it. I have made a positive stipulation that if I do my American sheets are not to be interfered with: I am to have a week clear in advance. This week will be virtually eleven days.

Now the time is too short to communicate with you and receive an answer. I have therefore, after some hesitation, thought it best to settle to send the early sheets out to you. I might not write another tale for a twelvemonth or even more, and as you have expressed a wish to treat with me for that sort of thing—in short I leave it to your intelligence to appreciate the position in which I stand. All I can say is that if you wish to go on with me I shall be quite content to treat on the same relative terms as the last.

If convenient, perhaps you will be kind enough to offer it to *Atlantic Monthly* or some of the others that wish to do business with me. You see I trust you with the confidence of a friend. In that you must blame your own friendly and gentleman-like way of doing business.

I am Yours sincerely,

CHARLES READE.

July 23, 1859, we began *A Good Fight* as a serial in the WEEKLY. Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities* was running serially in the WEEKLY at the same time. Reade was evidently not entirely satisfied with our agent's offer for this story, and he accordingly wrote, in part, to Low as follows:

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD, *July* 30, 1859.

DEAR SIR,—I have received Messrs. Harper's reply to my letters of June 17th and 18th—their letter bears date July 15th. The terms they offer me are perhaps as much as my sheets are worth; but as a matter of business, courtesy to a distinguished writer demands an instant reply.

Up to the present moment I have had every means to be satisfied with Messrs. Harper. But this time I don't feel quite satisfied. *A Good Fight* is a masterpiece. *A Tale of Two Cities* is not a masterpiece. Yet Messrs. Harper gave Five Thousand dollars (£1,000) for it, and to me *one-twentieth* of that sum. Now this might be just in England: but hardly just in America, where as you know very well, I rank at least three times higher than I do in this country. There is however a very simple way of smoothing my feathers if you think worth while.

Suppose I were to print the last number ahead of *Once a Week* altogether and thus enable Messrs. Harper to get a considerable start with the *Tale* in volume, and suppose Messrs. Harper were to defer settling with me till the sale of the volume had established in figures the commercial value of the work, and thus strike my percentage according to value. This proposal included of course some little expense on my part. That is my affair.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES READE.

This misunderstanding was entirely smoothed over to the satisfaction of Reade and the House.

In reply to our request for some short stories for our periodicals Reade says:

I beg to acknowledge yours of date April 12th, and will reply to you with the frankness that is proper between brother writers.

In authorship, as in other business, there is the big game and the little game.

As a rule to write small stories is the little game. They require a good leading idea, and construction, and they do not pay for these things. Little stories are bad economy of materials. Moreover you cannot develop character in them. They are all plot and puppets. Now the Anglo-Saxon race values character in fiction as much or more than construction. To this however I observe a practical exception. One or two judicious collections of short stories have obtained a success that is worth examination. They have not sold all in a rush like the popular novel; but have gone on selling for years and years after that popular novel has gone to sleep.

In other words a fair collection of tales seems to become a standard work and lose the fleeting character of a novel.

Now these collections are in two kinds. Those invented by one hand, and those collected from other sources. And here comes an amazing phenomenon which shows how weak is the faculty among writers. The best collections on the whole are actually those that have been invented by one hand, viz.:

Bocaccio—*Diary of a Physician.*

Edgar Poe's, Hoffman's and other short tales.

One hand I think is visible in most of the Arabian Nights. As a rule the collections are trash. If you doubt this I condemn you to wander through the *Contes des Fees, The Bibliothèque des Romans, Northern Tales, Wilson's Border Tales, Hood's National Tales, Travellers' Tales, et id omne genus.* Trash! Trash! Trash! Now I feel sure that by some selection, skilful reconstruction, and abridgment, and occasional invention I could produce a *fabula fabularum* such as the world does not possess in any language: but would not this lead you further than you intended? I should not like my collection to be broken off in the middle.

Near the end of 1859 we published *Adam Bede* anonymously. I quote the following extract from *William Blackwood and Sons* by Mrs. Oliphant:

A certain individual called Joseph Liggins was discovered by a country clergyman, most probably longing for a little publicity in his own person, to claim the authorship of *Adam Bede;* and though this man had never written a line nor proved himself capable of doing so, a hot fit of excitement and gossip, such as is a godsend to a rural neighborhood, arose on behalf of this injured person, supposedly robbed of his rights, his fame, and fortune, and left to starve in his Warwickshire village while somebody unknown flaunted in his just honors. There was a good deal of heated correspondence from Warwickshire, and from at least one clergyman, who reiterated his conviction, "I know that Joseph Liggins is the author of *Adam Bede,*" with a contemptuous confidence which, we fear, filled the publishing house with laughter, but had a very different effect in the cottage at Wandsworth where George Eliot bewailed her fate. It is difficult for those whose withers are unwrung to realize the depths of resentment and horror produced by such an assault. To the spectator the whole affair was so ridiculous that any expenditure upon it of so much feeling seemed almost to touch with absurdity the outcry against it. But it was natural that this should not be George Eliot's view,

and that the laugh of the Blackwoods, over what she felt to be an insult and wrong scarcely to be borne, should seem to her almost unfeeling. They consented to write to the *Times*, giving a direct contradiction to the absurd story, but could not be prevailed upon to repeat or enlarge this one statement, and indeed were disposed to treat it with a levity which jarred upon her highly wrought feelings. A point upon which the reader will feel even more sympathy with George Eliot was, that this business made inevitable the disclosure of her own carefully preserved secret, and thus betrayed her peculiar position to the world, upon which she was, it is easy to understand, deeply sensitive. Her mind, indeed, was so sore in this respect that any, the faintest, suggestion of less attention paid to her wishes by her friends, or any diminution of her credit with the public, affected her with an almost tragic misery. And Mr. Blackwood, notwithstanding his enthusiasm, was too sincere to attempt to persuade her that no harm would be done by the revelation. "As to the effect of the spread of the secret upon the new book, there must be different opinions, and I know there are," he wrote in reply to her long letter detailing the causes of the misunderstanding on her side; but he adds, "My opinion is that George Eliot has only to write her books quietly without disturbing herself with what other people are imagining, and she can command success"—a prophecy which was fulfilled to the letter, and indeed beyond it, since George Eliot, at and after the zenith of her fame, commanded not only success, but a sort of adoring acceptance in every respect.

It is curious now, however, to know that the book (*The Mill on the Floss*) which was on the eve of publication when this ridiculous business of Liggins (whose name, I think, brought the absurdity of the story to a climax in the laughter-loving circle of the editor and his associates) arose, and when her real personality was thus revealed, was injured by the disclosure, and that the foolish part of the public read an equivocal meaning into various portions of a book so spotless, and inspired with a spirit so noble and pure; for Maggie, for sheer honor and duty's sake, gives up the man she loves, and that after he has compromised her and when her acceptance of him, and indulgence of her own natural feelings, would have most satisfied the requirements of the world. *The Mill on the Floss*, perhaps for this reason as much as its own admirable qualities, has become the one of her books most closely associated with George Eliot, and the one in which her special devotees delight to find something of a reflection of herself, not only in the

beautiful childhood and youth portrayed in the book, but in the suggestion of injustice done to the heroine, as far as circumstances are from any resemblance to those of the author. But the faint cloud upon the sky, thus originating, was of very short duration, and the reputation of the great novelist soon surmounted the temporary shock.

We know, through the letters of Mr. Lewes and otherwise, how sensitive George Eliot's mind was in respect to adverse criticism, and how great her tendency toward despondency and disbelief in her own genius. At the same time, we find that she was an admirable woman of business, alert and observant of every fluctuation of the book-market, and determined that in every way her works should have the fullest justice done them. There is no commoner subject of mourning and indignation on the part of authors whose works do not sell sufficiently to please them, than that of inadequate advertisement and the perverse inclination of publishers (notwithstanding that it is always their interest as much as that of the writer to sell) to keep their works behind backs, and confuse the minds of intending purchasers as to how and when they are to be had. I have seen an indignant author gloomily investigating the railway bookstalls to find with certainty that one cherished book was not there, and pouring forth vials of wrath upon the publisher for the culpable negligence which alone could have caused it.

The late John Blackwood used to relate with much zest how he and George Eliot had corresponded some time before he knew she was a woman. "I called her 'Dear George,'" he said merrily, "and employed some easy expressions, such as a man uses only to a man. After I knew her I was a little anxious to remember all I might have said."

The Mill on the Floss was published by us in 1860. I take the following excerpts from *George Eliot's Life*, also issued by our House and edited by her husband, J. W. Cross. In her journal, dated January 26, 1860, she says:

I have been invalided for the last week, and of course, am a prisoner in the castle of Giant Despair, who growls in my ears that

The Mill on the Floss is detestable, and that the last volume will be the climax of that detestableness. Such is the elation attendant on what a self-elected lady correspondent of mine from Scotland calls my "exciting career." February 29—G. has been in town to-day and has agreed for £300 for *The Mill on the Floss* from Harpers of New York. This evening, too, has come a letter from Williams & Norgate, saying that Tauchnitz will give £100 for the German reprint; also, that *Adam Bede* is translated into Hungarian. March 21—Finished this morning *The Mill on the Floss*, writing from the moment when Maggie, carried out on the water, thinks of her mother and brother. We hope to start for Rome on Saturday, 24th.

Magnificat anima mea!

The manuscript of *The Mill on the Floss* bears the following inscription: "To my beloved husband, George Henry Lewes, I give this MS. of my third book, written in the sixth year of our life together, at Holly Lodge, South Field, Wandsworth, and finished 21st March, 1860." . . . I am grateful and yet rather sad to have finished—sad that I shall live with my people on the banks of the Floss no longer. But it is time that I should go and absorb some new life and gather fresh ideas.

During 1860 we published serially in the MAGAZINE John Ruskin's *Unto the Last*, also Thackeray's lectures on "The Four Georges"; and in the WEEKLY Charles Dickens's *Great Expectations*. In book form we published *The Caxtons*, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and *Evan Harrington*, by George Meredith.

We received the following letter from Meredith a few years later:

COPSHAM COTTAGE, ESHER, SURREY, ENGLAND.

GENTLEMEN,—I send you proof-sheets of the first volume of a new novel of mine, now being printed (to be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall).

This, as you will see, is called *Emilia in England* and will be complete in three volumes.

You have done me the honor to publish my *Evan Harrington* in New York. I wish consequently that you should have the early sheets of all my works. My friend Mr. James Virtue tells me

that *Evan Harrington* made no mark among you. The present volume is of a different texture, and will not moreover offend as *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* is said to have done. I think you refused to publish that; and though I have received testimony from certain of your countrymen that it was not distasteful to them, I must allow you to be the best judges of the saleable quality of a book.

Will you let me know whether you would like to have an arrangement made to publish *Emilia in England* simultaneously in New York and London? I am aware that in the present unhappy posture of affairs you cannot treat so liberally as of old. As far as that matter goes, I place myself in your hands. I have had offers previously from Mr. Fields, of Boston, but prefer, if possible, to have my books republished by the gentlemen who first made my name known in America. May I ask you whether you have seen the *Shaving of Shagpat?* If not, I will endeavor to get a copy and have it sent to you. Those who like it like it greatly; though I am bound to admit it is a little caviare to our multitude. The taste, I am told, is growing to it gradually.

Oblige me by replying without delay to the above address.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours very faithfully,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Near the end of 1860, G. P. R. James died in Venice. We published over fifty novels by James, beginning as early as 1830. He was known in all parts of this country, having been introduced to the American public in popular forms by Harper & Brothers. His stories run together, and it is all quiet, pleasant work in historical times and picturesque places; not without interest and probability, and even a gentle humor, but also nothing which should disturb the popular belief that he was in the habit of writing three or four stories at the same time, passing from one room to another to dictate to various amanuenses. Curtis says: "I remember him when he was here—when he had half a mind to become an American. It was impossible. John Bull might as well hope to become

a 'mounseer,' as the English called the young Duke of Anjou in Elizabeth's time. James was entirely an Englishman. He looked it—he talked it—he felt it. He had much to say of 'the Juke.' He was—nor do I say it in any other than the kindliest manner—he was a London citizen, a John Gilpin."

The *Great Eastern* arrived in New York June 28, 1860, and the "Lounger" in the WEEKLY, in commenting on its arrival, said:

> Another ship of ships, another *Great Eastern* will hardly ever float. She is disproportioned to the average size of our continents and the depth of ocean avenues.

And after the *Great Eastern* sailed, the "Easy Chair" continued as follows:

> If you did not go to see the *Great Eastern*, you have lost one of the pleasures of the summer and one of the memories of a lifetime. The "big ship" will gradually become a tradition, and then to have seen her will be something to tell young Peterkin on your knee. "It was a famous victory" of another kind—but of the grand, peaceful kind—one of those that are not less renowned than war. It seems that she is really too large to be of any real use, and that she can only do duty as a spectacle, and then go into extraordinary, but not into active, service. At the wharf, there was something touching in this huge, useless hulk of iron. She was so simple and strong and spacious. Her deck was like a large city square. Her chief cabin was like a palace hall. Her machinery seemed vast enough to whirl a planet. Indeed, why was she not meteoric—fallen out of some grander planet, where harbors were deeper and passengers more and larger than on our little roly-poly of an earth? It seemed as if the population of a city would not crowd her, and as if she might carry a coal mine in her hold to feed her volcanic fires.

This must read strangely to any one who witnessed in June, 1911, the arrival in New York of the great *Olympic*, a much larger vessel, for, in point of fact, the *Great Eastern*

was not so tremendous as leviathan construction goes nowadays, but simply a premature birth in ship-building. If modern appliances had been at that time available, such, for instance, as steering by steam, she might have proved a financial success. The huge liners of to-day far outstrip her in every respect. I crossed in the *Great Eastern* with my grandparents, and we were obliged to board her in the Sound, as she finally found it impracticable to enter the port of New York by the usual channel.

We ran down a three-master at night on our way over, and while we lay by for the morning we rolled so violently in the trough of the sea that it was rumored about that we were sinking fast, and the fright among the panic-stricken passengers was a piteous sight. The sailing vessel sank in the early morning, but we saved all but one of the crew, and he was killed between the two vessels as they rolled together. We were told that the accident was due to the abject terror of the man at the wheel of the sailing vessel, who when he saw the mountain of light bearing down on him probably thought he beheld the *Flying Dutchman*, for he precipitantly deserted his wheel and fled and the ship swung around and we struck her amidships.

I remember when a youngster that my grandfather was in the habit of bringing manuscripts and galley-proofs of articles home with him from the office for my mother to read aloud to the assembled family in the evening after dinner. My mother was a remarkably fluent reader, so the task always fell to her. Some of the articles we children enjoyed, but others bored us excessively, and we were not in the least backward in expressing our opinions. This reminds me of an incident many years later, when I was crossing the Atlantic with my

family. The late Roswell Smith, at that time president of the Century Company, came to me one morning and remarked that the Harpers began as literary critics at a very early age. I asked him how he came to size us up so skilfully, and he replied that he had just been conversing with my little daughter of six summers, who was reclining in a deck-chair. He had stopped to ask how she liked the book she was reading, and May turned to him with one of her winning smiles and said that it was a good story, but "not well writ."

The late Charles Nordhoff, who was for four years in our editorial department, and for many years before he died one of the distinguished editors of the New York *Herald*, says:

I became one of the Harper "readers," of which there were a number, some in the house, others outside. And thus presently I discovered that "readers," especially for the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY, were the "big sieves," and that Mr. Fletcher Harper was in fact in those days the last and finest sieve—*the* Editor, who, modestly pretending to be no more than a printer, or at most a manufacturer, yet saw and examined, either in manuscript or in proof, all that went into the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY—except routine matters, and even on those he kept a sharp eye. Mr. Fletcher Harper had a remarkably sound, popular judgment. In respect to magazine articles he often stood alone—I mean that his judgment differed from that of all who had previously read the articles, and of course his judgment was final. He knew his public, because he had created it; and to the tastes and wants of that large mass of American readers he knew by an infallible instinct how to cater.

He was a most lovely character, unpretentious, kind, and considerate to all in his employ, with a genuine heartfelt interest in all; and like his brother Wesley, he had a very keen sense of humor. When I came to know him well I often thought that he would have made a distinguished career as a diplomatist had it been his fortune to enter that service, for he had a most alert mind, an imperturbable temper, and the most charming manners

of almost any one I have known; and with a quiet courage which never failed him. He was in his own line one of the most successful editors this country has seen.

In July, 1861, we published Du Chaillu's *Equatorial Africa* in book form.

. Du Chaillu spent four years exploring a part of Africa in which the gorilla is found. He went without a white companion, and laid bare a large region fruitful in many products which take first rank in the world's commerce. He was not, strictly speaking, a scientific explorer, but he was an ardent naturalist. He traveled about eight thousand miles, weathered fifty attacks of African fever, and brought back with him an enormous collection of birds and quadrupeds, eighty of which were unknown to science. My grandfather said to him one day at the office: "Du Chaillu, you have made a great many remarkable discoveries which, together with some of your statements, will create a good deal of discussion; and now that your book is completed, I advise you to stick to what you have said." Du Chaillu remarked to me some time afterward, in relation to this advice, that he was never sure whether my grandfather was joking or not.

I recall my mother's reading aloud much of that author's first book, to the great satisfaction of us young folks. Paul B. Du Chaillu was a frequent visitor in my grandfather's house in Twenty-second Street, and he used to entertain us with jungle tales, and occasionally would imitate a gorilla, to our intense delight. When Du Chaillu returned from Africa he brought his entire collection of birds and animals, etc., to the office, in order to facilitate the work of our artists in preparing illustrations for his book. When his *Equatorial Africa* was

published by John Murray he went to London and found that many scientific authorities in England questioned some of his statements, especially those pertaining to the gorillas, and also his account of the country of the dwarfs, a new discovery made by him. Du Chaillu was a very quick-tempered little gentleman of French extraction, and he bitterly resented these reflections on his integrity. In fact, it is said he went so far as to pull Sir Roderick Murchison's nose in his resentment of certain criticisms passed upon himself and his achievements by that distinguished scientist and president of the Royal Geographical Society. He soon, however, settled the gorilla question by sending over to us for the specimens in his collection, which he sold to the British Museum. The doubt encompassing his story of the dwarfs was not cleared away until later when a German traveler, as I remember it, returned from Africa and verified his statements in toto.

Often of a winter night we children would amuse Du Chaillu in Twenty-second Street by shuffling our feet over the carpet and lighting the gas with our fingers from the electricity thus generated. He told me once after his return from England how he had explained this experiment to some English people, and how they absolutely declined to believe his statement. They asked him to give an ocular demonstration, but in London it was of course impossible, owing to the dampness of the climate. They intimated to Du Chaillu that it would be well for him to confine his yarns to Africa, which was so far away and so little known at that time, for when he came so close home as New York he could hardly expect them to accept such an incredible story.

Du Chaillu wrote to my grandfather:

MY DEAR MR. HARPER,—To-day I sail for a voyage of Explorations in Northern Europe. Having just finished writing the manuscript of a new book which I have put in the hands of your House for publication. You published the first work I ever wrote, and this is the last of a series on Equatorial Africa, and I wish to dedicate this volume to you, not only as a token of the profound respect I have for you and the great friendship we entertain toward each other, but also as a token of the high regard I have for every member of the House, so that when years shall have passed away and that I and you will have gone to our rest some may know how the humble traveler of Equatorial Africa and his publishers thought of each other. I was quite a young man when I came to you first, and since then volume after volume have been published by Harper & Brothers, and I have pleasure in saying that our business relations could not have been more pleasant.

Now my dear Mr. Harper I will always carry with me the agreeable recollection of yourself and family and I hope that sometimes you will think of Paul Du Chaillu. I shall not forget the social little gatherings I have enjoyed in your very pleasant home.

May God make you and Mrs. Harper and family happy, such is the sincere prayer of

Your friend
P. B. DU CHAILLU.

To this my grandfather replied:

MY DEAR MR. DU CHAILLU,—Many thanks for the kind expressions of friendship in your note of this morning. I need not assure you how cordially I reciprocate your feelings. Our regard for each other is a matter of feeling and fact, not of words.

Under almost any other circumstances I would decline the honor of the dedication which you propose; but I accept in the present instance, as a token of the esteem and friendship you entertain not only for me personally and my present partners, but for the memories of my dear brothers who were associated with me when we first became acquainted.

With best wishes for your happiness, I remain ever

Very sincerely your friend,
F. H.

At this period the business of the House had become widely extended. The firm was engaged in the publication of many important works, as well as in the conduct of their two periodicals. The brothers had many intimate friends in the South, and a good deal of their business was with Southern houses; for, in the years preceding the Civil War, the South was a great buyer of books. Most of the accounts with booksellers in the leading Southern cities ran from six to eighteen months. At the outbreak of the war all this business stopped and accounts amounting to large sums were never paid. There was also much commercial depression, but in due course business increased and money became plentiful; it was an era of inflation and increasing values, and prices of books and periodicals were raised to meet the changed conditions. At the same time wages and the price of printing paper increased greatly, but sales were easily made, and a large amount of old slow-selling stock was disposed of at advanced prices, so that the business of the years 1861 to 1871 was very profitable to the House. The circulation of the WEEKLY, for instance, grew rapidly, and of some numbers several hundred thousand copies were sold. In fact, the supply of one week's issue was hardly completed before the next issue went to press.

My grandfather always retained a warm, personal interest in his old school-teacher, Alexander T. Stewart, and the following correspondence was rehearsed with appropriate comment in the columns of the WEEKLY. Stewart showed beyond question his patriotism and his strong devotion to the Union during the Rebellion. Nominally belonging to the Democratic party, and also an adopted citizen, he never for a moment faltered or

doubted in regard to his duty to that flag to which he had sworn allegiance in early manhood. No considerations of personal interest deterred him from the expression of his sentiments. When Sumter fell there were probably two millions of dollars due him from merchants and others in the seceding States. A few debtors were willing and anxious to pay their Northern creditors. Many were quite willing if possible to wipe out their debts by war, or to allow the debt to be confiscated by the Confederate government. One firm largely indebted to Mr. Stewart announced its intention not to pay if the report should prove true that he was a loyal and patriotic Union sympathizer.

The following letter addressed to him explains itself:

MEMPHIS, 20 *April*, 1861.

MR. A. T. STEWART:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you a telegraph despatch which was published in our city papers yesterday morning stating you had offered a million of dollars to the United States.

I have only returned home a few days ago from your city, and many of my friends, knowing the fact, have asked me if it were possible that "you had done as represented by this despatch." My reply was that *I* did *not* believe such to be *the fact*. Yet it has had more influence than a similar despatch would have had, had it emanated from any other person than yourself. Among the business men throughout the South there are many of large wealth to whom you and others have given credit and who are now considering whether or not it is expedient to pay their Northern creditors under existing circumstances, and the conclusion is that in justice to ourselves and our section of the country that we will no longer assist those who *we did* hope would not attempt to conquer, degrade or govern us by force. In determining *not* to meet (as heretofore) our maturings, we *do not* wish to be understood that it is our intention to *repudiate* our liabilities, or that we are not able to meet each note as it may mature. Such is not the case, for as regards our promptness and ability to pay, your books will show whether we faltered in "57 & 58 or in 60 &

61," and in both instances *we* were considerably *more* indebted to your house than any other in New York and it is unnecessary to state whether we asked you either time to hold up a single note of ours. It is our intention as soon as the present hostile state of the country is adjusted to immediately meet all our liabilities and it is also our intention that what we may possess shall not be used in unreasonable demands of our creditors during the present condition of affairs nor shall we apply the pittance we may have to those who would deprive us of our privileges and make us bow in submission to their dictates.

Yours most respectfully,

I. P. STRANGE.

To which Stewart replied:

NEW YORK, *April* 29, 1861.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter requesting to know whether or not I had offered a million of dollars to the Government for the purposes of the war, and at the same time informing me that neither yourself nor your friends would pay their debts to the firm as they mature, has been received.

The intention not to pay seems to be nearly universal in the South, aggravated in your case by the assurance that it does not arise from inability; but whatever may be your determination or that of others in the South, it shall not change *my* course. All that I have of position and wealth I owe to the free institutions of the United States; under which, in common with all others, North and South, protection to life, liberty, and property has been enjoyed in the fullest manner. The Government to which these blessings are due calls on her citizens to protect the capital of the Union from threatened assault; and although the offer to which you refer has not in terms been made by me, I yet dedicate all that I have, as I will, if need be, my life, to the service of the country—for to that country I am bound by the strongest ties of affection and duty.

I had hoped that Tennessee would be loyal to the Union. But however extensive may be secession or repudiation, as long as there are any to uphold the sovereignty of the United States, I shall be with them supporting the flag.

Yours etc.,

ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

There was an unceasing watch kept over these mer-

chants, and the moment Tennessee was *reconstructed* a mailed hand was laid on them. There was no escape, and they were compelled to pay to the uttermost farthing.

In 1862 John Harper received the following communication from F. N. Bangs:

DEAR SIR,—Since I saw you this morning, the subject to which this note relates has been brought to my notice—I should have mentioned it to you while I was at your office, if it had then been spoken of to me.

The proprietors of the *World* are again tired of it, and I think the whole concern can be bought for the amount of its debts—which are less than $30,000. I have a nominal interest in it, amounting, according to my present recollection, to between $5,000 and $6,000, but have lately been in the habit of regarding it as worth 100 cents on the dollar less than its nominal value, so that I think I have gained or lost all there is to be gained or lost by my connection with it. The property, in good hands, is worth more than the amount of its debts, I think. The point now is whether you would look into it with a view of buying it—lock, stock and barrel, or with a view to co-operating with any one else who is disposed to buy it.

No one but myself is responsible for the exact contents of this note, tho' I bring the subject to your notice at the suggestion of another party, having a much larger interest in money and sentiment.

Yours respectfully,
F. N. BANGS.

The comments made on this letter by his brothers were as follows:

I am afraid, and say No.—FLETCHER HARPER.
Ditto —J. W. HARPER.
Ditto —JAMES HARPER.

I think the *World* was finally purchased by Manton Marble, who retired in 1876, to be succeeded by William Henry Hurlbert as proprietor and editor.

XV

DURING the unsettled period from 1857 to the firing on Fort Sumter HARPER'S WEEKLY hesitated to take a decided political stand. The journal was for family reading in all sections of the country, and, like the MAGAZINE, was generally kept free of political discussion. Besides, up to the actual outbreak of the war the hope for a peaceful solution was clung to with strenuous tenacity by many loyal Americans, and there was no disposition on the part of the WEEKLY to take any action which might imperil a fair-minded compromise.

Charles Nordhoff, just before he left us to join the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post*, which he did on my grandfather's advice, wrote that during 1859–60 "the slavery agitation reached its height, and the Harpers were sometimes denounced by overzealous anti-slavery men as 'Southern sympathizers' and even as 'pro-slavery men.' It was inevitable, in such a time of extreme excitement, that such accusations should be made against all men whose judgment led them to hold moderate opinions. But the truth is that to the four brothers, as to very many other soundly patriotic elderly men at that time, the course of the fire-eaters in the South and of the abolitionists in the North seemed alike unpatriotic and dangerous to the country. 'I grew up under the Union and the Constitution,' said Fletcher Harper to me one day. 'I am

for the Union, and whoever is against the Union, I am against him with all I have in the world. I don't believe what the abolitionists print weekly in their organ, that the Union or the Constitution is a covenant with hell.'

"This, observe, is in substance what Mr. Lincoln said at a later period, and during the war. He would, he said, save the Union with slavery if that was the best way; or he would save it without slavery if that was the best way. What he wanted and meant was to save the Union. When the Southern men attacked the Union by firing on the flag at Fort Sumter, that cleared the air—and this event showed at once the profound sincerity of Fletcher Harper's faith. He was for Union, and he did not hesitate, but turned all his batteries against those who had fired on the flag."

As early as July 28, 1860, the opening pages of the WEEKLY were given up to two full-page illustrations entitled "The Spirits Abroad," one representing the spirit of disunion, in all the horrors of war and hatred; the other, the spirit of union, indicating peace, love, and fraternity. This was the first cartoon published by the WEEKLY relative to the approaching conflict.

On September first of the same year appeared an illustration picturing a boy rising from the ballot-box in the act of strangling two serpents, one in either hand. Columbia stands by and exclaims: "Well done, sonny!" It bears the title, "Young America Rising at the Ballot-box and Strangling the Serpents of Disunion and Secession."

January 12, 1861, the leading editorial, in support of Major Anderson, ends with these words:

It is to be hoped that Major Robert Anderson may not have to add to the long list of his gallant exploits a successful defence of

Fort Sumter with an insufficient force against an overwhelming body of insurgents. Still, if he be attacked, it will be better to be with him than against him.

January 26, 1861, a full-page illustration appears of the firing on the *Star of the West* from the South Carolina battery on Morris Island, the opening gun of the war; and the following week the leading editorial gives the definition of high treason and a double page on the "Dream of a Secessionist," together with a half page illustrating the old legend of a man and his sons and a bundle of sticks which they were unable to break when bound together, but which could be easily broken separately, with the title, "Union is Strength."

As late as March 9th an editorial of two and a half columns was given up to the subject of Reconstruction. The issue of March 16th gave a double page on the Inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, and that of April 27th, illustrations of the bombardment and surrender of Fort Sumter; and in the same number Abraham Lincoln's Proclamation of War took the position of the leading editorial. I quote these extracts from the editorial comment immediately succeeding the proclamation:

War is declared. President Lincoln's proclamation, which we publish above, is an absolute proclamation of war against the Gulf States. The die is now cast, and men must take their sides, and hold to them. No one who knows anything of the Southern people supposes for a moment that, having gone so far as to bombard a United States fort and capture it, they will now succumb without a fight. No one who has seen the recent manifestations of popular sentiment in the North can doubt that the Northern blood is up, and that they will listen no more to talk of compromise, truce, or treaty, until they have fairly beaten.

Let us then forbear puling, and look the situation in the face. There are some among us still who whine about the evils of civil

war. They who, with a burglar in their house, his hand on the throat of their wife or daughter, would quote texts on the loveliness of Christian forbearance and charity. Nobody—outside of a lunatic asylum—doubts that civil war is an enormous calamity. On this point all are agreed. But, as it has actually begun, and exists, what is the use of deprecating it? What should we think of a doctor who, summoned to visit a half-dying patient, should wring his hands hopelessly and bewail the malignancy of disease?

The United States government has called into the field 75,000 militiamen, who, added to the regular force, will swell the effective army to nearly 90,000 men. . . . The Seceders are gathering soldiers vigorously on their side. It should be possible for Mr. Davis to collect 100,000 able-bodied troops on one point. With such a force, secretly if not openly favored by the Border States, a very formidable movement might be made on Washington.

May 4th the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY are notified that artists have been sent to the front to thoroughly cover the seat of war. The leading editorial points out:

It is not a question of slavery or anti-slavery. It is not even a question of Union or disunion. The question simply is whether Northern men will fight. Southerners have rebelled and dragged our flag in the dirt, in the belief that, because we won't fight duels or engage in street brawls, therefore we are cowards. The question now is whether or not they are right. . . . We do not propose to re-echo the censure which the Administration has already incurred at the hands of its friends for its want of energy. We hope that in the future it will be energetic enough to satisfy everybody. But Mr. Lincoln must remember that this is no time for trifling. The rebels have appealed to the sword, and by the sword they must be punished. . . . This war should be settled now, for two reasons: first because, if it is not, we of the North are stamped cowards beyond redemption; and secondly, because we owe it to our children not to bequeath to them a quarrel which we had a fair chance to adjust. . . . Whatever may be the intentions of the government, the practical effect of a war with the Southern States, waged by Northern against Southern men, must be to liberate the slaves. This should be well understood.

Third, lastly, we desire to caution Northern people against the fatal error of underrating Southerners. The Southern States,

combined, constitute a powerful nation. Southern men are accustomed to the use of arms. The South is able to raise a great army; the men will all be found brave, and at least as highly skilled in military tactics as our Northern men; they have officers fully as able as we can muster.

The leading WEEKLY editorial for May 25, 1861, says, among other things:

We have received a number of letters from Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and other Southern States, complaining bitterly of the tone of an editorial article published in HARPER'S WEEKLY on May 4. Some of these letters are from friends, and appeal to the Christian feelings and kindly disposition of the publishers. Others are from strangers; and of these some are simply abusive, while others threaten the proprietors of this journal with assassination if HARPER'S WEEKLY perseveres in opposing the destruction of the American Union.

As for HARPER'S WEEKLY, it will continue, as heretofore, to support the government of the United States, the Stars and Stripes, and the indivisible union of thirty-four States. We know no other course consistent with the duty of citizens, Christians and honest men. If any subscriber to this journal expects us to give our aid or countenance to rebellion against the government, he will be disappointed. If any man buys this journal expecting us to apologize for treason, robbery, rebellion, piracy, or murder, he will be disappointed. The proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY would rather stop this journal to-morrow than publish a line in it which would hereafter cause their children to blush for the patriotism or the manhood of their parents.

On one occasion, early in the Civil War, the publication of HARPER'S WEEKLY was suspended by order of Secretary Stanton, on account of the printing of some sketches of our works before Yorktown, which McClellan was then besieging. Following the order was a telegram from Secretary Stanton stating that the firm had been guilty of "giving aid and comfort to the enemy," an offence punishable by death, and requesting that a member of the firm

should immediately proceed to Washington—whether or not to suffer that extreme penalty being left in doubt. The delicate mission devolved upon Fletcher Harper. He found the Secretary of War in a very belligerent mood; but before five words had been exchanged he contrived to put Stanton on the defensive, on a matter entirely foreign to the object of his visit. Before leaving the War Office he secured the revocation of the suspension, and received the Secretary's thanks for the support which the WEEKLY was rendering the country and the government.

John Fletcher Harper, son of Wesley, was a member of the Seventh Regiment, which marched so bravely down Broadway the last of April, 1861, to embark for the war. George William Curtis's brother Sam, and Mrs. Curtis's brother, Robert G. Shaw, and, in fact, the flower of the city's youth, were in the regiment. Shaw afterward became colonel of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers—colored—and was killed bravely leading his men at the attack on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863. A noble monument designed by St. Gaudens has been erected to his memory on Boston Common.

I went with my father to the Seventh Regiment Armory, which was then nearly opposite the Cooper Union, on Third Avenue, to say good-by to Jack Fletcher. He was a handsome man, and looked to me the ideal soldier in his gray uniform, a fair representative of the crack corps. The regiment, with bearing proud and erect, with bayonets fixed and brightly glistening in the sun, made a brilliant showing as it passed Major Anderson, who reviewed it from the balcony of Ball, Black & Co.'s building on Broadway. People thronged to pay honor to the men

who left so promptly to defend their country. The crowd parted for the soldiery, but before and behind them appeared a dense, solid, impenetrable mass. Fire-engines and hose-carriages were brought to the street corners and blew their whistles and rang their bells as the boys passed by. The buildings along Broadway were beautifully decorated and packed with tier upon tier of spectators.

Fitz-James O'Brien, whose contributions to the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY had been highly prized, was also a member of the Seventh Regiment when it left for the front. After the Seventh returned to New York he endeavored to raise a company for a volunteer regiment; but a thousand obstacles, under which he chafed and fretted, intervened. He then tried, unsuccessfully at first, to obtain a position on some general's staff. At last, in January, he received a letter from General Lander offering him the long-desired appointment; and on the next day he started for Washington. I have not space to detail the events in O'Brien's brief but glorious career as a soldier—how in the brilliant skirmish at Blooming Gap, Lander, O'Brien and two soldiers dashed upon an ambuscade, and captured three officers and eight men; how O'Brien retained the sword and accoutrements of the rebel captain as trophies—the same trophies which were so soon to be borne upon his coffin; how, two days later, February 16, 1862, O'Brien headed a body of cavalry which encountered a superior force of the enemy; how he met the rebel leader, when two simultaneous shots were heard, the one fired by O'Brien carrying instant death, that which he received piercing his shoulder; how he still rallied his men, and brought off all save himself unharmed. O'Brien's wound was not at first thought dangerous.

The truth was, the surgeon who took charge of the case wholly misunderstood it. The only hope was in a critical surgical operation. On the 4th day of April one of his intimate friends received a letter scrawled in pencil by O'Brien announcing the result:

I gave up the ghost and told him to go ahead. There were about twelve surgeons to witness the operation. All my shoulder bone and a portion of my upper arm have been taken away. I nearly died. My breath ceased, heart ceased to beat, pulse stopped. However, I got through. I am not yet out of danger from the operation, but a worse disease has set in. I have got tetanus, or lock-jaw. There is a chance of my getting out of it, that's all. In case I don't, good-by old fellow, with all my love! I don't want to make any legal document, but I desire that you and Frank Wood should be my literary executors, because after I'm dead I may turn out a bigger man than when living. I'd write more if I could, but I'm very weak. Write to me. I may be alive. Also get Wood to write.

Sunday morning, the 6th of April, O'Brien seemed a little better, and sat up for a time on the edge of his bed. A little nutriment was administered, and the doctor asked if he would take a glass of sherry. He said "yes." While slowly sipping it he turned pale and fell back. Cologne was dashed in his face; but it was too late. "So died," writes his friend Wood, "at the threshold of a grand career, and only thirty-three years of age, a great poet and a brave soldier—a man of such kindly and charming nature that he was beloved even by his enemies."

Thomas Nast's now familiar signature first appeared in the WEEKLY of August 30, 1862, on a full-page war illustration of "John Morgan's Highwaymen." A front page by him was published September 20th, entitled "A Gallant Color-Bearer," and the next week a full page, with the title "The Rebel Army Crossing the Potomac." These

were the first three drawings of Nast's accepted for the WEEKLY after the beginning of the conflict. They were not remarkably well done, but were quite up to the standard of the work supplied to periodicals at that time. With practice his pencil became wonderfully skilful and forceful.

In Germany it is the stork that brings the babies, and it was on the 27th of September, in the year 1840, that the stork visited the military barracks of Landau, a little fortified town near Alsace, and left in the Nast household a very small baby boy, who was called Thomas. The family was not a large one. There was only an older sister, and the mother and father—the latter a gentle-hearted, outspoken German musician, who played the trombone in the Ninth Bavarian Regiment Band.

The family remained for a brief time in the old place. They left Landau by diligence for Paris in the summer of 1846, to be joined there by the father when his enlistment expired. Then came Havre, where, with a cousin, they took passage for New York in a beautiful American brig, arriving safely after a stormy passage.

In 1850 the elder Nast, whose term of enlistment had ended, arrived. Nast senior became a member of the Philharmonic Society and of the band at Burton's Theater, in Chambers Street. To the latter place young Nast often accompanied him—sitting, as he had done in the little theater of Landau, in a special seat in the orchestra. Frequently he carried his father's big trombone to the theater, and this was a privilege, as it entitled him to remain for the performance. Lester Wallack, Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, Charlotte Cushman, Placide, George Holland—these were among his favorites of those days. At Castle Garden he heard Jenny Lind. The boy saw and

sketched them all in his untrained way, and the influence of those early efforts and surroundings was continually cropping out in the great work of after years. His father endeavored to induce him to learn music or a trade, but failed. The boy was an artist. Attempts at any other education did him little good.

Through the guidance of Alfred Fredericks, he entered the Academy of Design, having been admitted on a drawing from a cast—the first offered. The Academy was then on Thirteenth Street, just west of Broadway. Young Nast was soon elected to the life class, of which Mr. Cummings was the head.

From Sol Eytinge the boy received much of his technical training. Eytinge was a master of his craft, willing to expound the gospel of art, allowing his pupil to work as hard as he liked in return. Comradeship and even intimacy existed between the two. They planned for the future together, and when in 1857 the first number of HARPER'S WEEKLY appeared they resolved to associate themselves with the new sheet. It was due to Alfred Fredericks, whose friendship for the "little fat Dutch boy" never wavered, that his first entry into the alluring Harper pages was made. Fredericks was himself on the Harper staff, and recognizing the creative ability of his former pupil, one day said to him: "Why don't you make us a page of 'police scandal'?" Police scandal, a perennial development in New York, was then, as ever, a subject of unfailing interest. Nast prepared the page, and prompt acceptance followed. It was published March, 1859, and it was his first appearance in HARPER'S WEEKLY, where he was to make his fame. It seems fitting that it should have been a protest against civic abuse.

Other drawings sent to the WEEKLY were promptly accepted and liberally paid for as prices went in those days. In the summer of sixty-two he was assigned to regular staff work. And so, quietly enough, began a pictorial career which was to endure for a quarter of a century.

The foregoing account of Nast's early days I have made up, with the author's kind permission, from Albert Bigelow Paine's very entertaining work *Thomas Nast, His Period and His Pictures*, which contains the following dedication:

To the Memory of Fletcher Harper, whose unfailing honesty and unfaltering courage made possible the greatest triumphs of Thomas Nast.

If any one desires to study our political history from, say, 1865 to 1885, I heartily commend them to the perusal of Paine's very able and comprehensive work on Thomas Nast.

Paine observes that Nast's real service to his country began about 1863. He says:

HARPER'S WEEKLY had become the greatest picture paper in the field, with an art department of considerable proportions. Nast did not find the art-room a satisfactory place to work, and was soon allowed to make his drawings at home, with pay at space rates. This proved a profitable arrangement, as he was a rapid worker, and soon more than doubled his former salary. Fletcher Harper took a deep interest in the industrious and capable young artist. More than once he exhibited the quality and abundance of "Tommy's" work as a means of stimulating other members of the staff. The friendly relations between the future cartoonist and his employer, once begun, grew and augmented as the years passed, and it is due to Fletcher Harper more than to any other person that the Nast cartoons and HARPER'S WEEKLY became identified with the nation's history.

Sixty-two marked the beginning of those semi-allegori-

cal cartoons through which Thomas Nast made his first real fame. The earliest of these was entitled "Santa Claus in Camp," the front page of a Christmas WEEKLY, representing the good saint dressed in the Stars and Stripes, distributing presents in a military camp. But of far greater value was the double center page of the same issue. This was entitled simply "Christmas Eve," and was one of those curious decorative combination pictures so popular at that time. In a large Christmas wreath was the soldier's family at home, and in another the absent one by his camp-fire wistfully contemplating the pictures of his loved ones. Smaller bits surrounded these—effectively drawn and full of sentiment.

"Thomas Nast has been our best recruiting sergeant," said Abraham Lincoln near the close of the Civil War. "His emblematic cartoons have never failed to arouse enthusiasm and patriotism, and have always seemed to come just when these articles were getting scarce."

"Nast was a genius," says Paine. "He cannot be compared with any other artist, living or dead. With a style peculiarly his own, wide in range of subject, of inexhaustible fertility, and serious as well as playful imagination, he now reminds us of Hogarth, now of Leech. His political cartoons were among the most effective weapons against corruption in every form, and his masterly attacks on the Tammany Ring in 1870–71 contributed largely to the overthrow of that corrupt clique."

The middle of July, 1863, the draft riots occurred in New York. The Colored Orphan Asylum was burned, negroes were massacred, shops were sacked, among others the clothing store of Brooks Brothers, and the rabble arrayed themselves in purloined clothing; altogether about

one thousand citizens were killed. The offices of the *Tribune*, *Times*, and *Post* were threatened, and Harper & Brothers were ordered by the mob to close their buildings. The entrance was barricaded, and some of the employees were put under arms, and my father took charge over night, expecting an attack from the rioters; but fortunately their precautions were unnecessary. The WEEKLY said editorially:

> The pretext for the outrages was the fear that negroes would supersede white men as laborers—a pretext suggested by many Copperhead newspapers, seemingly in the interest of the Southern rebels. The fact is, as every person can readily inform themselves by inquiring, that the demand for labor throughout the North was never as active as it is now. . . . Individuals who never dreamed of employing negroes are being led by considerations of humanity and manhood to extend a helping hand to the oppressed race, and the smoldering embers of the Know-Nothing Party are going again to be fanned into flame. All this may be very unjust and unfair; but the people who burn orphan asylums and murder inoffensive negroes because of their color must expect a sharp and extreme punishment.

And now to return to the literary side of our business.

Charles Reade received the following letter, which was called forth by his novel *The Woman-Hater:*

> WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE NEW YORK INFIRMARY.
> MR. CHARLES READE:
>
> DEAR SIR,—The chapter of your story in the December number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE has awakened the greatest interest in our little circle on this side the Atlantic.
>
> We desire to express our most hearty admiration of your heroine's earnest persistence in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The clear perception of right and wrong which she exhibits especially delights us. This well-defined moral quality is so rare that her character shines forth with all the brighter luster.
>
> Even in this land of boasted liberty, few conceive that justice and equality should have any reference to women. Still we are

aware that we enjoy advantages which were denied to those who have preceded us. With full appreciation of the privileges which the city now offers to women in the study of medicine, we never forget that we are indebted to England for the founders of our college, Dr. Elizabeth and Dr. Emily Blackwell, the latter still remaining president of the college and our honored professor.

Allow us to express our pleasure that your keen-pointed pen has been used so effectively in behalf of our English sisters, and so of all women.

Respectfully, Victoria A. White, M. J. M'Cleevy, Kate J. Jackson, Williemena H. Elliott, Julia K. Cary, Annie M. Reid, Sarah M. Crawford, Elizabeth R. Gillett, Mary D. Hussey, Julia E. Wallace, Emma L. Randall, Jennie Tower Leonard, J. C. Moore, A. M.; Sarah J. McNutt, Rebecca Barnard, Charlotte F. Williams, Anna W. Kirk, Annie S. Daniel, Clara A. Cox, Josephine Chavelier, Mary A. West, Mary E. Baldwin, Alice B. Brill, Kate Parker, M. Barton, Rosavelle Gardner Philip, Alice F. Hascall, Gertrude A. Farwell.

To which Mr. Reade replied:

MISS VICTORIA WHITE, MISS KATE JACKSON, MISS MARY J. M'CLEEVY, and other ladies in the Medical College of the Infirmary, New York:

MY DEAR YOUNG LADIES,—Nothing in the way of comment on my labors has given me so much pleasure as the encouraging words Miss White has been good enough to pen me, and you have done me the honor to endorse.

It is very generous of you; for in your own persons you owe me nothing; your battle is won without my help. The female students of America have encountered opposition in every form, but have conquered, thanks to their own fortitude, and the character of their nation, which is too brave, chivalrous, and just to *persist* in siding with the strong against the weak, and with cliques against a sex.

Here it is not so. Your English sisters are far fewer in number, and inferior in ability and courage, and their foes pig-headed beyond belief. Our medical women need a champion. Were I twenty years younger, I think I could fight the battle out for them. But my age, and an intermittent but chronic and most exhausting cough, have made me less able to sustain long strife than I used to be.

Nevertheless, I assure you that on reading your kind missive I felt your young blood glow in my veins, and that I could die, like Macbeth, with harness on my back, or like Samson himself, in the very act of pulling down some stronghold of time-honored iniquity.

I now take the privilege of my age, and send you my love, as well as my esteem and sympathy, and wish you, with all my heart, health, happiness and success, and the just respect of your fellow-citizens.

I am, Miss White and ladies, your very faithful servant,

CHARLES READE.

XVI

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS went as a delegate to the Republican Convention at Chicago in 1860, when it was expected that the Republicans would nominate William Henry Seward for President. Seward was a skilful politician who knew his countrymen, at least the Northern people, and had great faith in the efficiency of frankness in American politics and diplomacy.

It is possibly true that the evils of the Civil War might have been avoided if the prominent leaders of the day on both sides had at the very outset of the controversy been able to approach the slavery question in the calm, statesman-like manner in which Seward was accustomed to discuss it. No man ever doubted where Seward stood; he was in the front of the anti-slavery movement, and yet, as events showed, he never permitted that issue to blind him.

The chairman of the New York delegation was William M. Evarts. The speeches of Evarts in the convention hall are spoken of as among the most brilliant oratorical efforts that were ever made for a doomed cause. Seward's friends, of whom Curtis was one, were not only the radical but the most intellectual leaders of the party.

Lincoln had already impressed the East by his Cooper Union speech and his addresses in New England, but



George Mc Cook



few thought of him as Seward's successful competitor for the nomination. In the West, however, Lincoln was considered a strong candidate and had energetic workers in his behalf. During the meeting of the convention by which he was nominated Lincoln declined to accept Seward's extreme views.

On the second day of the convention Curtis for a moment dominated the scene. Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, who spoke for the radicals of the Republican party, sought to secure the inclusion in the platform of the words of the Declaration of Independence, asserting the equality of men. This was offered as an amendment to the first resolution of the platform and was rejected. Giddings at once declared his despair of the party which pretended to be the champion of liberty, and got up to leave the hall. Curtis halted him and asked him to wait a moment, suggesting that the convention had acted without thought, and might be induced to change its views. Giddings remained, and Curtis, offering the amendment again, this time to the second resolution, spoke to it with an eloquence that aroused his auditors, an eloquence of indignant protest against the attempt of the wire-pullers and the compromisers of all factions to induce the convention to refuse to the Declaration of Independence a place in the platform of the party of freedom. The bold attack upon the managing politicians triumphed. It was a notable victory for young Curtis, and it established his place among the leaders of the party.

The nomination of Lincoln and the defeat of Seward disappointed Curtis, as they disappointed most of those who had hoped that the candidate of their party would embody all that the party meant to them.

Col. A. K. McClure, who was a member of the convention and an eye-witness, says:

> It was Lincoln's friends, however, who were the "hustlers" of that battle. . . . For once Thurlow Weed was outgeneraled just at a critical stage of the encounter. On the morning of the third day, when a final struggle was to be made, the friends of Seward got up an imposing demonstration in the streets of Chicago. They had bands and banners, immense numbers and generous enthusiasm; but while the Seward men were thus making a public display of their strength Swett and Judd filled the galleries of the Wigwam in which the convention was held with men who were ready to shout to the echo for Lincoln whenever opportunity occurred. The result was that when the Seward men filed into the convention there were seats for the delegates, but few for any others, and the convention was encircled by a throng that made the Wigwam tremble with the cheers for the "rail-splitter."

Curtis continued to believe in Seward, but he soon conceded the superiority of Lincoln over any other American public man. Few men of the North at that time appreciated the inevitable consequence of the triumph of Lincoln; fewer still thought of the war that would necessarily follow an attempt to divide the Union. Succeeding years showed Curtis in HARPER'S WEEKLY striking with all his vigor at the enemies of his country; awakening the people; instructing and stimulating youth, and loyally supporting Lincoln up to the time of his assassination.

Edward Cary, in his *Life of Curtis*, says:

> Mr. Curtis's relations with Harper & Brothers had for a long time been intimate and cordial. He had for nearly ten years been a regular writer for the MONTHLY and later for the WEEKLY. Fletcher Harper had long been his trusted and beloved friend and adviser. The WEEKLY was then, as it is still, the most important illustrated paper of the country, and it had a very

large number of readers. At first, and for some time, Curtis did only part of the writing for the editorial pages of the WEEKLY, but gradually did more and more, until for many years before his death, except in rare instances, chiefly when he was ill, the entire department was from his pen. He retained his home on Staten Island, and could never be persuaded, though often urged, to move to the city. Doubtless, it was the better plan. He lost something in absence from the daily intercourse with men and the daily participation in affairs; but he gained more in the disposition of his time, which was always urgently occupied, leaving him but very little that could be called leisure.

When Curtis returned from Europe in 1850 he had formed a definite resolve to undertake the career of an author. Hawthorne wrote to Curtis in 1851, on the appearance of his *Nile Notes:* "I see now that you are forever an author." Cary continues:

And an author Curtis was to the last. If he did not cling to the usual forms of authorship, he was continually under the spell of the literary spirit, and he gave to all his productions unstintingly, and almost unconsciously, that which makes books literature—absolute and loving fidelity to the best thought. His addresses are full of his love of scholarship and of the fruits of that love, and his ideal of the citizen was the citizen who regarded and performed his duties as a scholar should.

In 1855 he had published five books, and his whole work was in a literary direction. His close association, however, with HARPER'S WEEKLY proved a decisive step in his career, but, Cary adds:

He did not and could not cease to be a man of letters, a student, and in certain broad fields a scholar. His writing in the "Easy Chair," which of itself sufficed to fill a volume each year, continued and was purely literary. Some of his editorial writing was almost equally so, and all of it was executed with sustained fidelity to the literary standard, so far as circumstance permitted; and his standard was high. He was still to produce that series

of orations, some of which—that on Bryant, that on Lowell, that on the unveiling of the statue of Washington, that at Gettysburg—have a very high value, and must always have, wholly apart from the charm or impressiveness of their delivery. But from this time on his chief interest and occupation were to be with the public affairs of the time, and, indeed, of the day; he was in the movement of his country, shared it, was swayed by it, and in no small degree contributed to its direction.

Curtis wrote in 1884 to Mr. Ricketson:

But as for politics, I had to make my choice in 1855 between a life of literary ease and anti-slavery politics, and I am not sorry I chose the latter. With genius I might have done as Milton did, but without it I could do only what I could. I should have despised myself had I declined the service that offered itself to me, yet I do not deny that my tastes and inclination have often protested. I am not naturally a fighter, but I have been always in a fight, and at sixty I am still fighting.

Governor Woodrow Wilson thus defines "a literary politician," which, he says, is a label much in vogue:

By a literary politician I do not mean a politician who affects literature, who seems to appreciate the solemn purpose of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," and yet is opposed to ballot reform. Neither do I mean a literary man who affects politics; who earns his victories through the publishers, and his defeats at the hands of the men who control the primaries. I mean the man who has the genius to see deep into affairs; and the discretion to keep out of them—the man to whom, by reason of knowledge and imagination and sympathy, governments and policies are as open books, but who, instead of trying to put haphazard characters of his own into those books, wisely prefers to read their pages aloud to others. There is, no doubt, a very widespread skepticism as to the existence of such a man. Many people would ask you to prove him as well as define him.

Curtis was in the best sense a literary man who disseminated sound political ideas, but who was loathe to accept

any public office. In 1869 he was nominated for the office of Secretary of State in New York by the Republican party, but declined. Seward offered him the Consul-Generalship to Egypt and the appointment as Minister to the Court of St. James, and later on the German mission was urged upon him by President Hayes, but he declined them all. He was, I believe, designated for a portfolio in one of the Presidential Cabinets; and at another time he was asked to accept the nomination for Governor of New York —both of which were unsought and undesired by him. He did, however, promptly accept the offices of President of the National Civil Service Reform and also of the New York Civil Reform Association. The work which devolved upon him as the leader of these reform movements was tremendous and sorely taxed his patience and strength; but Curtis was "one who did great things by virtue of some quality in himself."

S. S. Conant, for many years associated with Curtis as executive editor of the WEEKLY, said:

> Curtis is known to the American public as author, journalist, and statesman—for, although he has never held a political office, he has made a profound study of statesmanship, and possesses a knowledge of public affairs second to that of no other man in the country; but his greatest and best work has been achieved in the field of journalism. Starting out on his youthful career as the author of several charming books of travel, and afterward drifting into literary engagements with the New York *Tribune*, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and other journals, he was at an early age, and in common with thousands of earnest young men in the North, driven by conviction to take part in the great moral revolution which culminated in the war for the Union and the abolition of slavery in the United States; and throwing himself with fervor into this new field of activity, he abandoned a profession in which he might have attained high honors for the one in which he has achieved his great reputation as a leader and teacher of men.

The author of *Trumps*, *The Potiphar Papers*, and *Prue and I* could hardly have failed as a novelist, had he chosen to pursue that path of literature; but we will not regret his choice, for while we have many novelists, where shall we look for another name like his in the field of American journalism?

The late Henry Loomis Nelson, who was managing editor of the WEEKLY at the time of Curtis's death, wrote:

In the earlier days as Mr. Curtis was turning his back upon the career of letters, the trumpet of the political conflict is heard in his lectures, just as we have caught the echoes of the great war itself in the columns of the "Lounger," that up to the moment of the firing on Sumter had been completely isolated from the agitations and the seriousness of the larger moral questions of the day. Curtis had grown into the heart of the House, and was then, as he continued to be for the remainder of his life, as much as any Harper, an integral element of Harper & Brothers. His editorial pages—for they were always recognized as his—were one of the inspiring forces of the North, and at this time they were sustaining Lincoln, his policy, and his administration, with a force and eloquence which made the paper one of the leading administration journals of the era. As the war grew louder and the South more menacing, he grew stronger and his words more bitter, until, when the victory was won, he was one of the straitest of partisans, for, to him, the cause of his party was the cause of his country. The effect of his times upon Curtis, upon his utterances, upon his career, upon his reputation, tells the generation of to-day of the solemn and awful power of those mighty times, a power to which no one in the country more than Curtis was sensitively responsive. The influence of the war upon the political views of most Northern citizens is illustrated with singular clearness in the life of Curtis. The slavery conflict had, indeed, transformed him from a quiet, gentle, poetic man of letters to an aggressive political writer.

Whether or not Curtis's name would be more revered by posterity, and his life more highly appraised, if he had confined himself exclusively to literature, is, of course, a question now impossible to solve. But this we do know: that in his day and generation Curtis was a statesman of

distinction, and a peer among the editors in his field, excelling them all in grace and force of diction, and his competitors, we must bear in mind, were worthy adversaries of the most skilful hand. And let us further remember that the time in which he lived and worked was replete with the most vital issues, calling for prompt action and requiring unfaltering and infallible judgment.

The seed so lavishly sown by Curtis for purer politics, civil-service reform and upright living has resulted in a harvest beyond computation, and the purifying and encouraging effect of his example on the young men of his time is incalculable.

E. L. Godkin, for many years the able editor of the New York *Evening Post*, did not think that Curtis was by nature a politician; that he was by temperament a political thinker; or that he was sure-footed on the questions of public policy, like the tariff question, for example. He also believed that he would be the victim of more astute politicians, as, more than once, Grant had been. Fundamental and controlling as this objection seemed to be, Godkin, it must be recalled, was speaking of the proposal to make Curtis the chief executive of the government, for the duties of which he had no training and no inclination whatever. He did recognize Curtis's fitness for legislative duties, and in a letter to the London *Daily News*, dated September 7, 1867, he referred to him in illustration of his assertion that, at that time, American men of culture and refinement had a great advantage in efforts to secure for themselves a political career over competitors "wanting in culture and polish." He instanced in this connection not only Curtis, but also Hamilton Fish, Andrew D. White, John A. Dix, William H. Seward, and others. He spoke

of Curtis as the "most prominent of the younger politicians," and said that "his chances of the next Senatorship for the State are at least as good as, if not better than, those of anybody else." He continued: "He is now a member of the Constitutional Convention at Albany, and one of the ablest and most prominent members. He was fifteen years ago simply a polished man of society, with true literary reputation, the man of all others whose tastes, temperament and manners would be likely to render him disagreeable to the typical democratic constituency of the Tory newspapers, and he would be the least likely to tolerate the 'dirty work' of politics. His feelings were so strongly roused about slavery, however, that he went into politics, and, as he is a good speaker, he at once began to make his way, and I think one rarely hears in any country of a more rapid and marked success than his has been."

I desire to place on record with a feeling of pride the brave and consummate work of our special artists in the field, representing the WEEKLY throughout the Civil War. They went through all the long and stirring campaigns, commemorating their most interesting incidents and portraying the most noted leaders, so that the volumes of the WEEKLY covering that period are a vivid history of the terrible struggle. A. R. Waud, Theodore R. Davis, William Waud, Robert Weir, Andrew M'Callum, and A. W. Warren were not less busy and scarcely less intrepid than the soldiers themselves. They made the weary marches and dangerous voyages; they shared the soldiers' fare; they rode and waded, and climbed and floundered. When the battle began they were there. The fierce shock, the smoky sway of the fight from side to side, the assault,

the victory or defeat—they were a part of it all, and their faithful work which depicted the scenes they experienced made the WEEKLY a valuable storehouse of authentic pictorial war archives.

Our engraving department was started in 1856, with Henry Sears in charge. During the Civil War the essential requisite was, of course, promptitude. Large page or double-page drawings were photographed or drawn on the wood, and the boxwood blocks were divided into a dozen or more pieces and given out to as many engravers, in order to expedite work on the sketches and drawings which came to us in profusion from the several army corps.

After the war the art of engraving steadily developed, until the work produced in our periodicals was equal, if not superior, in delicacy and refinement to that of any other periodical published here or abroad.

R. R. Bowker, in an article for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, wrote instructively on the subject of wood-engraving.

> The engraver [he says] was in 1887 a modern magician who caused art to blossom in every corner of the land. If we put side by side an old block-book, one of Bewick's cuts, an English magazine woodcut of twenty years ago, and one of the finest American tone engravings of to-day, we shall get a pictorial history of the process of wood-engraving. The early engravers cut with bold outline as if for filling in with colors, black lines on white ground, using the fibrous side of pear or apple wood blocks. The engravers of Dürer's and Holbein's day attempted finer work. It was, however, Thomas Bewick, of Newcastle, England, who revived the art in his books of *Fables, Quadrupeds and British Birds* published between 1779 and 1804. To him are attributed the use of wood cut across the grain, overlaying and the counter process of slightly lowering surface portions of engraved blocks; but it is probable that he revived and combined rather than originated these. With his pupils and imitators wood-engraving came into

high fashion in England. Large blocks were attempted, but presses of that day proved inadequate. This difficulty was ultimately avoided by machine presses and the help of electrotyping.

The stop cylinder presses invented by Col. Richard M. Hoe, and purchased for our work about 1875, proved a great advance on any presses available up to that time, and the exquisite illustrative work produced in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR was largely due to the ability of these presses to turn out work rapidly and satisfactorily.

From this time on the execution of engraved cuts for the MAGAZINE made steady improvement, until about 1885, when wood-engraving for periodical use reached its greatest perfection.

Scribner's Magazine first appeared in 1870, under the editorship of Dr. J. G. Holland, and achieved conspicuous popularity. The magazine was sold in 1881 and rechristened *The Century*. In 1887 Charles Scribner & Sons established the present *Scribner's Magazine*. HARPER'S MAGAZINE had practically no competition until 1870, when *Scribner's Magazine* made a feature of its woodcut illustrations. This rivalship caused the staff of engravers in our establishment to pull down their visors, place a lance in rest, and take notice, for they had at last met a rival worthy of their steel. The competition between the magazines became so keen that at times we paid as high as five hundred dollars for engraving one page of our MAGAZINE. In 1888, when both the *The Century* and *Scribner's* were in the field, the demand for first-class engravers was very great and the market value of their work became a serious consideration for the publishers. Process repro-

duction in half-tone was invented about this time, was tested and found to be applicable for practical use, and soon began to displace wood-engraving in the magazines. The best artists finally came to prefer process work, as it more accurately interpreted their drawings. In point of fact many of the leading artists complained of the engravers because at times they tampered with their work, to the detriment of their individuality, and often to their extreme annoyance.

Edwin A. Abbey was the first to draw my attention to the successful accomplishment of foreign process work, and as a result we soon adopted this medium, and we have found it to answer our purpose in every way. Experienced engravers, however, are required to prepare the half-tone process work for printing, and their skill in finishing the plates is a vital factor in their ultimate success.

XVII

APRIL 20, 1863, the late Charles Parsons assumed the management of our art department. Previous to this artists had worked at the office, but it was not until Parsons took charge that the exclusive employment and training of artists became an important feature of the House. Parsons was a fine water-color painter who had already made many drawings for the Harper periodicals, and he proved in every respect suited to the position. Parsons's charming personality and his gentle and winning manner soon drew around him a coterie of ambitious and promising young artists, and his technical knowledge stimulated and developed the talent latent in these worthy applicants for pictorial honors. He was a generous and competent critic and had the unstinted devotion of the House staff and the respect of all contributing artists—and, as a rule, artists are not what might be called tractable, but on the contrary are apt to be decidedly opinionated and irritated by criticism, and justly so. Illustrators are men who create, and the purpose of their work is to interpret, to illuminate, and to charm. They visualize and crystallize characters existing only in the text of authors, and although not always entirely apprehending the author's views, and thereby occasionally displeasing the writer and sometimes even stultifying a character as conceived by the author, nevertheless, as a rule, they add to and complete the author's conception.

I remember when we published Constance Fenimore Woolson's *Anne*, illustrated by C. S. Reinhart, that she complained that her conception of her heroine was not in accord with the illustrations, but that Anne would undoubtedly hereafter be known as portrayed in Reinhart's masterful drawings, somewhat to her annoyance. In another case, Mrs. Humphry Ward was pleased to accept Albert E. Sterner's conception of the hero of one of her novels, which he illustrated, and she accordingly slightly changed her description of the character so as to conform to Sterner's understanding as depicted in one of his earliest drawings. Of course, artists are at times careless and ineffective; but with a few exceptions, authors, as well as the public, prefer to have a story illustrated, and when the combination is a happy one the work of the author is much enhanced by the artist's drawings. The ideal condition is when they are united in one person, as in Thackeray, Du Maurier, and Howard Pyle.

For many years I conferred with Parsons daily, allotting work—for we employed a great many artists outside our art department—looking over drawings, designating prices, and so on; and I found him uniformly the same dear, kindly soul, most enthusiastic when he had a satisfactory drawing to show me, and ever ready to palliate the shortcomings of an unsuccessful candidate. His patience and cheerful disposition helped to pacify many a disappointed applicant, and his memory will ever be green in our art department and among the art contributors of his régime.

The individuals composing the group of artists which surrounded Charles Parsons all eventually became famous. There was C. S. Reinhart, the senior member of the staff,

an extremely capable artist, whose work appeared exclusively in our periodicals. Some years ago Henry James said of him:

> His facility, his agility, his universality, are a truly stimulating sight. He asks not too many questions of his subject, but to those he does ask he insists upon a thoroughly intelligent answer. By his universality I mean, perhaps as much as anything else, his admirable drawing; not precious, as the æsthetic say, nor pottering, as the vulgar, but free, strong and secure, which enables him to do with the human figure at a moment's notice anything that any occasion may demand. . . . He can do anything he likes, by which I mean he can do wonderfully even the things he doesn't like. But he strikes me as a force not yet fully used.

Reinhart unfortunately died just as he began to make a conspicuous success of painting in oil, sincerely mourned by a host of friends, for he was very popular everywhere and highly esteemed by his fellow-artists. He moved to Paris in the eighties, where he soon achieved an enviable reputation among the American colony of artists. He frequently exhibited at the Salon, and his ability was soon recognized and respected by the best French and English artists; but his work as a painter was still in an incipient stage when he died. Of his painting "Une Epave" James went on to say:

> The thing is a masterpiece of direct representation, and has wonderfully the air of something seen, found without being looked for. Excellently composed but not artificial, large, close and sober, this important work gives the full measure of Reinhart's great talent, and constitutes a kind of pledge. It may be perverse on my part to see in it the big bank-note, as it were, which may be changed into a multitude of gold and silver pieces. I cannot, however, help doing so. "Washed Ashore" is painted as only a painter paints, but I irreverently translate it into its equivalent in "illustrations"—half a hundred little examples, in black and white, of the same kind of observation. For this

observation, immediate, familiar, sympathetic, human, and not involving a quest of style for which color is really indispensable, is a mistress at whose service there is no derogation in placing one's self. To do little things instead of big *may be* a derogation; a great deal will depend upon the way the little things are done. Besides no work of art is absolutely little. I grow bold and even impertinent as I think of the way Reinhart might scatter the smaller coin. At any rate, whatever proportion his work in this line may bear to the rest, it is to be hoped that nothing will prevent him from turning out more and more to play the rare faculty that produces it. His studies of American manners in association with Charles Dudley Warner went so far on the right road that we would fain see him make the rest of the journey. They begot an inevitable requisition for more, and were full of intimations of what was behind. They showed what there is to see—what there is to guess. Let him carry the same inquiry farther, let him carry it all the way. It would be serious work, and would abound in reality; it would help us, as it were, to know what we are talking about. In saying this I feel how much I confirm the great claims just made for the revival of illustration.

Reinhart was the recipient of a first gold medal and a second silver medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889. To him was also awarded the first gold Temple medal at Philadelphia. He was a member of the Society of American Artists, of the Paris Association of American Artists, of the New York Water Color Society, and the New York Etching Club.

Then came E. A. Abbey, who has never been excelled as a black-and-white artist, either in power of execution or originality. His work in illustrating Shakespeare was universally admired both for execution and intelligent interpretation of the text, for Abbey was an artist who worked with his brain as well as with his hand. It was not unusual for Abbey to spend as much in costumes and accessories required for a composition as he received for the drawing itself, and even at that he commanded the

highest prices. He went to England in 1880 and made London his home. His reputation was world-wide. He was without a peer among illustrators, and as a painter and mural decorator he ranked high among his contemporaries. Abbey died August 1, 1911, in London, in his sixtieth year. Ambassador Reid and a number of American friends represented his native land at the funeral, and John Seymour Lucas attended at the request of Princess Louise. Sir Alma Tadema, J. J. Shannon, Sir Edward Poynter, and several other members of the Royal Academy were officially present to mourn the loss of their distinguished fellow-Academician.

Abbey was a member of many associations both here and abroad. Among these were the National Academy of Design, American Water Color Society, and Society of Mural Painters of New York, the Royal Academy of London, and Royal Bavarian Academy. He was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, an associate of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, Paris; honorary associate of the Académie des Beaux Arts, fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, associate of the Royal Water Color Society, London, and Royal Institute of Architects and the Society of Artists, of Madrid, Spain. Abbey was a member of the Century Club in New York, and in London of the Athenæum, Reform, Arts, and Beefsteak clubs, and president of the Artists' Cricket Club.

Abbey's mural decorations of "The Quest of the Holy Grail" in the Boston Library are well known and universally commended. This great series of panel pictures reveals a largeness of style and wealth of imagination which is rare in that line of art. His latest work included panels for the Pennsylvania Capitol and the Congressional

Library. I shall have more to say about these two artists later on.

J. W. Alexander began as a very young lad under Parsons and did some remarkably good work in wash drawings for the periodicals, and after he had been with us for about ten years he went to Germany to study, and subsequently to Paris. Alexander is now president of the New York National Academy of Design, and one of the most distinguished of our portrait painters. The first commission for a portrait received by Alexander was for my daughter May, and when exhibited in the New York Academy of Design it was seen by J. W. Alexander, the handsome and popular Princeton alumnus, who was vice-president of the Equitable Life Insurance Company. The latter admired the portrait, but suggested that it might be well for young Alexander to change his name, as he was frequently receiving the artist's mail, and was sure that the artist was similarly annoyed by unintentionally opening his letters. This comment resulted in Alexander senior's early introduction to the portrait painter, and eventually J. W. Alexander's daughter became Mrs. J. W. Alexander, the wife of our artist friend.

Alexander was Robert Louis Stevenson's inspiration for his story, "The Wrong Box." While he was visiting the Stevensons he was attacked by one of his distressful nervous headaches and Mrs. Stevenson gave him some medicine she was accustomed to take for similar attacks, a bromide of some kind, which had such a disastrous effect that the family were kept in a turmoil of excitement all night. It was during these anxious hours that Stevenson conceived his remarkable tale.

Besides being a very successful painter, Alexander is

a man of wide knowledge, broad sympathies, and a most attractive and companionable friend. No one can tell a story better, and no one has more amusing incidents to relate. His friends are scattered around the globe, and every one has a kind word for John W. Alexander.

A. B. Frost also worked in the office in the early days of Parsons's administration, and I believe that no American artist has given more pleasure and amusement to the reading public than has Frost in his many drawings contributed to the WEEKLY and MAGAZINE. His illustrations on shooting, fishing, and other manly sports are admired and accepted as technically correct by the exacting fraternity of sportsmen. Frost's humor is essentially his own, and his many series of comic illustrations are inimitable in their way. His character drawings are forcible and full of the flavor of native country life. Unfortunately Frost is to a great extent color-blind, or we should have heard from him long ere this as a painter of renown. I remember seeing a burlesque water-color he made of one of Hopkinson Smith's Venetian studies. It was not only very funny, but showed as well that he was not a novice with the brush. Frost presented it to his club, the Century, where it now hangs. He has had many imitators who have attempted to follow in his footsteps, but they have all failed to reproduce his excellent and unique style of drawing or to furnish anything like his novel conceits and his extravagant but always wholesome humor. I should class him as our American Charles Keene and Fred Barnard combined.

F. V. DuMond was also one of Parsons's staff of artists, the fifth of this very remarkable group. His work was peculiarly dainty and charming, and rather classical in

style. He is a member of the National Academy of Design, and an instructor in the Art Students' League. Although the youngest of this group, he is already held in honorable estimation by the artists of New York, where he resides. One of his best series of drawings was his exquisite illustrations of Mark Twain's *Joan of Arc*. DuMond studied in Paris for two years and won several medals at Julian's Atelier, where he was a pupil. His picture of the Holy Family partaking of a scanty meal in Joseph's carpenter shop, containing only three figures, was received at the Paris Salon several years ago with liberal encomiums, and gained a place on the line.

There were many brilliant artists who contributed at that time almost exclusively to our periodicals, but who preferred to work in their own studios. Among others I mention Winslow Homer, Augustus Hoppin, Felix O. C. Darley, Howard Pyle, Frederic Remington, William T. Smedley, F. S. Church, Frederick Dielman, Albert E. Sterner, F. D. Millet, T. de Thulstrup, William Hamilton Gibson, R. F. Zogbaum, Lucius Hitchcock, A. I. Keller, C. Carlton, C. D. Weldon, Carlton T. Chapman, Peter Newell, Alfred Fredericks, W. A. Rogers, Elizabeth Shippen Green, and Alice Barber Stephens. And in lighter vein, C. G. Bush, Sol Eytinge, F. Woolf, Frank Bellew, and E. W. Kemble. Among the leading English artists whose contributions were frequently seen in the MAGAZINE I wish to record the names of Alfred Parsons, R.A.; George H. Boughton, R.A.; Robert W. Macbeth, R.A.; R. Caton Woodville, Du Maurier, Fred Barnard, W. Hatherell, Frank Craig, and William Small.

XVIII

HENRY MILLS ALDEN, the Nestor of magazine editors, has been identified with our House close on half a century. His dignified presence, with his noble head adorned with a chaplet of silver hair, inclines the timid author to hesitate as he takes his seat for the first time beside the desk in his diminutive sanctum. But after one look into his deep-set, expressive eyes, which are so reassuring, and, at the sound of his voice, so gentle and impressive, all feeling of diffidence passes away, and the visitor soon realizes the quiet power and diversified experience of the veteran editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. If the writers he has so cheerfully assisted and encouraged in his long occupancy of his editorial throne could stand forth and testify, what a host would call him blessed! A lovable man is Alden, and may he long be spared to the House which he has so faithfully and ably served.

Alden's first association with Harper & Brothers dates from August 16, 1863—he remembers the exact day because it was the anniversary of the battle of Bennington—when, on the advice of Charles Nordhoff, he was asked by Fletcher Harper to collaborate with Dr. Alfred H. Guernsey, in the writing of *Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion*, and also to assist him in his editorial work on the MAGAZINE.

Alden was born in Mount Tabor, Vermont, November

11, 1836. On his father's side he was eighth in regular descent from John Alden, the successful rival of Miles Standish for the hand of "the Puritan maiden" Priscilla Mulleins. His mother was Elizabeth Packard Moore, a niece of Zephaniah Moore, the second president of Williams and the first president of Amherst College. Her home was in Wilmington, Vermont, just over the mountain from Danby, whither she was taken by her husband, Ira Alden, a young farmer, to share his humble fortunes in the new mountain clearing.

"It was a typical American community," says Alden, "abounding in those provincial features which the story-writer of to-day zealously seeks but seldom finds. The children of families living far apart went to school during the summer through woods where bears were caught. When sometimes a honey-tree was found it seemed that it was in just such a wilderness that John the Baptist fed on locusts and wild honey. The stream where, after a religious revival, the rite of baptism was frequently performed was usually translated into the sacred Jordan. The fear of bears gave new zest to the story of the prophet Elisha and the railing children."

In his early boyhood Alden's family left Vermont, having been induced by an elder brother, who had gone out into the world, to take up their residence in Hoosick Falls, New York. This was a manufacturing town just over the Vermont border-line on what was then known as the Troy Road. "As we," says Alden, "with all our worldly goods, entered at nightfall the town where our journey was to end, the sight of brightly lighted streets and tall buildings made it seem as if we had come to our new home by some royal highway."

The chief industry of Hoosick Falls centered in the cotton-mills established on both sides of the Hoosick River. The elder brother was at work in one of them, and Alden's maternal uncle was a boss weaver. He was himself forthwith installed as a "bobbin boy," and from that time until he was fourteen he was, in various capacities, a factory hand. There were bright intervals of schooling, but the greater part of his time was spent in the factory. The hours were long, beginning before breakfast, for which half an hour was allowed, and after another break—the half-hour nooning—stretching on to eight o'clock at night. The conditions, apart from the confinement, were most unattractive, but the society, being American for the most part, with a very interesting complement of Scotch workers, was on a much higher level than it was even a few years later, when the increasing tide of immigration quite excluded the American element.

Continuing his train of recollections, Alden tells me that "at this period—in the early forties—there was nothing clearly marking any class distinction, such, for example, as existed in an English factory town. There was nothing characterizing the worker that degraded labor; every one worked, unless physically disabled, and those who worked with their hands were more respected than those of daintier occupations—such as the clerks in stores, who were contemptuously styled 'counter-jumpers.'"

Young Alden did almost everything that could be done in a cotton factory except weaving. The routine of mechanical work was an advantage in that the automatism of manual processes freed his mind for speculative employment. The superintendent of the factory he

worked in was also superintendent of the Sunday-school, which, with the Bible class he conducted, for adults as well as young people, was one of Alden's most interesting mental diversions. It was his mother's wish that he should enter the ministry, and he had himself a strong leaning that way. But his mental curiosity proved more imperative than his religious sentiment.

At the age of fourteen he left the factory to prepare for college. That, at least, was the goal of a dream he cherished, though with no visible means for its realization. An old Scotchman who had toiled for many years in the machine-shop grasped his hand as he was passing out of the factory yard for the last time and said, "Ye'll make yer way, laddie, but dinna ye forget us."

He worked out his tuition at Ball Seminary sweeping the rooms and, in the winter, building the fires. In two years he was fitted for college, but steadfast as was his own resolution, he might have hesitated and faltered but for the helpful and inspiring stimulation of Charles J. Hill, the principal of the seminary during his second year. Hill had himself just been graduated from Williams in the class of 1852. He insisted upon Alden going right on, and Hill's confidence in his future made him believe in it himself. So he entered Williams in 1853, armed with letters from Hill to college professors and to student friends, still undergraduates. Alden had only a few dollars, earned by surveying; but by teaching in neighboring district schools during three months in the winter and engaging in various occupations during the long summer vacations he went through the college course, at the end leaving behind him a considerable indebtedness to the college for tuition.

Alden was fortunate in being at Williams while President Mark Hopkins was in his prime. That in itself was a liberal education. Among his fellow-students, though in other classes, were James A. Garfield, afterward President of the United States; John J. Ingalls, the future Senator from Kansas; J. Gilfillan, later United States Treasurer; Horace E. Scudder, and George Washington Gladden. Ingalls showed great poetic ability. Garfield was the champion debater. He especially distinguished himself and gave a prophetic indication of his future distinction in a speech made at a meeting of the college professors and students just after Brooks's assault on Sumner in the Senate Chamber. His dignity was all the more impressive because the occasion was one naturally arousing violent indignation.

Alden's winter experience as teacher in the schools of his districts in Vermont and New York, and "boarding around," brought him into contact with rural people in their homes, which was very valuable to him, who was habitually so introspective as to be dubbed "Metaphysics" by his classmates. When Garfield came to New York just after his nomination for the Presidency, Alden called upon him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he was busily occupied with journalists and politicians. As he came in Garfield was talking with Whitelaw Reid, and he drew Alden aside and ushered him into a little room at his right. As soon as he had a moment at his command he joined him. They had not met for twenty years, but Garfield greeted him with the old familiar epithet, "How's Metaphysics?"

Chester Arthur, who succeeded Garfield as President, was Alden's fellow-townsman in Hoosick Falls. He was present at the graduation exercises of Ball Seminary, in

which Alden gloriously figured as valedictorian, and warmly congratulated him afterward. Arthur was already a man pointed out as one likely to take a prominent place in the political affairs of the State.

Alden sacrificed all chances to become an honor man in his class at college by deliberately cutting out of his course certain things—among them the higher mathematics—for which he had no use, and giving his whole attention to more humane studies. He did this, of course, with the consent of the professors and with their definite warning as to the personal consequences. He was really only anticipating an "elective" system. But three years after he received a more desirable honor, being appointed by the faculty to be one of the two members of the class to deliver Masters' orations.

Those three intervening years were spent at the Andover Theological Seminary. Alden came to choose that particular institution because its library, through the wise provision of the scholarly Moses Stuart, contained the largest collection of Greek literature in the country. Charles A. Stork, who had been his chum during the senior year at Williams, accompanied him to Andover. They were equally devoted Grecians.

Alden did not teach while at the seminary, as there existed a benevolent fund to help out impecunious theologians, and he borrowed from it. During his last year he had two articles accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*, which gave him the hope of a successful rounding out of the course financially.

But far more important to him than the remuneration—much as he needed the money—was what seemed the possible opening of a literary career. He had shown the

first of these articles, the theme of which was the Eleusinian Mysteries, to Harriet Beecher Stowe, the wife of Calvin E. Stowe, one of the Andover faculty, and herself the most popular of American authors. On account of a poem he had written, "The Ancient Lady of Sorrows," published long afterward in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and which had been brought to her attention by a common friend, he had won a cheerful welcome to Stone Cabin, as the Stowe residence was called. Mrs. Stowe sent the article, without telling Alden of her intention, to James Russell Lowell, then the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Alden's first knowledge of the transaction was the announcement of its acceptance. He wrote another article continuing the theme, which was also accepted. These were his first ventures in the field of magazine literature. Mrs. Stowe was his patron saint, and Boston assumed for him the proportions of a new Edinburgh.

During his last year at Andover Alden met Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, daughter of Professor Phelps and granddaughter of Moses Stuart, then a school-girl in her teens, but soon to be famous in literature as the author of *Gates Ajar*, and one of the most popular short-story writers of her time. She and Miss Susan F. Foster, to whom Alden was married a year later, went to the same school.

Alden's educational career covered nine consecutive years, and during that time not more than a thousand dollars had passed through his hands, and he was in debt for part of this and for still unpaid tuition at Williams.

He returned to his home in Hoosick Falls to a bedridden father, relieving his older brother of the care of the household for a season, though his only means of securing money was in supplying vacant pulpits in that and neigh-

boring towns. He wrote four more articles, extending the ground already covered by the two published in the *Atlantic Monthly* so as to include the Hellenic development of art and literature as associated with religious myth and ritual. He had plenty of time for this work, but not a single book to refer to, having at hand only a mass of notes made during his reading at Andover for a *History of Human Philosophy*. Having completed these papers, he sent them in a bunch to the *Atlantic*. It was casting bread upon the waters, as it was indeed many days before their return to him in a very interesting fashion.

In the mean time his brother had come home, and in the opening days of April, 1861, Alden came to New York. He had two dollars when he stepped from the Hudson River steamboat into the streets of a city which he saw then for the first time. He had been in correspondence during the winter with his old college friend, Horace E. Scudder, who had encouraged the adventurer and awaited his arrival in his room on Thirteenth Street. Scudder was then engaged as a private tutor. That was his vocation; his avocation and chief delight was the exercise of his creative imagination in writing short stories for children. As Alden shared his lodgings for a time, he had the privilege of being his appreciative audience before Scudder ventured upon publication. The larger audience was soon to follow.

Alden secured an engagement for lecturing on history and literature in a school for young ladies on Fifth Avenue. In July he was married at North Andover, and brought his wife with him to New York in the autumn. Business was depressed by the war, and lecturers on history and literature in young ladies' schools being regarded as an unwar-

rantable luxury, he found a place in a school for boys at seven dollars a week, supplementing this meager income by occasional editorial contributions to the New York *Evening Post* or the New York *Times*. In this editorial writing he was moderately successful and received much encouragement from Henry J. Raymond and Parke Godwin, besides making the acquaintance of men of literary taste on the editorial staff of each of the two journals he wrote for—William and John Swinton and S. S. Conant, on the *Times*, and Charles Nordhoff, on the *Evening Post*. At the suggestion of Nordhoff he was offered the position of war correspondent in Virginia by the *Evening Post*, which he was obliged to decline, not being physically robust enough for the undertaking. In the spring of 1862 Alden received a commission to prepare a descriptive guide-book of the Central Railroad of New Jersey and its connections, covering the coal-fields of Pennsylvania. This work brought him one hundred and fifty dollars. We published the book, and this incidentally introduced Alden to our composing-room, where he corrected the proofs and adjusted the illustrations.

The tide was now turning for him. The contributions which he had sent to the *Atlantic Monthly* had fallen into the hands of James T. Fields, a Boston publisher. He had taken them with him to Europe, and he and Mrs. Fields had read them together. After his return to America, hearing that Alden was in New York, he looked him up. Alden happened to be absent giving a lesson on literature in a Jersey City school when Fields called at his apartment in Fifty-fourth Street, where he was received by Mrs. Alden. He asked Mrs. Alden if she was Alden's daughter, and was evidently surprised when she told him

that she was his wife. From his articles he had imagined that Alden was about sixty years old. Fields left with her an invitation for Alden to dine with him and Mrs. Fields that evening. When they went in to dinner the *Evening Post* was lying on the table, and it happened to contain an editorial which Alden had contributed, and which appeared as a leader. The theme interested Fields, and it was with considerable pride that Alden announced his authorship of the article. Alden sat at dinner at Mrs. Fields's right. She was then in the prime of her youth, and he listened with delight to her talk about Dickens and Tennyson and the Brownings and other distinguished authors she had met in England. But she only slightly alluded to her own associations, seeking rather some intimation of Alden's. She was pleased to find one so deeply impressed by De Quincey's writings, though she was prepared for his worshipful admiration of him, since no other author had to such a degree influenced his style.

When Alden took his leave Fields accompanied him into the hallway and gave him the finest surprise he had ever experienced. He praised his offered contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly* and said he might consider them as accepted, expressing some fear that they might possibly seem rather remote from popular interest. He then took from his pocket and placed in Alden's hands three hundred dollars as payment *on account*. Then he told him that he had shown the articles to Lowell, Emerson, and Wendell Phillips, and if Alden would regard it favorably an invitation was secured for him to deliver a course of twelve lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston in the winter of 1863–64, this course to be an extension of the treatment of ancient faith and literature as presented in the six

papers already written. Alden was somewhat bewildered, but expressed his willingness to accept such an invitation and, as best he could, his grateful appreciation of Mr. Fields's personal interest and kindness, and they parted.

The Lowell Institute, by the terms of its endowment, paid its lecturers in gold—one hundred dollars for each lecture. The premium on gold at that time was still so high, even after the Federal successes at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, that instead of twelve hundred dollars Alden received sixteen hundred, and was thus for the first time in a position to meet the indebtedness incurred at Williams and Andover.

At this time Alden accepted an appointment in our editorial department. His first day at our office was spent in the reading of manuscripts offered for publication in the MAGAZINE; and he recalls the fact that the first one he read was a short love-story by Louise Chandler Moulton, which he stamped with his approval. After Alden had been a short while in our employ Fletcher Harper asked him if he would like to undertake the office management of HARPER'S WEEKLY. Surprised by the question, as he had had no special training for such a position, but knowing that the actual management, so far as courage, enterprise and initiative went, would continue with Fletcher Harper whoever might be his lieutenant, Alden replied that he would gladly give him such assistance as he could. Having no executive direction as to the policy or politics of the WEEKLY, Alden became responsible only for its literary quality and for office management, and his reading of manuscripts continued as before. John Bonner, his predecessor, had written the political editorials for the WEEKLY, of which there were a few in

each number, besides selecting the short stories and poems from manuscripts sent specifically for that journal. Reading for both the MAGAZINE and the WEEKLY, Alden was enabled to widen the range of selection for the latter.

The arrangements for serial stories, both for the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY, were conducted personally by Fletcher Harper. This class of fiction being at that time almost entirely English, my grandfather made frequent trips to Europe to arrange for simultaneous publication in England and America of the novels produced in rapid succession during this most fruitful period of English fiction.

My grandfather always made up the forecast of the illustrated pages of the WEEKLY. Once every week this was laid on Alden's table in his clear and masterly handwriting. Whatever the literary contents of the WEEKLY might be, its distinctive character as "A Journal of Civilization" depended upon its pictorial illustrations. The selection of these—determined by the striking events of the times at home and abroad—was as wholly under the immediate direction of the House as were the mechanical departments—even more so, as there was no intervention at any time by delegated superintendency. On Fletcher Harper's part it demanded not merely a quick sensibility to current movements and a sense of perspective, but also a fine sense of humor. It was this quality of his journalistic genius that so quickly detected any sign of this same qualification in a writer or artist, and led him to cultivate it. It was thus that he had created the "Editor's Drawer" in the MAGAZINE, as in the early days of that periodical he had also encouraged the humors of "Porte Crayon." Thus the WEEKLY from the beginning had been distinguished for its political caricatures. But Fletcher Harper was not

content with the use of this sharp weapon—he delighted in humor, pure and simple, and gave as free range to Sol Eytinge's social cartoons as to Tom Nast's poignant caricatures.

Alden's work upon our *History of the Rebellion* soon became so pressing that he had to give quite all his time to it, and John Y. Foster, a young journalist on the staff of the Newark *Daily Advertiser*, and who was afterward the editor of *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, was called in for a brief period to take the office management of the WEEKLY. After him William F. G. Shanks performed the same service. On the completion of the history Alden reassumed his former duties and continued to perform them until he was succeeded by S. S. Conant, who came to us from the New York *Times* in the winter of 1868-69. Alden then assumed the editorship of the MAGAZINE.

Short stories have always been a strong feature of the MAGAZINE. The stimulation of American literary effort through our MAGAZINE was from the first very great in certain lines—in none more so than in the production of short stories, where American writers have always excelled, especially women. Now and then, but rarely, some prominent English novelist, like Charles Reade, W. E. Norris, and Justin McCarthy, has written exceedingly clever short stories. From the last-mentioned, during his first visit to America, Fletcher Harper, in half bravado, ordered forty-five short stories for periodical use. Before his return to England McCarthy had filled the order, and the stories were all worthy of publication anywhere. The fact, however, that English fiction in serial form was in its best days of such eminence as to command the preference of readers, and therefore a larger space in





the pages of the MAGAZINE, caused special stress to be laid upon the short stories of American writers portraying American life and character. Many writers like Cable, Stockton, and Mrs. Burnett (then Frances Hodgson) contributed their first short stories to the Harper periodicals.

The general acceptance of Harper's as pre-eminently a home magazine for family reading made short stories of domestic interest, and especially well-written love-stories, a characteristic feature. As a rule these stories were contributed by women. It would be interesting to trace the development of the American short story into the thing of art it has become to-day in the hands of the women as well as of the men who are doing or have done the best work in this field.

Conspicuous among the writers of short stories for our MAGAZINE have been Howells, Mark Twain, Richard Harding Davis, Owen Wister, Thomas A. Janvier, Margaret Deland, Miss Jewett, Mrs. H. P. Spofford, Margaret Sutton Briscoe, Octave Thanet, and many others. Dr. Edward Everett Hale wrote short stories for us with as much facility as Justin McCarthy, and though there was less of romantic sentiment in them, his tales showed greater versatility, and were always distinguished by some original turn of native wit peculiar to the New England garden of genius in which they grew. For kinship with Dr. Hale there is notably Dr. Holmes; for contrast, Mrs. H. P. Spofford. Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson stands out from all the story writers in the above group as pre-eminently the pioneer of the new art that has come into full possession of the field. Miss Woolson came soon after Bret Harte, and, in local color and character, she did for our northern lake region and for the

southeastern seaboard what he did for the Pacific coast. The war for the Union was the great romance of her life. It seems strange that one so thoroughly American should have spent so many of her last years abroad, but in that way she was able to add to her American studies equally characteristic sketches of Italy.

Our Civil War in a very important way affected American literature, which is not strange, seeing what changes it wrought in the sensibility of a whole people. The demoralization was greatest among those not directly engaged in the conflict, and who could even go on in profitable business and in prodigal pleasure. The Southern people, so completely absorbed in a hopeless cause, and so nearly losing all material possessions, were gainers in a spiritual sense, and we have a striking illustration of this advantage in the brilliant group of Southern writers that so suddenly emerged after the war. The following frequently contributed short stories to the MAGAZINE: G. W. Cable, Grace King, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, M. E. M. Davis, Sherwood Bonner, and Mrs. Frazer Boyle. The mere mention of a few such names brings to mind remarkable literary triumphs, gained chiefly in fiction, and through a faithful realism, and a vivid appreciation of local color and character, and the wealth of negro folklore at hand, conferring not merely entertainment, but also inestimable values.

Among the English writers of short stories for Harper's periodicals Charles Dickens's contributions were conspicuous, especially his Christmas tales, and Charles Reade also furnished stories which were classed among the very best in that field of literature.

Reade often sent his manuscripts to us keeping no

copy. Once while we were running a serial by Charles Reade in the MAGAZINE he was taken seriously ill, and was obliged to go to the Continent to recuperate; and just as we thought we should be compelled to temporarily substitute something else for his story, the instalment we had been anxiously awaiting arrived. Charles Reade's letter accompanying the manuscript requested Alden to fill in one or two names of the characters left blank by him, but which had already appeared in the earlier chapters, as he had entirely forgotten how he had designated them, although quite clear as to the thread of the story.

Miss Dinah Maria Mulock's work also frequently appeared in the pages of the MAGAZINE in the form of poems and short stories, besides her serials. In the absence of international copyright, it was not unusual for us to be approached by English authors, notwithstanding the at times modest compensation possible in the circumstances; and even at the rate then current, foreign purchases not infrequently proved unprofitable, as is shown by the following extract from a letter to Miss Mulock, dated August 23, 1864:

> We thank you for your favor of the 8th instant, offering us the early sheets of your new novel (probably *Christian's Mistake*) on the same terms as *Mistress and Maid*—and we regret that in consequence of the disturbed state of our country, the constantly advancing price of labor and material, and the high rate of exchange, we are unable to avail ourselves of it. Owing to these facts, the publication of *Mistress and Maid* in book form, reckoning the sheets of it to have cost us twenty-five hundred dollars, was a loss to us of nearly fifteen hundred dollars. Under present circumstances, we do not see how the publication of your works in this country, if secured by any considerable payments for priority, can be profitable to publishers.

The next letter in our correspondence with Miss Mulock is addressed to Mrs. George Lillie Craik, as during this interval Miss Mulock was married. When Mr. Craik left Scotland to visit London he happened to carry a letter of introduction to Miss Mulock from his father, and when near her home he met with a serious railroad accident. Those coming to his assistance found the letter addressed to Miss Mulock on his person, and immediately notified her of his condition, and Miss Mulock directed that he should be brought to her house, where he was nursed through his disability, and not long after his recovery she became his wife.

Our communication to Miss Mulock did not result in any interruption of our pleasant relations, which were of long duration, and we finally came to a satisfactory understanding for the publication of her forthcoming work. Our intercourse with her continued on the most cordial basis as long as she lived, and after her death we had the honor of collecting on this side of the Atlantic funds for a memorial to be erected in England by her admirers. The list of American contributors was a notable one, a fair indication of the high class of readers she had won for herself in Yankeeland.

XIX

In the first issue of the WEEKLY for the year 1865, dated January 7th, the leading editorial says:

When HARPER'S WEEKLY was first issued party-spirit was fierce, and the two great parties were contending, constitutionally as was believed, for the possession of the government. The WEEKLY maintained a strict party neutrality, and aimed to interest and entertain men of all parties. But when political debate ended and parties were annihilated by the war waged by a faction against the nation and government, a war which imperiled every public and private interest, the WEEKLY declared for the cause of the country, and has maintained that cause ever since, and will continue to maintain it until, by God's grace and the patriotic valor of American citizens, it is permanently secure.

February 11th the WEEKLY makes the following prediction in an editorial entitled "Peace Again":

We have very little doubt that when the rebels have acknowledged the authority of the government, and have assented either to emancipation or to a peaceful and legal trial of the question, they will find that the people do not favor a wholesale confiscation; that they do not clamor for the blood of the rebel leaders, who have caused more precious blood to flow than they could atone for if they bled until the end of the world; they ask two things only, but ask them with a power not to be denied—Reunion and Liberty, without which there can be no Peace.

April 22d, under the title "Palm Sunday," the WEEKLY continues:

Under the shadow of waving palms the Prince of Peace rode into the holy city; and on the festival that commemorates that

day, Peace, amidst sheathed swords, returned to our beloved country. So great an event our country has not known. For Peace, under her joyous palms, brings Justice and Union. The light that mildly beams from her starry brow is the light of liberty. The flag that was lowered in sorrow and shame four years ago, now floats again in supreme triumph, and no man henceforth will doubt what that flag means. . . . Let us thank God that we have not faltered. Let us rejoice that, through all the doubt and darkness, through the fires of opposing guns, and the sneers and taunts and skepticism of those who believed and wished those fires might prevail, the great heart of the American people beat steadily on to victory. Nor less will we thank God that the young and noble who obeyed the call of their brave souls, and, leaving all that makes life dear and lovely, gladly died that their country might live, have not died in vain. Peace may return, but the precious darlings of a thousand hearts and homes shall return no more. Those whose names shone in dying, and those who fell unnamed in the heroic ranks, were not divided in their deaths, and shall forever share a common gratitude and glory. And by the love we bore them and they bore us, by the untold and unimaginable sacrifice, let us fervently pray that God may strengthen us to secure the victory they have won, and perpetuate a peace which will not shame their memory, and that Palm Sunday may henceforth be the symbol of a national repose founded upon that true brotherhood which the Prince of Peace proclaimed.

The North American Review for April, 1865, has this kind word for the WEEKLY:

It has been one of the most powerful of the organs of public opinion. Its vast circulation, deservedly secured and maintained by the excellence of its illustrations of the scenes and events of the war, as well as by the spirit and tone of its editorials, has carried it far and wide. It has been read in city parlors, in the log-hut of the pioneer, by every camp-fire of our armies, in the wards of our hospitals, in the trenches before Petersburg, and in the ruins of Charleston; and wherever it has gone it has kindled a warmer glow of patriotism; it has nerved the heart and strengthened the arms of the people, and it has done its full part in the furtherance of that great cause of Union, of Freedom and of Law. Whoever believes in his country and its constant progress in

developing human liberty will understand that he has an ally in HARPER'S WEEKLY. The articles upon public questions which appear in the paper from week to week form a remarkable series of brief political essays. They are distinguished by clear and pointed statement, by good common sense, by independence and breadth of view. They are the expressions of mature conviction, high principle, and strong feeling, and take their place among the best newspaper-writing of the time. They are a running commentary upon events, and are themselves an important expression of that public opinion which they help to mold and to direct. Our historical societies and public libraries throughout the country should secure a complete set of the volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY, for every year will add to their value as an illustrated record of the times; and as long as the paper is edited as it now is, and maintains the public cause with such vigor, independence, and effect, it will be one of the most trustworthy and important exponents of the better political opinions of the times.

The next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, for April 29th, has the leading editorial announcing Lincoln's death, from which I give the following extracts:

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Abraham Lincoln has done that. He has sealed his service to his country by the last sacrifice. On the day that commemorates the great sorrow which Christendom reveres, the man who had no thought, no wish, no hope, but the salvation of his country, laid down his life. Yet how many and many a heart that throbbed with inexpressible grief as the tragedy was told would gladly have been stilled forever if his might have beat on. So wise and good, so loved and trusted, his death is a personal blow to every faithful American household; nor will any life be a more cherished tradition, nor any name be longer and more tenderly beloved by this nation, than those of Abraham Lincoln.

On the 22d of February, 1861, as he raised the American flag over Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, he spoke of the sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not only to this country, but, "I hope," he said, "to the world for all future time." Then, with a solemnity which the menacing future justified, and with a significance which subsequent events revealed, he added, "But if this country cannot be saved without

giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated upon this spot than surrender it." The country has been saved by cleaving to that principle, and he has been assassinated for not surrendering it. . . . The good sense, the good humor, the good heart of Abraham Lincoln gradually united the democracy that despised the "sentimentality of abolitionism," and the abolitionism that abhorred the sneering inhumanity of "Democracy" in a practical patriotism that has saved the country ... It is a small consolation that he dies at the moment of the war when he could best be spared, for no nation is ever ready for the loss of such a friend. But it is something to remember that he lived to see the slow day breaking. Like Moses he had marched with us through the wilderness. From the height of patriotic vision he beheld the golden fields of the future waving in peace and plenty out of sight. He beheld and blessed God, but he was not to enter in. And we with bowed heads and aching hearts move forward to the promised land.

In the same number the WEEKLY also refers to the attack on Seward:

The bloody assault upon Secretary Seward, "a chivalric" blow struck at a man of sixty-five, lying in his bed with a broken arm, has shown the country how precious it is to the life of a man who has been bitterly traduced by many of his former political friends since the war began. For four years Mr. Seward, as Secretary of State, has defended this country from one of the most constantly threatening perils, that of foreign war. His name in England is not beloved. But seconded by his faithful lieutenant, Mr. Adams, he has maintained there the honor of the American name, and persistently asserted the undiminished sovereignty of the government of the United States. . . . The younger generation of American citizens who, in their first manhood, followed his bugle-call into the ranks of those who strove against the infamous power whose dying throes have struck life from the President and joy from a triumphing nation, will not forget how valiant and beneficent his service has been, nor suffer the name so identified with the truest political instruction of this country to be long obscured by the clouds of calumny.

April 9th Curtis sat at his desk in the composing-room on the top floor of the Harper building, from which he

could see the city festal with innumerable flags in glorification of Lee's surrender, and Fletcher Harper stopped as he was passing by and said: "How glad I am we did not win the first battle of Bull Run; for then slavery would not have been abolished, and we should have been worse off than before."

It is a singular fact that after the conclusion of the Civil War the edition of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for some reason fell off. This shrinkage was so great that Fletcher Harper seriously considered the advisability of terminating its publication. But in June, 1864, Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend* began as a serial, and in December *Armadale*, by Wilkie Collins, and with the issue containing the first instalment of *Armadale* the demand rapidly increased, until before the story was completed the MAGAZINE had reached its former circulation. This is interesting as showing the influence of popular serials upon the circulation of a periodical.

May 13, 1865, the WEEKLY had the following editorial reference to Edwin Booth:

> Surely every generous heart will sympathize with the peculiarly crushing blow which has befallen Mr. Edwin Booth. A gentleman whose retiring courtesy has universally commanded respect —an actor whose genius and success have delighted his country— a citizen whose sole vote was cast for Abraham Lincoln—a man whose character has made hosts of friends—it is a cruel fate which identifies his name with the national sorrow. "Don't speak to me of politics," said Booth several months since to a friend who differed from him, "for we cannot agree. Abraham Lincoln will be loved and honored hereafter not less than Washington." Mr. Booth at once, and naturally, withdrew from his professional engagements.

Booth never really recovered from the shock of Lincoln's assassination. He might be ever so merry and entertain-

ing, when an unguarded reference to Lincoln or the sad event which caused his death would seal his lips and he would be dejected for hours to come. I went up to his room at the Players' Club one day in company with T. B. Aldrich and Larry Hutton, and while we were conversing the weighted strings of the Æolian harp which was fastened to his door swung out and fell back with a mournful cadence, and we looked up expecting a visitor; but the door remained shut. Hutton walked over to the window, supposing some heavy truck might be passing by, but the street was empty. Booth asked Hutton what troubled him, and we all exclaimed: "Didn't you hear the sound of the harp?" He replied, "Why, that is only Barrett; he always lets me know in that way when he is around." Lawrence Barrett, so long and intimately associated with Booth, had died several months before.

During our visit Booth told us some capital stories connected with his professional career, and I begged him to write them out for our MAGAZINE. Hutton and Aldrich urged him as well, and at last he promised to do so at his earliest opportunity, but unfortunately he never carried out his purpose. I remember he pointed out a skull which hung on his wall, and said that he had frequently used it in playing Hamlet, until a clumsy gravedigger had accidentally driven his pick into it. He said it had a curious history, which he related to me and which I give as I remember it.

It seems that years before his father on one of his Western tours visited a small town, and as he was driving to the hotel he noticed a crowd and asked the driver what caused the disturbance. The hackman told him that they had caught a cattle-stealer and were about to lynch him. The

culprit was, however, captured from the mob by the marshal, and his hanging was postponed for a few days. Before leaving town the elder Booth sent a messenger to the prisoner to inquire if he could do anything for him, and in reply he requested Booth to give him the price of a new suit of clothes, so that he could be executed in style. This desire was duly carried out by Junius Brutus Booth.

Years afterward when Edwin Booth visited the town, then grown into a good-sized city, he said he was lying on his bed, reading over a play they were to give that night, when there came a knock at his door, and in response to his summons to come in a small darky boy with a basket on his arm entered. "Is dis Massa Boof?" he drawled. Booth assented, and asked what he had in his basket. The boy did not know, so Booth suggested that he should look and see. When the lid was lifted the boy gave a yell, dropped the basket and bolted. Booth jumped up, but failed to catch him. He then examined the contents, and found the skull which still hangs on the wall of his private drawing-room at the "Players," with a note attached, to the effect that his father had befriended a poor criminal just before his death years ago, and that the man had bequeathed his skull to the famous actor to be used by him when he played Hamlet. The skull had been sent to Booth père, and in his absence from home had been promptly returned and then held until Edwin Booth arrived on the scene, when the testamentary bequest was carried out in favor of his talented heir.

I was present with Lawrence Hutton at Edwin Booth's last appearance in the Academy of Music in Brooklyn. Hutton told me that Booth realized that it was to be his last public performance, and he chose his masterpart,

Hamlet. Booth was very feeble and was obliged to leave the stage twice during the play, but his acting was remarkably fine, and the audience, largely made up of his personal friends, was tremendously enthusiastic. When it came to the last curtain call the scene was pathetic beyond description. Booth was quite overcome, and the audience was applauding and many were weeping aloud their final farewell. I came away from the theater feeling intensely sad and depressed. Gentle and confiding Booth, actor, manager, and philanthropist, shall we ever look upon his like again!

For some time after the assassination of Lincoln the WEEKLY was decidedly friendly to his successor, President Johnson, claiming that the mistakes he was making in regard to the policy of reconstruction, in which he differed with Congress, were errors of judgment, that he was true at heart, and was striving under most distraught conditions to do the best he knew how for the country. The effort to appease and explain the many divergencies which rapidly arose between both House and Senate and the President was, however, futile, and Curtis soon realized that his endeavor to accomplish the desired reconciliation had failed. On March 3, 1866, the WEEKLY says, in regard to Johnson's first veto message on Senator Fessenden's constitutional amendment providing that Congress shall have the power to make all laws necessary and proper to secure to the citizens of the several States equal protection in the rights of life, liberty, and property:

> If the President believes that the word of the nation sacredly pledged to the freedmen will be kept by the black codes of South Carolina and Mississippi, his faith would remove mountains.

And if he proposes to abandon the freedmen to civil authorities created exclusively by those who think that the colored race should be eternally enslaved, who deny the constitutionality of emancipation, and who have now a peculiarly envenomed hostility to the whole class, we can only pray God that the result may be what we have no doubt he honestly wishes it to be. We believe that he is faithful to what he conceives to be the best interests of the whole country. And while upon this question we wholly differ from him, we differ with no aspersion or suspicion.

March 10th the WEEKLY continues:

It is a matter of the gravest regret that the President and Congress should differ so decidedly at this most important moment. It was clear, however, from the day that reorganization became a political question that great forbearance would be necessary in each branch of the government, and it is painfully evident that neither has exercised it. . . . The President has certainly no reason to be angry with Congress for exercising the very discretion which he claimed for himself; and it seems to us if the President had been more patient, if he had reflected that it was not for him alone to decide without appeal the conditions of reorganization of the Union, the collision might have been avoided. . . . Congress is undoubtedly the judge when the unrepresented States may safely resume their relations in the Union. But the decision should be based upon common sense and a generous faith in the logic of events, in the great laws of human development, and in the wisdom of the American system.

The first paragraph of the WEEKLY editorial of March 17th gives sound advice to both sides:

During the great debate in which the country is now engaged it is well to remember that temperance of tone and a careful regard for truth are always powerful allies. We have lately had signal illustrations of the folly of extravagant statements and personal aspersions; and there can be no more palpable absurdity than that those who stood steadily together against rebellion when rebellion was formidable are now anxious and plotting to surrender the government to rebels defeated and disgraced. Yet these are charges gravely made against such men as Charles Sumner, on the one hand, and Andrew Johnson on the other.

Now either or both of these gentlemen may be mistaken in the policy of reorganization which they favor, but there is surely no reasonable ground for believing that they are hostile to the Union or government. Their views of the true course to pursue may hopelessly differ, but certainly while their intentions are beyond suspicion the difference of their views may be discussed without acrimony. The situation is entirely without precedent, and denunciation, insinuation, and fierce partisanship merely confound the confusion and exasperate honest differences.

In regard to the Civil Rights Bill, which was also vetoed by Johnson, the WEEKLY claimed that:

This Bill of Rights is necessary, simple and precise. It declares who are the citizens, it defines their privileges, and provides for their defence. It pledges the whole country to protect the civil rights of every citizen everywhere.

And June 23d:

The Report of the Congressional Committee upon Reconstruction is so able and conclusive that we wish it might be universally read. It is the Constitution and common sense applied to the situation; and, after the passionate and pettifogging spirit in which Reconstruction, the most important of all our present questions, has been so often discussed its tone is manly and dignified. There is nothing exactly new in the arguments of the committee, but the Report is an unanswerable statement of the conclusions to which the common sense of the loyal part of the country had arrived, and upon which, as we believe, it now reposes.

The WEEKLY of August 4th has:

The Case Stated. The rupture between the President and Congress is lamentable, but it is decided. As his policy failed to command the approval of the Union party, and it cannot be denied that it has, his only alternative was to relinquish it or await other support. That could come from one quarter only, from the Democratic party. It was not to be expected that the President would relinquish what he deemed the sole constitutional and sagacious policy; and therefore the elected candidate of the Union party of 1864 has no other support than that of the democracy. . . . The exact point, then, is this: The President holds

that the States lately in rebellion having accepted certain conditions which he has imposed without consultation with the representatives of the people, have now the right to be admitted to Congress upon the same terms as the other States. Congress holds that the Legislative and not the Executive department of the government is the rightful judge of the situation, and that the public safety requires another condition as the necessary complement of those already accepted, and opposes admitting any late insurgent State to an equal share in the government until it adopts the amendment proportioning representation to voters, and excluding from office at the pleasure of Congress certain conspicuous offenders. The object of this amendment is of vital importance. To state it is to prove it; for it proposes merely that no State which has tried to destroy the government shall, as a result of its abortive effort, gain increased power in the government.

In regard to the impeachment of Johnson, I give the final portion of a WEEKLY editorial of November 3d, entitled, "Shall the President be Impeached?"

But the elections show that, whatever may be the foul intentions of any man or party, the great mass of loyal American citizens are neither deceived nor asleep. They have paid a fearful price for their control of the government, and they do not mean to relinquish it. Mr. Wade Hampton, and Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, and Major Monroe, and Raphael Semmes, and the President, and Mr. Seward, and Mr. John T. Hoffman, and Mr. Vallandigham, and Mr. Montgomery Blair may say and do what they will. They can neither wheedle nor frighten the people who saved the Union from securing it in the way which seems to them most just, most generous, and most enduring. And that security no more requires the impeachment of the President than the hanging of Jefferson Davis.

November 17th:

The country has indicated the policy of restoration. It has expressed its confidence in Congress, and it remains for Congress to work rather than talk.

And in the WEEKLY of December 15, 1866:

A President of the United States should be impeached only when his guilt is so evident that the country has virtually con-

victed him before he is tried; or, when the revelations of his secret abuse of power are so overwhelming that they carry persuasion to every mind. The reasons are obvious. An impeachment of the executive officer in the midst of fierce political differences would necessarily produce an excitement which should not be hazarded for any but the most conclusive considerations.

During the dispute between Congress and President Johnson, Thomas Nast made some forcible cartoons. His double page representing Johnson as Iago was very powerful, and it was the beginning of Nast's favorite custom of using a Shakespearian situation for the setting of his idea. His "King Andy" and "Amphitheatrum Johnsonianum" were also palpable hits. The "Andy" Johnson cartoons constituted Nast's beginning in the field of caricature. Nast and Curtis were not entirely in accord during President Johnson's tenure. In 1866 Curtis advised the House against Nast's Johnson caricatures, not considering it policy to break finally and openly with our own administration, believing, as every writer is prone to believe, that editorial admonition may be qualified so as to be withdrawn or forgotten, when a picture would be a blow beyond recall.

To Nast he wrote: "The pictures you suggest are, as usual, telling arguments and hard hits; some of them are so hard that I hope it may not be necessary to use them."

"This letter," says Paine, "marked the beginning of the two widely different policies which so often distinguished the editorial and pictorial pages of the WEEKLY. Nast and Curtis were allowed to fight civilization's battles each in his own way. One used a gleaming battle-ax and struck huge, slaughtering blows; the other the rapier, with a manual of carte and tierce, of subtle feint and thrust. When the two methods conflicted, as they were

bound to do, it was Fletcher Harper who stepped in and made plain a policy that was wide enough to include both."

"The WEEKLY is an independent forum," he would explain. "There are many contributors. It is not necessary that all should agree. Mr. Curtis and Mr. Nast are personally responsible each for his own contributions." It was seldom that he refused to publish any sincere expression of opinion, whether written or drawn. It was a time of individuals rather than of politics. And there were giants in those days.

Nast seldom found it necessary to label his characters. His cartoons required no card of identification, as is often the case with the work of other cartoonists. I never knew Nast to accept a contributed idea for a cartoon. We frequently received sketches or suggestions which we were accustomed to forward to him, but I do not believe that he ever availed himself of one of them. His views were his own rather than those of any particular party or faction, and my grandfather gave him the liberty necessary to make their pictorial maintenance a national power. Nast was an ardent student of politics, and one reason for his great success was that he was always thoroughly conversant with a situation before he attempted to attack it.

Nast soon became a familiar figure in Franklin Square. In stature he was short and thick-set, and in those days affected the French in the style of wearing his mustache and imperial. In disposition he was urbane and sociable, but never the courtier. If so inclined, he could be extremely sarcastic and most scathing in his comments; in fact, his work ran much in the same lines—witty, comical, and satirical, or powerfully severe and relentless I

was happily more familiar with his genial side, and I have in mind a very delightful dinner he gave to about a dozen artists at his home in Morristown, when my cousin John and I were included among the guests, I suppose to preserve order should art discussion run too high. There were two very charming young waitresses who attended the table, becomingly and appropriately frocked and bedecked in dainty caps and aprons; and I noticed that one of the artists was doing his best to attract the attention of the young women. He, however, looked anything but flirtatious when I told him after dinner that the attractive waitresses were Nast's daughters. It was one of Nast's jokes, as my cousin and I were the only members of the party who were acquainted with the young ladies.

I recall that on going home one afternoon, as I entered my city house, I heard a tremendous racket up-stairs, which was explained when I learned that Tom Nast had arrived before me and was playing hide-and-seek all over the place with my children.

The great Civil War had broken up the quiet which had been before the sixties a notable characteristic of American life, even in metropolitan New York. The tone of popular sensibility took a higher pitch. Business in the North was quickened into almost feverish activity. Amusements became tenser, ranging from the appeal of extreme pathos to the flamboyant humors of *The Black Crook*. The need of allurement and distracting entertainment had become a passion. It was the heyday of humorists like Artemus Ward and Petroleum Nasby, who were needed as an antidote by the people and were cherished by the careworn Lincoln. It seems a wonder that our literature did not reflect to a greater extent the prevailing

high note of social excitement. In the minds of the leading thinkers and writers of that period—the younger as well as the mature—the war was associated with ethical ideas; if it quickened the imagination, it was also in these minds an exhilaration. Its brutal excitement and gruesome realism were not felt in the literature contemporary with it; and, so long as it lasted, no sensationalism in fiction could rival the ever-present and terrible actuality. It was truly the great current and all-absorbing story, and what was being written, in song or fiction or essay, could only reflect its romance and pathos.

The serious business of the war in military and naval operations constantly increasing in magnitude and momentum, and the political questions growing out of the crisis it created, had become the principal burden of the daily press. But the newspapers of that time were not illustrated. What the dailies told HARPER'S WEEKLY pictured.

In 1865 and 1866 Harper & Brothers, like other publishers, thought that the interest in the national struggle which had so absorbed the public mind during four years of contest would continue with sufficient force, for a while at least, to make it practicable to publish with success books treating of the various phases of the great Civil War. But as a rule few of such books were financially remunerative. Col. George Ward Nichols's *Story of the Great March to the Sea*, published by us, was an exception. It was one of the early books of the war, was a well-written account by a participant, and the House found it difficult to manufacture copies quickly enough to meet the demand. John Minor Botts's *The Great Rebellion* and Daniel Ellis's *Thrilling Adventures* resulted in

acrimonious quarrels on the part of the authors without any compensating financial benefit to us. Harry Gilmor's *Four Years in the Saddle* did not sell in sufficient numbers to satisfy the rough-riding trooper. Dr. John W. Draper's *Future Civil Policy of America* and *History of the American Civil War*, although attracting the attention of thoughtful readers, were not, I regret to say, lucrative properties. Senator Foote's *War of the Rebellion* did not have a long life, and the novels of George Ward Nichols and J. W. De Forest, founded on scenes of the war, were rather indifferently received. In fact, the public was tired of reading about the war, which had been the all-absorbing subject for four years, and other important topics now demanded their attention. There was perhaps one exception: HARPER'S WEEKLY during the latter part of 1865 published a serial story entitled *Inside: A Chronicle of Secession*, purporting to have been written by George F. Harrington, from one of the Southern towns during the war, and claiming to give an accurate picture of the conditions of Southern life and society during that period. It was illustrated with great vigor by Thomas Nast, and created quite a sensation. The writer was the Rev. William M. Baker, the author of several interesting and characteristic stories of the Southern people.

Harper & Brothers published what they called *Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion in the United States* in numbers, and the first was issued May 8, 1863. The work was not completed until 1868. It made two volumes of the size of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and, in the estimation of good judges, was one of the most important publishing enterprises of the day. Leading authorities pronounced the value of the work to be more apparent as the numbers

advanced, that the historical matter was very valuable, and that the sketches of individuals and incidents were admirably drawn, not only by the pen of the historian, but by the pencil of the artist. It was contemporary history at first hand. While lacking the characteristics of a history prepared at an interval after the event, and with the advantage of a comparison with the documents on both sides, it has kept its place among the standard histories of the Civil War, and has sold in large numbers throughout the country.

The American public has ever shown a desire to read books written by or treating of royal characters. In 1865 Harper & Brothers published the first volume of Louis Napoleon's *History of Julius Cæsar*, in handsome library form. Although written by an emperor, it was pronounced by competent authorities a valuable contribution to Roman history. The House paid a substantial sum for the advance sheets of this volume, but a rival edition was promptly put on the market by an obscure house, and we were obliged to meet this competition by issuing a popular edition at a low price. Subsequently we bought up the rival edition and ultimately destroyed the copies. This work, though much heralded and of really large value, did not go beyond the second volume.

In 1867 we published *The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort*, compiled under the direction of Queen Victoria. It was a most interesting book and was eagerly read for its simple and naïve details of royal domestic life. A portion was written by the Prince Consort himself, but the greater part was in the Queen's own words. It contained two portraits, and so active was the demand for the book that the plates, which were steel-

faced on a copper backing, broke down. As no engravers or electrotypers in this country at that time knew how to put a new face on the plates, we had to send to England for a fresh supply and wait for over a month until their receipt. Meanwhile the work was out of stock and all orders were refused. A considerable sum was paid for the advance sheets of this book, but we had to meet the competition of a pirated edition by issuing the work at twenty-five cents in paper covers.

In 1870 we published a *Journal of a Visit to Egypt, Constantinople, the Crimea, Greece*, etc., in the suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales. This was a much less popular book than the preceding works, although dealing with the daily life of royal personages.

Harper & Brothers' list was always rich in books of travel. In fact, their catalogue was the place where one naturally turned for books of travel and exploration. Among the most important works of this nature might be mentioned Dr. Livingstone's *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*. This was published in 1857, making a handsome volume, and telling of the wonderful adventures of this remarkable man, in whose personal character there was such great attraction. The London *Athenæum* said that the book was not so much one of travel and adventure as a veritable poem. The sales of this volume were very large, although a pirated edition was soon placed on the market by a Philadelphia house, interfering considerably with the authorized edition, for the advance sheets of which Harper & Brothers had paid a large price. In 1865 we published a later volume describing Dr. Livingstone's narrative of the expedition in Zambesi, and some years afterward his Last Journals

in Central Africa, covering a period from 1865 to his death.

Among other books of African travel were those by Baker, Dr. Barth, Captain Burton, Speke, Du Chaillu, Henry M. Stanley, and Schweinfurth.

Other important books published by Harper & Brothers describing travel to different parts of the world were those devoted to the archæological explorations in Mexico, Yucatan, and Central America, by John L. Stephens, a well-known citizen of New York; the travels of E. G. Squier in Central America, Nicaragua, and Waikna, Squier having lived in those countries for several years as a representative of the United States; Doolittle's *Social Life in China;* Hall's *Arctic Researches;* Laurence Oliphant's *Travels in China and Japan;* Orton's *Andes and the Amazon;* Professor Wallace's *Malay Archipelago;* Charles Darwin's *What He Saw in His Voyage Round the World in the Ship "Beagle";* Sven Hedin's *Through Asia;* Archibald R. Colquhoun's works; A. Henry Savage Landor's *In the Forbidden Land,* and Fridtjof Nansen's *Farthest North.*

Of late years less interest has been manifested by the public in books of this character. So many people travel, and so much in regard to foreign countries is now familiar, or is published in periodicals, that the general public, as a rule, is disinclined to purchase costly books in this line.

XX

HARPER'S BAZAR, A Repository of Fashion and Instruction, was first issued by the House on the 2d of November, 1867. It was designed as a family paper for women, primarily to cover the fashions of the day, which had up to this time been incidentally treated in the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY. From the first number important serials, short stories, domestic essays, and poems have constituted attractive features, and the illustrations have been profuse and of a high order.

A bazar, in Oriental parlance, is not a vulgar market-place for the sale of fish, flesh, and fowl, but a vast repository for all the rare and costly things of earth—silks, velvets, cashmeres, spices, perfumes, and glittering gems; in a word, whatever can comfort the heart and delight the eye is found heaped up there in bewildering profusion. Such a repository we wished HARPER'S BAZAR to be, combining the useful with the beautiful, and aiming to include everything that would be interesting to the family circle, for whose use it was designed. Being intended largely for women, it devotes a considerable space to the matters which fall particularly under their jurisdiction, such as dress and household affairs. To supply this want we perfected special arrangements with the leading European fashion journals, especially with the celebrated *Bazar* of Berlin, which at that time supplied fashions to the news-

papers of Paris. Through this connection we received duplicate plates of the mode illustrations in advance, and published them weekly, simultaneously with their appearance in Paris and Berlin. This advantage was shared by no other newspaper in this country. With the Parisian modes was combined a chronicle of the fashions most in vogue in New York, which in this respect may be styled the Paris of America. Fancy work of all kinds also found room in its columns, together with every department of houschold affairs. In a word, our purpose was to make the BAZAR a first-class newspaper of fashion, comprising all the subjects that legitimately pertain to such a paper. HARPER'S BAZAR was the pioneer fashion journal of this country, and its original conception made it in the true sense of the word a paper for the family. We endeavored to exclude from its columns everything that could offend the most fastidious taste, at the same time to avoid entering into sectarian or political discussion of every kind as being wholly outside the province of the paper.

George William Curtis was the author of a series of papers in HARPER'S BAZAR, entitled "Manners Upon the Road," which commenced in the first number of that journal and continued weekly for many years. In these papers, over the signature of "An Old Bachelor," the author displayed a happy facility in the treatment of every-day topics and the moralities of home and social life, which made these essays a unique feature of journalistic literature. After Curtis discontinued his articles Thomas Wentworth Higginson ran a series entitled "Women and Men," which was much in the line of Curtis's department, and was in fact substituted therefor,

THE HOUSE OF HARPER

In November, 1884, Miss Booth wrote to Col. T. W. Higginson as follows:

The election excitement must excuse the delay in conferring with you about the plan which Mr. Harper communicated to me some days ago, together with your letter and the volume, *Common Sense about Women*, which I have examined with deep interest. Much of it I had already read in the *Woman's Journal*, which I commonly see, and in which I never overlook your contributions.

"Women and Men" would be a felicitous title for a series of papers, treating of the higher interest of women, social, moral, and historical, and I am sure that they would be admirable from so able a pen as yours. The chief difficulty in the way is one which does not strike me as insurmountable.

Our BAZAR, as you may be aware, while always aiming to promote the best interests of women and to maintain a high literary standard, apart from its utilitarianism, differs so widely from the *Woman's Journal*, and is addressed to such an entirely different circle of readers, that just the kind of articles desirable for one paper would be manifestly out of place in the other. Moreover, it has always been thought inexpedient to advocate woman suffrage therein, either explicitly or implicitly. It has been a cardinal principle with the BAZAR, as a home journal, conservedly to abstain from the discussion of vexed questions of religion, politics, and kindred topics, and, while maintaining a firm and progressive attitude, to endeavor to promote harmony at the fireside for which it was designed—to bring peace, and not a sword. In a word, it has sought to carry out the Emersonian doctrine of always affirming and never denying.

From this point of view four-fifths of the papers in your sparkling book would have been excellently well-fitted for the BAZAR, and I do not see why you should not furnish us with others in the same vein, if you will kindly consent to leave the one topic of Woman Suffrage quite out of the question, as Mr. Curtis does, for example, in his "Easy Chair," and as he did in his delightful "Manners Upon the Road," which formed such a valuable addition to the early volumes of the BAZAR. It surely involves no sacrifice of principle to be silent on a topic specially adapted to aggressive reform journals in writing for a paper with a wholly different purpose, especially as there is so much else to be said therein of the most vital importance to women that you will find noble work to do.

Please consider this suggestion, and let us know what you think of it. In case you concur mainly with our views, will you kindly inform us how much space, or how many words, each paper would probably take, and what rate of compensation would meet your wishes.

Colonel Higginson was pleased to conform to Miss Booth's proposition, and the series proved a valuable contribution to the BAZAR, and when completed was published by us in book form, and proved widely popular.

Mary L. Booth was the first editor of the BAZAR, and I give a few extracts from a most delightful and comprehensive article on Miss Booth by Harriet Prescott Spofford, written at the time of her death, in March, 1889.

On her father's side she was the descendant of Ensign John Booth—kinsman of Sir George Booth, afterward Baron Delamere and Earl of Warrington, the companion of Charles II. in his exile—who came to this country in 1649, and three years later became the owner of Shelter Island, the original deed of which is yet in possession of the family. One might almost say that she chose a literary career in her infancy, as she had no recollection of ever learning to read either French or English, having read the Bible and Plutarch at five; at seven, Racine, at which time she began Latin, while before she was ten she was familiar with Hume and Gibbon, and was an omnivorous reader. She was authorized by George Sand to abridge and produce that writer's history of her own life, but did not avail herself of the permission, owing to circumstances that turned her attention elsewhere. Her first important original work was the *History of the City of New York*, in one large volume of nearly a thousand pages, the first complete history of the city that was written, and one that still holds its place as a standard work. It was at the opening of our Civil War, however, that Miss Booth performed what she felt to be the great aim of her life, all aflame as she was for the cause in defence of which those who were dearest to her were enlisted. She translated Count Agénor de Gasparin's *Uprising of a Great People* in less than a week, and in a fortnight afterward it appeared and went over the country like a trumpet-blast, just as hope was



faltering. "It is worth a whole phalanx in the cause of human freedom," wrote Charles Sumner to her; and later he said of her translation of Cochin's work that it was of more value to the North "than the Numidian cavalry to Hannibal," and Mr. Lincoln took pains to pause in the midst of the arduous labors of the Presidency at that time and to send her a personal letter of thanks for what she had done in giving such heartening to the American people. It was a superb period of her life when she lent the whole force of her young and ardent spirit to the help of her country; and all hours since, she has said, have seemed thin and poor beside those of that glowing and stirring epoch. But it was not merely as a literary worker that Miss Booth had pre-eminence. Her home in Fifty-ninth Street of this city was an illustration of domestic excellence. This home was a center where gathered all that was best and brightest in the intellectual life of the city; in her lovely parlors and round her always hospitable and always elegant dining-table were found the wit, the poet, the singer; her Saturday nights always brought together whomsoever there was of note, and she herself was the life of the whole. Of extreme simplicity in dress when attending to business, at home she loved the sheens and lusters of rich fabrics, the filminess of lace, the sparkle of jewels, many of which adorned her hands—hands as exquisite, by the way, as if carved in ivory. She combined in herself so many phases, that those who dealt with her merely in business found her a sagacious and energetic woman, with as cool judgment as brilliant foresight, while those who sought her intellectual companionship found her full of both critical power and imagination, of the love of nature, and of beauty in every form. She gave to the BAZAR all it could receive of her best, her first thought, her last effort, loving it as women love their children, proud of its influence and its success.

It is related that Fletcher Harper, having seen in the hands of a German woman employed by his family a copy of the Berlin *Bazar*, was led to think that a periodical of a similar character might have a large circulation in this country. After carefully considering the matter, he consulted his partners and endeavored to learn their views. They were not favorable, thinking that they al-

ready had their hands full and that they were too far advanced in years to undertake the launching of a new enterprise in the shape of a periodical for a special class. After a full discussion of the matter, finding that their views remained unchanged, Fletcher Harper said: "Well, I wish we could go into it as a firm, but if we cannot I will publish it myself." "No, you will not," said John Harper. "We will defer to your judgment, and you shall have your Bazar." With the first number published the enterprise proved a success, and the adaptation of the contents to the needs of American women showed that Fletcher Harper had a very intelligent conception of the requirements of his audience. The periodical was largely advertized throughout the country by special and ingenious ways, and became, and has continued to be, a popular periodical for women. Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster succeeded Miss Booth, and Miss Elizabeth Jordan in turn followed Mrs. Sangster and is now editor of the BAZAR.

In 1864 my grandfather took my elder brother, Fletcher Urling, and me to Germany and placed us in a military school in Friederichsdorf, a village situated a short distance from Homburg, which at that time was a celebrated watering and gambling resort. We boarded with the family of Prof. F. A. Garnier, and when we arrived we could not speak German or French and the Garnier family did not know a word of English, so that we were obliged to pick up those languages very quickly. The little French village, nestled in the heart of Germany, was rather remarkable in its primitiveness; for instance, the local barber, as in olden times, was leech and dentist as well, and I vividly remember the terrible turnkey he used to extract teeth, and also the brass basin which he

fitted under one's chin when he was lathering the face. The language of the village was French, the villagers being direct descendants of the French Huguenots who were driven out of France at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

They had one big public bake-oven in the village, and at festival times it was amusing to see the women returning home from their baking balancing doors on their heads covered with cake. The great event of the year in our household was when they killed the fatted pig. The animal was executed early in the morning, and all day his carcass was worked over, until the evening, when we all sat down to a pig supper, not a morsel of which was cooked—raw ham, raw sausage, etc. Professor Garnier—the village preacher and teacher—was anxious during our sojourn to acquire the English language, and I remember part of a letter we received from him during a vacation which we were spending on the Rhine. It began: "My wife at half past three of the clock a thick and sound boy obtained has," he having taken a dictionary and translated the sentences literally.

I shall never forget an incident which occurred while I was drilling in the school ranks. I had executed an order in an awkward way, and the irate officer stepped up and slapped my face. But he had hardly accomplished this Teutonic military manœuver when a fist shot over my head, and the officer's eye puffed up like a toy balloon when blown up by the mouth. This, of course, inaugurated a great fuss and investigation; but as there were several English-speaking boys besides my brother and myself in the school, who were united with us in an alliance offensive and defensive, and besides being rather chummy

with the principal, the row resolved itself into a decision from the head-master of *quid pro quo*, and the incident was closed. The fist that came so timely to my aid belonged to Robert W. Macbeth, of Scotland, who eventually took a notable place among the leading English artists and years ago was elected a Royal Academician.

The English-speaking group of the school was allowed to walk over to Homburg on Sundays and to spend the day, provided the boys agreed to attend English service, which was held in the old *Schloss*. This was architecturally a very quaint and impressive chapel, and the service was always well attended. While we were members of the congregation an Englishman who was a regular attendant invariably left the chapel just about the commencement of the sermon. This naturally attracted some attention and led to an inquiry into his peculiar habit, and it was ascertained that when he left he went directly to the *Kursaal* and played roulette for the remainder of the week on the numbers of the chapter and verse of the Bible text. It is said that his strict adherence to these numbers resulted quite auspiciously.

My grandfather's purpose in sending us to school abroad was to have us acquire German and French, so that we might read the foreign periodicals in their vernacular, as at that time he already had the publication of the BAZAR in mind. While in Germany he concluded arrangements with the Berlin *Bazar* for electrotypes of the illustrations and early proofs of the letterpress, and this provision proved for many years an important factor in the make-up of HARPER'S BAZAR. The large German pattern sheet, which looked like a railroad map, was for some time extremely popular.

In 1868 the late Major Archibald G. Constable was employed by the firm in a confidential position. The Major always reminded me of Thackeray's Colonel Newcome, in disposition as well as appearance. He was the son of Sir Walter Scott's friend and publisher, Archibald Constable, of Edinburgh, and was born at Clapham, near London, in 1821, during the temporary residence of his father in the south of England. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, from which he went to India, and served with distinction in the first Afghanistan campaign. He wandered from India to Australia, South America, and Canada, the nomadic habit of the soldier still clinging to him, and after he had come to us he made nothing of returning to India in charge of an insane Parsee merchant whose case was well known at the time. Major Constable was in Ohio when the Civil War began, and his military ability and experience were in immediate request, calling him to various positions of responsibility. The Major had the ease and grace of manner which mark the British military gentleman, and his vivid recollections of Eastern life, with his admirable talent as *raconteur* and his lively humor, made him a very vivacious and pleasant companion. He could recall Sir Walter, having sat on his knee as a child, and he cherished a just pride in the association of the family name with that of the author of "Waverley." He died at his home, in Brooklyn, on the 25th of October, 1882.

The late S. S. Conant succeeded Alden in 1869 as managing editor of the WEEKLY. Conant came to us a few years earlier and began, like Alden, as a reader and gradually gained importance in the editorial department. Conant was the son of Dr. T. J. Conant, professor of Hebrew in

Rochester University, New York. As a lad he studied in Madison University, Hamilton, New York, and then went to Berlin, Heidelberg, and Munich. He told me that the enforced beer-drinking at Heidelberg almost killed him, and he returned to New York somewhat delicate in health. Conant proved a very capable and popular editor, and his facility in writing, especially clever short poems to accompany cuts, was remarkable. He had a most refined literary taste and was highly respected by the authors and artists with whom the WEEKLY brought him in contact. He was a member of the Century Club, New York, where he spent many of his afternoons and evenings, and there formed intimate and valuable friendships with the members of that notable and exclusive association, made up, as it is, of the leading artists, literary and professional men of America.

Conant left the office Friday, January 16, 1885, bidding a cheerful good-day to the late R. R. Sinclair, his assistant editor, a man beloved by all his associates, and Conant informed him that he would not return before Monday. He was never seen in Franklin Square again. He left his home Saturday morning, and has never been heard of since. This was one of those mysterious and heart-breaking cases which occasionally occur, and although detectives were employed and notices put in the leading papers, there was absolutely no clew to his disappearance.

The death of few conspicuous men in this country has called forth a more general expression of kind feeling than that of Henry J. Raymond, of the New York *Times*, who was buried on a midsummer day in 1869. To the guild of the press and to all political circles in the city he was personally well known; while his position as editor of the

great morning journal made his name widely familiar. Our MAGAZINE also had a peculiar interest in his memory, for he was its first editor. In this working world and country Raymond died of overwork—a man not yet fifty years old. He never spared himself; and he did not live in vain if among the other distinguished services of his life he teaches us to attempt in moderation what he accomplished heedless of physical deterioration. His services were mainly those of the great journalist, and that fame is unfortunately too brief. But in the history of the profession which he loved he will always be honorably mentioned, and with the New York *Times* his best fame will be associated.

In 1869, after the death of Raymond, Curtis was approached with a view to his assuming Raymond's position on the *Times*. The proposition was exceedingly attractive, and Curtis laid the matter before my grandfather, who told him that he must decide for himself, as he was obviously disqualified to give an unbiased opinion. Shortly afterward Curtis came into the office and informed Fletcher Harper that he had declined the offer, whereupon my grandfather wrote an order on our cashier, making his salary equal to that proffered by the *Times*, and handed it to Curtis.

In December, 1867, Dickens made his second trip to this country. Forster says of him:

> Up to the last moment he had not been able to clear off wholly a shade of misgiving that some of the old grudges might make themselves felt; but from the instant of his setting foot in Boston not a vestige of such fear remained. The greeting was to the full as extraordinary as that of twenty-five years before, and was given now as then to the man who had made himself the most popular writer in the country. On the 11th of

December he wrote to his daughter: "Amazing success. A very fine audience (New York), far better than at Boston. *Carol* and *Trial* on first night great; still greater, *Copperfield* and *Bob Sawyer* on second. For the tickets of the four readings of next week there were at nine o'clock this morning three thousand people in waiting, and they had begun to assemble in the bitter cold as early as two o'clock in the morning."

The "Easy Chair" in the December MAGAZINE said:

Everybody is grateful to Charles Dickens; but HARPER'S MONTHLY has a delightful sense of proprietorship in him, because it is in these pages that his stories now for many years have been first introduced to American readers. And this has been done, in the absence of an international copyright, upon terms mutually agreeable. Dickens is now coming to meet a new generation of friends face to face as he met their fathers. He is coming, still comparatively a young man, with his genius in full flower, to make still more real to us, if that were possible, the characters which have become an essential part of literature and life. The three English authors who have enriched daily experience with the most living and real creations are Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens.

I attended Dickens's last reading in New York at Steinway Hall. After the reading the audience rose as one man and applauded and gave a demonstration of friendly feeling and admiration for the author such as I believe has never before been seen at a public reading. Dickens was quite overcome and stood speechless, with tears running down his cheeks. When he returned to the green-room poor Dickens was completely exhausted and reached his hotel with difficulty.

June, 1868, the "Easy Chair" bids farewell to Dickens:

After four months of hard work, and indeed of ill health, Dickens has gone, leaving behind him increased love and admiration. We have never quite forgiven ourselves for the extravagance of our first reception of him, when New York and Boston and the rest of the country exhibited manners so very

youthful, although most hearty and generous. We did not like what he said about copyright, but we gave him dinners and balls and parties without end. He was a tremendous lion—for we had never dreamed of honoring one of our own authors as we did him. It was a quarter of a century ago. And scarcely had the bustle and the fever subsided than the *American Notes* came flying over the sea, and we were confronted with the amazing truth that we had been wining and dining one of the shrewd observers, the very law of whose genius was seeing and recording.

It is painful, now that the great genial humorist has just said his trembling farewell to us forever, to recall the preposterous things that have been said and thought about one of the most truly illustrious of living men. When he first came he was a young man in the first flush of such success as few men ever achieve. He saw with twinkling eyes of fun and enjoyment the traveler at Pittsburg with the note of interrogation in each eye, and the solemn traveler everywhere who sits sucking the huge ivory head of his large cane, and takes it out occasionally and looks at it to see how it is getting on. And with these he saw the graver aspects of a great stirring national life, and what seemed to him dangerous tendencies and signs of demoralization. But he was an observer, not a philosopher. He was a humorist, not a preacher. His duty was determined by his talent; and he drew the picture as it seemed to him, not as we might have wished it to seem. There are those who think it would have seemed different to him had his efforts about the copyright been more successful, and who apparently suppose that his *American Notes* and certain chapters and characters in *Martin Chuzzlewit* are merely records of his disappointment and spleen. This is too shabby a theory to be seriously opposed. If in perceiving the essential quality of his genius the reader does not see the intrinsic necessity of his earlier view of our life as it was presented to him, the argument ends.

On his second visit he came for business. He had decided to read during the four winter months as often as he properly could, according to a plan to be prepared by those who were familiar with the necessary facts to be considered under the circumstances. His wish for privacy was perfectly respected. He was not harassed by mere curiosity or impertinence, as such a man in such a situation so often is. He came and went upon his journeys with no especial remark, and did not disappoint an audience by failing to appear, unless—as we vaguely seem to

remember—he was prevented by a storm from reaching New Haven, and so made up the engagement later. He was here as a reader, not as a distinguished author, not as one of the most famous men of the time—not as anything but a reader. But, after all, was the universal feeling among the most intelligent—after all, he *is* a great author; he *is* one of the most illustrious of living men; he comes under peculiar circumstances; it is but fair to him that he should have the opportunity of speaking as a man to his friends and lovers in America.

April 20th he read in Boston for the last time in America. The little table was decorated with flowers from friendly hands unseen. "I kiss the fair hands unseen which have covered my table with these beautiful flowers," he said, as he came to his place for the last reading here. The night was very rainy, but the crowd was enormous, and certainly there was never a more courteous crowd collected. A little printed notice apprised the audience that Mr. Dickens was not well, and when he appeared, not stepping briskly forward, but leaning upon the arm of a friend, and raising his foot and resting it in a low, soft chair while he read, the natural sadness of the occasion was deepened. It overhung the whole evening. Despite the genial spirit with which he read, it pervaded the reading A great, wise, noble teacher stood before us, whom the whole English-speaking world knew and honored and loved; whose genius had made him a personal friend, and who, in a few moments, would say farewell forever. At last, with a trembling voice, he said it. The great audience sat profoundly silent, and when he had spoken rose and waved hats and handkerchiefs and shouted; and many a heart ached and many an eye was moist as Charles Dickens slowly and painfully moved away, to be seen and heard by us no more.

November 20, 1869, we wrote Dickens the following letter:

DEAR SIR,—We see it stated in the London *Athenæum* that you are about to publish a new serial story to be commenced in March.

In accordance with the assurance you gave us, when we had the pleasure of seeing you in New York, that you would be happy to treat with us for your next book, we beg leave to offer you Two Thousand Pounds (£2,000) for the early sheets of the

new story, assuming, of course, that it will be of the average length of *Our Mutual Friend* and *Great Expectations*.

Should this offer not seem to you sufficient, we would be pleased to receive a proposition from you.

And on March 5, 1870, we wrote again:

DEAR SIR,—We owe it to you to say that at the request of Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., and in justice to you, we gave them a copy of our correspondence with you in relation to your new story, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. They are chagrined, we believe, that momentarily in conversation with us, your contract with them should have been forgotten; though your letter to us of November 30, '69, ought, we think, to have been entirely satisfactory to them, as it was to us.

Should they be unwilling to abide by their agreement with you for the publication of the story, we cheerfully renew our offer to you of the 20th November last.

Dickens replied March, 1870:

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, HANTS.

DEAR SIRS,—Your letter of the 5th of this month is astounding to me, and I think will be equally so when you read what follows.

Last Autumn, when Mr. Fields was in England and was staying at my house, I told him (having until then forgotten my contract with Fields, Osgood and Co.) that I had always been highly satisfied with my transactions with you, and that I considered myself bound therefore to offer the early sheets of my new book to you; that I had a reason for declining to communicate with your London agent; but that I intended writing out to your house on the subject. Mr. Fields expressed his regret that I could not let him have the sheets, and said no more. But immediately on his return home to Boston and arrival there, he wrote me a letter enclosing a copy of the agreement for these early sheets, which I had made (along with other agreements) with his house long before I had the book in contemplation; saying that he had thought there was such a document existing, but had supposed he must be wrong. I at once wrote back acknowledging the agreement, and also wrote to you informing you of the mistake I had made.

I leave you to judge whether it is possible that Mr. Fields or his house *can* have been surprised by the correspondence between your house and me on this subject, when, at their request, you forwarded it to them—as you informed me you did in the letter to which I now reply.

You may be quite sure that if I should find myself "free" to make a new arrangement concerning advance sheets of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, at any time during the issuing of the book in numbers, I will at once send them to you, and place myself in your hands.

Dear Sirs,
Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

April 23, 1870, we began Dickens's serial, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, in the WEEKLY.

When the play *The Lady of Lyons* was first brought out it was not known that Lord Lytton was the author. Between the acts Dickens met Lytton and asked him what he thought of it. Lytton pretended to think slightingly of the production, and mentioned some of its shortcomings. "Come, now," replied Dickens, who was enthusiastic over it, "it is not like you, Bulwer, to cavil at such small things as those. The man who wrote the play may have imitated your work here and there, perhaps, but he was a deuced clever fellow for all that. To hear you speak so is almost enough to make one think that you are jealous." In a fortnight Lytton's authorship of the work was published, and Dickens felt cold the next time he met him.

XXI

THE following interesting letter was written to the firm on August 30, 1867, by Miss Catherine E. Beecher:

DEAR SIRS,—The publishers are selling Prof. Stowe's work so fast that they say that by January they shall dispose of 50,000, and as many more before the year is out if they go on at this rate. They told me my works on Domestic Econ., put in one vol. and well illustrated, would be a more *popular* book than Prof. Stowe's, and have a wider sale, and they wish to get it. I can rewrite the books with a title, using very little of what is in your books—and should do so in *any* future arrangement. But I do not wish to forsake the friends of thirty years' standing, who have been both kind and successful in promoting my aims, *as no other publishers could have done*. Before we come to the business decision, I wish you to understand more fully, what *have* been my aims and what you have done to promote them.

In the theological world (both Catholic and Protestant) *old systems* are passing away, with a speed and results that alarm the most courageous. *All* these systems are based on the doctrine that the mind of man comes into this world *not as God made it*, but *depraved*. This doctrine could not be taken out of the religious world without destroying the foundation of all our great sects both Catholic and Protestant. But it is passing fast away, and my father's family, in this country, are among the leaders in expelling it. My father was a leader to establish the doctrine that mind was not so ruined, but that *it has power to obey all that God requires*, and on this the Presbyterian church was severed. Next, Dr. Taylor taught that there was *nothing sinful but voluntary action*—and though they held that man had a ruined nature consequent on Adam's sin, they *in fact* denied *any* depravity at all—and my father upheld them tho' he maintained total depravity of nature inherited from Adam—but *in a new view of explaining*.

Next, my brother Edward maintained that the Bible does not teach that man's depraved nature was caused by *man himself* in a preexistent state *in* Adam, but that it was in a preexistent state *before* Adam, that he ruined (each one himself) by *sinning*. No theologian ever could answer his argument to prove that the *Bible does not teach that Adam caused the depravity of the human mind*—and that all attempts to justify God for sending ruined minds into the temptations of this world *are failures*, except his own. Some of the more acute theologians have privately confessed to me that my brother had thrown them all into the ditch, without showing a way to get out (for *his* way none would accept). Next, brother Henry—not a theologian or metaphysician, but a *practical* man—gradually came to his present position, in which he openly teaches that *mind is not depraved at all*, but acts wrong from being *undeveloped* and *untrained*. And our newspapers, secular as well as religious—orthodox and all—are publishing his sermons as a mode of pecuniary profit, because the *people* approve.

Then, Mrs. Stowe, in her *Minister's Wooing*, struck another heavy blow on the false theories of theology, and soon she will issue another *still more effective and direct*.

Meantime, *forty* years ago (while training minds and studying and teaching Mental Philosophy and the Bible) I printed at my own expense an octavo work on Mental Philosophy, much of it now included in my works *Common Sense* and *An Appeal to the People*. I sent copies to leading theologians of various schools, and found I could not publish it without having *everybody* against me—father, brothers, and all. When you published the above works in which I *proved* that the mind of man is *perfect in construction* and needs only right training and example, no theologian of any school attempted to meet it, and you wrote me that the theologians were determined that there should be no discussion. Even the Independent refused to have the subject discussed when the attempt was made. These works reached chiefly *the thinkers*—a small number—but my work on the *Religious Training of Children* reached *the common people*. But editors and theologians could not accept it without losing their places and daily bread, and so they *hold still* till *the people* get farther along, to hold them up, while most of them foresee what is coming.

The article, which I sent to each of your firm in proof-sheets, has the *definitions* and outline of the *people's system of theology*

as taken from the Bible by the use of language *as the people use it.* I gave it to Prof. Stowe, who meets every week 30 ministers of Hartford and vicinity of *all denominations* called Evangelical. I asked him if he thought any of them would refuse to accept these definitions, and he said *they would not.* And yet to accept them is to relinquish not only Calvanism, but the doctrine of *man's depravity of nature*—the most of them do not know it. In the articles I have been writing for your MAGAZINE, I am aiming to prepare the public mind (as brother Henry and Mrs. Stowe are also doing unconsciously) for two *school-books* which I hope to complete before I leave the world. The first is *Domestic Economy on the Christian Plan*—which will be a text-book of High Schools for Women. I design to have it highly *scientific*, and to secure the aid of the most scientific men. It is to prepare for this book that I have been writing in your MAGAZINE on House Building, Ventilation, etc. This book will lead woman to a higher estimation of *her profession* as the *educator of children* —the *nurse of sickness* and the chief *manager of the family.* When woman is *trained* for her profession, as men are for theirs, all her wrongs will be ended.

When that is done the world will be far enough ahead for me to publish a school-book on *Mental Philosophy Founded on Reason, Experience and the Bible*, in which the religious training of the mind (as made by God and not by Adam)—*not depraved*, but perfect in construction, and needing only *knowledge, right training, and right example*, will appear. This will include much now in books published by you.

I design to come to New York as soon as I hear that Mr. Fletcher Harper Sen. has returned and can meet me.

When I met you in New York in May, I was in an emergency which is now past, so that I do not wish to secure any funds for the purpose I then stated—as I can make the undertaking go ahead without, by another method.

Will you write me when I can meet Mr. Fletcher Harper in New York—he first having read this letter.

When I last saw him he declined giving up the *Domestic Economy* to Hartford publishers, and said your firm was arranging to employ agents and that you could do better by my books than they.

I wish to make further inquiries of him in regard to the matter.

Respectfully yours,

CATHERINE E. BEECHER.

We published Miss Beecher's writings, also the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher's Autobiography and two volumes of sermons by Henry Ward Beecher.

In October, 1868, George Ripley began his reading for the House. O. B. Frothingham in his *Life of Dr. Ripley* says:

> To all he gave conscientious examination, not allowing himself to indulge a prejudice in favor of an author or against him, and keeping in view the interests of literature along with the exigencies of trade. His judgment was sober, his perception keen, his knowledge adequate. On his recommendation many a good book was sent forth to merited success, and at his suggestion many a poor one was returned to the author. Of necessity the judgments were summary and the opinions short, but the judgments were always well weighed and the opinions carefully expressed. A singular combination of literary sagacity and worldly wisdom characterized them all.

To show the difference between his point of view as a purely literary critic and as a critic with commercial possibilities in mind, it is worth noticing that he sometimes criticized quite unfavorably in the literary department of the New York *Tribune* books which he had already favored when submitted by us to him in manuscript form. His written opinions were models in their way, and I give as an example his judgment on the manuscript of *Ben-Hur*, by General Lew Wallace:

> The author of this sacred romance has acquired considerable reputation by his imaginative pictures from the Mexican mythology which he interwove with a gorgeous narrative of love and passion. He is an original and powerful writer, without precedent or prototype. He belongs to an exceptional sphere of literature, and soars on too daring wings into a too radiant atmosphere, to be reckoned among the classics. He flashes like a glittering meteor through the sky, but never shines like one of the serene and eternal lights of the firmament. The present work is a bold imaginative experiment. The plot is founded partly on the Greek and Roman antiquities of the period, which

furnish the principal figures, and partly on scenes in the history of Christ, whose person occupies a conspicuous place in the foreground of the picture. The story may be described as a collection of scenes from the evangelical narrative presented in the form of high-colored melodrama, with episodes from the traditions and poetry of the day. It is a work of superior order to the fantastic inventions of Ingraham, Headley, and others of the inflated religious school, and may rather be compared to a sacred epic in the style of Klopstock, a sublime prose poem, in which the facts of the Christian history are clothed in the gorgeous splendors of fancy. I do not regard it, either in the selection of theme or the style of execution, as belonging to classical or even legitimate literature, and if it were the production of a new and unknown writer I could not bring myself to recommend its publication. But with the prestige of the author and his really uncommon gifts of invention and illustration, together with the features of popular interest that would give it a wonderful fascination among a multitude of readers, I think it might be well to accept the manuscript.

It is interesting to read in this connection Charlton T. Lewis's opinion on the same manuscript, Professor Lewis being at that time also one of our staff of readers:

I think the story may be published with some confidence that it will have a fair sale, and with the chance of a great success. It is one of the boldest attempts ever made to represent before the imagination the scenes and life of the time of Christ; to link together profane history and the story of the New Testament. Its boldness is its characteristic; there is ingenuity in the plan and life in some of the characters; but not enough of incident or of human nature to furnish a modern novel of this length, while the disquisitions and reflections are often tedious, and there are some errors which ought to be corrected—for example, the constant use of the plural form *duumviri*, when a single man is spoken of. Yet the book has a species of fascination in the realism with which it clothes the infancy of Christianity, and in the reverent spirit with which the subject is treated; and it will find eager readers and lenient critics.

Ben-Hur has been an extraordinary success. It was never brought out in cheap form, but we have published





various editions ranging in price from a dollar and a half upward, and its sales are now approaching a million copies. The play of "Ben-Hur" which by the terms of our agreement came to us, we shared with the General, giving him two-thirds of all receipts from dramatic rights, and this also proved very lucrative to him. General Wallace and his heirs have already received from this wonderfully successful romance a fortune in royalties from the book and stage representations.

When General Wallace first brought his manuscript to Franklin Square he laid it on my desk and told me that it was a tale of the time when Christ appeared on earth. I asked him if our Saviour figured as a character in the story, and he replied "yes." I intimated to him that this was of necessity a very delicate situation to handle, and he agreed with me, and assured me that he would rather lose his right hand than publish anything that would seriously offend a genuine Christian. "If it actually has that tendency, I must know it," he continued, "and I should then promptly suppress the work."

General Wallace once gave me an interesting account of the origin, or *raison d'être*, of *Ben-Hur*. He said that one day on a railroad trip he happened to be seated near Colonel Ingersoll and their conversation turned to the question of the divinity of Christ. Ingersoll, like most skeptics or agnostics, possessed an unsettled mind as to the future state, and he was ever inclined to obtrude his views as to religious matters on chance acquaintances. The General was much impressed by what Ingersoll had to say, for no matter what he thought of Ingersoll from an orthodox point of view, he was undoubtedly a most

eloquent pleader. Wallace told Ingersoll he was not willing to follow him as far as the non-divinity of Christ was concerned, but that he was disposed to give the question serious study. After leaving Ingersoll he ran over in his mind the best way to arrive at a satisfactory solution. He agreed with Ingersoll that it might be unconvincing to turn to accepted authorities or to confer with the clergy or any Christian doctrinaires who might be unduly prejudiced, so he decided to write a history of Christ which would enable him to examine the pros and cons of both sides. For six years he worked assiduously on his task until he finally produced *Ben-Hur*. General Wallace wound up his story with the trenchant statement that the result of his labors was the absolute conviction that Jesus of Nazareth was not only a Christ and the Christ, but that He was also his Christ, his Saviour, and his Redeemer.

Mr. van Tassel Sutphen, one of our present staff of readers, tells me that although most of the manuscripts received by us daily are as a rule typewritten, occasionally one in longhand comes in. He remembers one, a novel, that must have been two hundred and fifty thousand words in length; it was written in a microscopic hand with a fine-pointed steel pen, and with the lines close together. Probably there were a thousand words on each page of foolscap. The story possessed sufficient merit to call for a pretty thorough reading. But no ordinary eyes could stand more than half an hour's work at this particular manuscript. It should be added that the writing was beautifully done, each letter being perfectly formed. Possibly the author used a jeweler's magnifying-glass in doing the work. One wonders what his object could have

been in producing such an aggravating piece of chirography. Could it have been economy?

Even worse than bad handwriting, from the reader's standpoint, is the bad typewriting, of which there is a great deal. Some authors appear to think that *any* copy that comes through a writing machine must be all right. But it is often virtually illegible. Either the ink-ribbon is too old or the type is too worn to give a good impression. Then there are the manifolded copies, and most of them are blurred and difficult to decipher. Manuscripts have been submitted that were little more than blank paper ornamented with faint scratches that were supposed to stand for letters and words. A handwritten manuscript is in some respects more satisfactory than a typewritten one, for it contains some indication of the author's character.

Although the French have a proverb that it is not necessary to eat the whole of an egg to know that it is bad, many amateurs think themselves unfairly used if their manuscript is not read from the first to the last word. It is a favorite device to lay traps to catch the reader, and so prove that he has not done his duty by the manuscript. The commonest of these is to reverse certain pages in loose-sheet manuscript. If these are not turned to their proper position it follows that they have not been read. Other would-be authors will lightly gum together the corners of two pages, or lay pressed leaves or bits of bright-colored worsted between the sheets, which, if undisturbed on the return of the manuscript, are convincing evidence to them that the story has not been examined. Manuscripts are frequently sent to publishers which have already been declined more than once by them. The title may possibly be changed, but even

that precaution is not always taken; these authors evidently assuming that publishers have neither memory nor system.

There are quite a number of "crank manuscripts." Mr. Sutphen recalls one that came in a large box that must have weighed twenty-five pounds. The author said in his letter that his great work had been sent to Mr. Gladstone for inspection, but he could not produce any evidence that the Grand Old Man had read it. Indeed, nobody could. It began coherently enough, but quickly went off at an impossible tangent; the reader found himself wandering in a weird tangle of words, hopelessly bewildered. The subject was apparently some esoteric philosophy, and the text was ornamented by incomprehensible charts done in colored inks and covered with mysterious hieroglyphics.

The most extraordinary example of literary imposture that ever came to Franklin Square was a manuscript written in longhand, with numerous erasures and interlineations—all the earmarks of a genuine piece of work. The subject-matter seemed oddly reminiscent, although the names and localities were strange. Another page or two settled the question; the book was nothing else than Mary Shelley's famous *Frankenstein*. Evidently the ambitious author had found an old copy of the book tucked away in a dusty corner of some neglected library, and had been impressed by the somber power and horror of the tale. The book was an old one, and the impostor evidently concluded that it had long since been forgotten. So, with infinite labor, the whole thing had been copied in longhand, with the substitution of American names of persons and places for the originals.

Most manuscripts are unavailable for the simple reason that they are trashy and utterly lacking in literary merit. But now and then a book comes along that is really powerful work, and yet impossible to print, because its subject-matter really lies beyond the pale of what is justifiable in literature.

The most notable specimen of this class came in several years ago from a small Massachusetts manufacturing city, a "shoe town," as the natives call it. It was a most remarkable piece of literary workmanship; there was vital power in every line. But the subject! The story purported to be a narrative of the last week in the lives of two human derelicts—an immoral woman and a "black sheep" English younger son, who had met by chance at the edge of the abyss. That man could write! He himself must have been the "black sheep" to have plumbed as he did the utmost depths of despair and degradation. The pictures of horror were too terrible for a normal mind to gaze upon; one instinctively revolted at this glimpse into an actual hell. There was but one thing to do—to skim it over rapidly, and get the dreadful thing out of the place. But it was literature, and great literature, too. It was the kind of book that the devil himself might have written, and it came in the ordinary way by express from a dull and decorous New England town.

I remember at one time two manuscripts reached us within a few days of each other, from different localities, both having the same title, which was a peculiar one, and greatly resembling each other in plot. This seemed to me such a strange coincidence that I took the trouble to investigate the matter, and found that a lecturer had been traveling through that section of the country from which

the manuscripts came, and that the stories were unquestionably suggested by his lecture, the odd title having been mentioned in the course of his talk.

At another time a prominent artist and author brought in a manuscript and laid it on my desk with the remark that he thought he had written something particularly good, and that he would like me to glance at the illustrations. As I was looking over them it occurred to me that I had seen something resembling them before, and in an unguarded moment I expressed my thoughts orally, at which the author naturally evinced annoyance. I apologized, but after he left instituted a careful search and ultimately ran across a serial in *St. Nicholas* which was not only similar in text but also in the illustrations. I sent a few numbers of the magazine to the author, and the next day he called on me and said he would like to have his manuscript back, and thanked me profusely for discovering the unintentional plagiarism. He then explained that his family did not take *St. Nicholas*, but that at the time the serial appeared his nieces were visiting his children, and that they had been accustomed to play around his studio while he was painting and would frequently have stories read aloud to them by his wife. While he was working at his easel he probably had unconsciously heard the story read and probably had some of the illustrations shown to him, but the serial had made no perceptible impression on him at the time, but years afterward had revealed itself to his mind as original material.

While Howells was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* he received from a lady in Boston the manuscript of a work of fiction submitted for serial use in that magazine. When

Howells casually took up the manuscript to examine it he found to his astonishment that it was similar in plot to a novel he had written, the first instalment of which was to appear in the next number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was so exercised over the coincidence that he promptly bundled up the manuscript and took a cab and went to explain matters to the unknown authoress. He sent in his card, and when the lady appeared he attempted, with some embarrassment, to make clear the situation, and informed her that his story was largely in type and was entirely finished before he received the manuscript. To his delight the lady not only gracefully accepted his explanation in the spirit in which it was made, but thanked him for preventing her from making a sorry figure of herself, since, as she admitted, anything published by her on lines approaching in construction a romance by such an eminent author as Mr. Howells must reflect disastrously on her standing as a literary aspirant. She assured him that the only course open to her under the circumstances was to withdraw her manuscript and to suppress it.

It is probable that all large publishing houses have been charged at one time or other with losing valuable manuscripts. Some time in 1868 a rather shabby but pretentious person, evidently an Englishman from his delivery, called at the office to submit some manuscript for consideration. When the package was unrolled it appeared to contain several distinct stories. He gave the name of B. Wemyss Jobson, and he referred frequently to John Murray, of Albemarle Street, who he said would give him a large sum of money for the manuscript. He spoke very confidently of its value. The young man who

had charge of entering the receipt of manuscripts recognized the name as that of a person who had but a short time before made some claim against a publishing house for the loss of his manuscript. He would have declined to receive the manuscript had not Jobson said that he had already seen a member of the House personally, who had agreed to consider it. A few minutes after Jobson had left the office the incident was stated to Fletcher Harper, who said that he thought the best plan would be to return the manuscript at once. It was therefore carefully inclosed and despatched with a note to the author's address. The next day Jobson came in, and in the most excited manner claimed that one manuscript in the collection was missing; he declared that it was very valuable, which statement he assured us John Murray, of London, would verify. We denied that any portion of the manuscript had been lost while in our possession, but he promptly brought suit for the value of the property alleged to be lost. Not long after this Jobson again had trouble of a somewhat similar nature in this city. The suit never went to trial, and a year or two later he died.

Alden states that during his connection with the editorial department, going back to 1863, only two manuscripts have been lost. One strangely and mysteriously disappeared from the hands of a messenger who was taking it from the editorial-room to the composing-room, and the loss was never explained. The other disappeared from the editorial-room during some alterations. This is very remarkable considering the vast number of manuscripts passing through the hands of the editors of the several periodicals and their assistants, and shows that the system in force must be adequate.

The manuscript of a story written many years ago by a very prominent author of the day long since dead, which had been accepted and paid for by Harper & Brothers, disappeared mysteriously from the editor's desk, and some time later appeared in another periodical. It subsequently became one of the most popular short stories in American literature. Its disappearance was not due to accident or carelessness, and was never satisfactorily accounted for. The magazine which printed the story with the author's real name probably had no knowledge of his previous transaction with us, and the House did not care to pursue the investigation in view of the known peculiarities of the author.

Of all the many thousand manuscripts submitted to Harper & Brothers for consideration with a view to book publication not one has been lost through any fault of the publishers or those employed in the care of such literary property. One manuscript, while in the hands of a reader, was destroyed by fire while he was ill, but in this case the author was duly recompensed for his loss.

Incidents that relieve an editorial position of the mere monotony of reading manuscripts and sending carefully guarded letters of acceptance and short and extremely polite letters of rejection are precious and far between. Some dozen or more years ago the following experience happened to a member of the editorial staff of the WEEKLY.

Just before a holiday number was made up a manuscript arrived from a Southern State, and in the course of time passed through the hands of the preliminary reader, and reached the desk of the assistant editor. He had not read more than one-third of the manuscript when he noticed a new note. It was the work of an unac-

customed pen, but the strokes were sure and firm. The viewpoint was original; the character-drawing was that of a close observer; and the style, while perhaps a bit immature, had the personal note that gave it the power to sharply arrest the interest of the reader.

The manuscript was partly typewritten and partly written by hand. The letter accompanying it was the usual form of submission and gave no key to the individuality of the writer. The story was at once accepted, and in the relief of finding something worth writing about, the editor became a little effusive in his letter of acceptance. The result was a long reply from the lady whose name was signed to the story. She was writing another, and also had an unfinished novel under way which had already taken some years of preparation. This was the beginning of a correspondence that extended over the better part of a year. The subjects from literary matters became personal, but no manuscript came to hand. At last one day there was delivered to the editorial sanctum a bulky package. It was the long-expected novel. With delightful anticipations and the thrill of a literary Columbus, the assistant editor took the manuscript home. He denied himself to everybody. Nothing should interrupt the careful survey of this promised land of letters.

The first chapter puzzled him. The second caused him to wonder whether he had lost his grip or was suffering from mental aberration. No such inane, weird, absolutely impossible combination of words, plot, construction, and method could be imagined. It bore no mark of the authorship of the first gem delved from the hoped-for diamond-field.

The editor at once wrote a short and caustic communi-

cation, returning the manuscript. He stated in terse terms his chagrin, disappointment, and even anger. He declared that the hand that had written the first story could never have been guilty of the perpetration of the last. There was no reply. A week went by, and a telegram was received. The authoress would be in town that evening, and requested the favor of a personal hearing. Never will that interview be forgotten! A trembling little woman who bore the traces of a very recently faded beauty was introduced. It was the story of *The Giant's Robe* once more. She had never written the first story at all. It had been bequeathed to her by a friend with some other papers when he died. She had sent it on under her own name. For years she had been sending manuscripts to the magazines and periodicals only to have them returned, and had finally become obsessed with the idea that articles and stories sent by her were never read. With the acceptance of this tale the field of fame was, she thought, at last open to her. The novel she had worked on for eight years would now get a hearing, and if published she intended to tell the whole story and give credit to her deceased friend. She informed the editor that she was about to be married to a man whose acquaintance she had made through the publication of the first story that had ostensibly appeared from her pen. She begged that nothing should be done to mar her reputation. The money received she would restore or give to charity.

Much relieved by the editor's assurance that no punitive steps were contemplated, she departed. Shortly afterward, there came cards announcing her marriage. On the back of the card sent to the editor were written the words:

"I have told him."

Among the readers for the House in addition to our editors have been Dr. George Ripley, Charles Nordhoff, Dr. Charlton T. Lewis, George Cary Eggleston, Montgomery Schuyler, W. G. van Tassel Sutphen, Ripley Hitchcock, Mrs. C. G. Runkle, Miss Lillie Hamilton French, Mrs. B. P. Wright (Mrs. T. P. O'Connor), Dr. Samuel Kneeland, C. D. Deshler, C. H. Gaines, Virginius Dabney, H. L. Nelson, and occasionally William Dean Howells and John Kendrick Bangs.

In January, 1868, we began *The Moonstone*, by Wilkie Collins, in the WEEKLY, and it proved to be a serial of absorbing interest. August 24, 1869, we wrote to Collins:

We gratefully avail ourselves of your kind and confidential intimation that no slight difference between the proposals you may receive from us and from others will prevent your personal preference in our favor. We heartily reciprocate your desire for a continuance of our relations, and should the offer we make (we paid £750 for *Man and Wife*, the story referred to) not seem to you enough, and should you receive a greater one from any *responsible* house, from whom you are sure of getting your money, we would increase this offer to an amount which would correspond with the offer of any other responsible party. We make the proposition of part advance to relieve you of any embarrassment you may feel in receiving offers nearly alike in amount and accepting ours.

Of Dickens's death, in 1870, the WEEKLY said:

The great story-teller is the personal friend of the world, and when he dies a shadow falls upon every home in which his works were familiar and his name tenderly cherished. When the news came that Dickens was dead, it was felt that the one man who was more beloved than any of his contemporaries by the English-speaking race of to-day was gone. While he yet lay in his own house unburied, the thoughts of the whole civilized world turned solemnly to the silent chamber and gratefully recalled his immense service to mankind. What an amazing fame! What a feeling to inspire! . . . And who of all men that ever lived has

done more to make men good than Charles Dickens? and what praise so pure as that simple truth could be spoken by his open grave?

I was in London at the time of Dickens's death and was an eye-witness of the popular grief at his loss. He was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, which is so crowded that when they opened his grave the head of Handel's coffin was disclosed. Dickens's will contained the following explicit directions, which explains why no costly monument has been erected to his memory:

I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb. . . . I enjoin my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto.

In 1870 I was in Paris at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, and remember the exciting disturbances on the receipt of the news of the first defeat of the French army. The mob walked through the streets singing "*A la lanterne*, Olivier!" (who was then Prime Minister). In front of our hotel, the Chatham, which faces on the narrow Rue Daunou, running from the Boulevard des Italiens to the Avenue de l'Opéra, a barricade was thrown up by the mob at one end of the street and the government forces were at the other. We were instructed by the police to keep within the hotel, and all the front shutters of the houses on the street were closed during the firing, which for a time was quite animated. We were among those who hastened out of Paris in fear of the siege, and I remember on our way to Baden-Baden seeing French soldiers driven along the road like flocks of sheep. We drove out in the evening from Baden-Baden to witness

the bombardment of Strasbourg. Afterward while going down the Rhine by steamboat there were a number of wounded German officers on board—one man, quite young and apparently suffering from his wound, sat apart on the deck, but when we went down to luncheon and he had taken off his overcoat it was noticed that he wore the Iron Cross, and every officer present stood up and saluted until he took his seat.

July 30, 1870, the WEEKLY says editorially:

In the awful conflict which the ambition of one crowned head and the obstinacy of another have thus forced upon Europe, American citizens may justly withhold their sympathy from both sides. A more needless war was never begun. It involves no great principle. On neither side is it properly a war of defence. It is simply a dynastic war, a personal quarrel between the Emperor of France and the King of Prussia, and the main question to be decided is, which of these two potentates has the stronger army and the more skilful generals. In forcing the conflict at the present moment, Napoleon is clearly in the wrong; but the arrogance of King William, and his readiness to accept the challenge which his own conduct had been the means of provoking, make him an equal partner in the guilt of involving Europe in a needless war.

The editorials and the cartoons of Nast were in strict accord during the campaign of 1868 when Grant and Colfax were opposed by Seymour and Blair. Nast's caricatures of Seymour with his hair brought up on either side of his head like two horns were very familiar at the time. John Russell Young, then managing editor of the *Tribune*, sent a hearty line of commendation and praise. He said:

I want, as one citizen of this free and enlightened country, to thank you for your services in the canvass. In summing up the agencies of a great and glorious triumph I know of no one that has been more effective and more brilliant. I salute you on the threshold of a brilliant career.

But it remained for Grant himself to pay the final word of tribute. "Two things elected me," he said, "the sword of Sheridan and the pencil of Thomas Nast."

In May, 1869, Mrs. Craik's charming serial *A Brave Lady* was started in the MAGAZINE. I give the following letter from Mrs. Craik, dated April 17, 1869:

DEAR SIRS,—My pleasure in your very pretty edition of *A French Country Family* has been quite spoiled by my extreme annoyance at the liberty which has been taken with my title-page. In the first place, "Dinah Mulock Craik" is not my name —we Englishwomen prefer to drop our maiden name entirely when we marry—and secondly, I have never in my life put my name to anything—having an excessive dislike to it. "The author of" is quite sufficient for the public.

May I request that you will as soon as possible cancel this title-page, and remember that on all future occasions—in books or magazines—I must *never* appear except as "the author of *John Halifax*."

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
D. M. CRAIK.

In the December number of the MAGAZINE we began a department by Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, with the title of "The Editor's Scientific Record," which proved to be an important scientific acquisition and which ran for nine years.

XXII

[1] DURING 1869 Nast had already begun his real work against the Tammany Ring. I recall especially his powerful cartoon of December, 1869, entitled, "The Economical Council at Albany, New York," with Governor Hoffman as high priest and Peter B. Sweeny by his side, facing their faithful cohorts of high taxes and plunder, conspicuous among which were O. K. Hall, Connolly, and Tweed.

With the beginning of the year 1870 the government of the city of New York was wholly in the hands of the Ring, comprised of four men whose names and aliases were William Marcy Tweed, alias "Big Bill" or "The Boss"; Peter Barr Sweeny, also called "Brains," and, disrespectfully, "Pete"; Richard B. Connolly, known almost from childhood as "Slippery Dick"; A. Oakey Hall, often by himself written "O. K. Hall," and by Nast "O. K. Haul."

They did, as a matter of fact, own or control every public office in New York City and a working majority in the State Legislature, while the Tammany Governor, John T. Hoffman, was a mere figurehead, elected and directed by the Ring.

Paine says:

> In 1870 the blight of the Ring had extended to every corner of the city's moral and intellectual life. When it is remembered

[1] I am beholden to Albert Bigelow Paine's *Thomas Nast* for much of the material I have incorporated in this chapter on our fight against the Tweed Ring.

that not only men whose political and financial ambitions rendered them sensitive to its influence were bought or blinded, but that such a venerable and justly venerated man as Peter Cooper was for a time misled into public support of Tweed and his associates, it may be conceived that the general public was hopelessly confused as to facts and principles, while those whose clearer vision impelled them to reform remained in what seemed a hopeless minority.

Well indeed might Tweed ask in the first days of exposure, "What are you going to do about it?" and Mayor Hall, "Who is going to sue?"

A committee of six of New York's wealthiest and most influential citizens were invited to examine the Comptroller's books—John Jacob Astor, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, George K. Sistare, E. D. Brown, and Edward Schell—afterward known as the "whitewashing committee." They reported: "We have come to the conclusion and certify that the financial affairs of the city, under the charge of the Comptroller, are administered in a correct and faithful manner."

The New York *Times*, with George Jones proprietor and Louis J. Jennings editor, was an uncompromising power for municipal reform. The *Times* under their direction, with HARPER'S WEEKLY as its ally, prepared to engage in a mighty work of destruction, the end of which no man could foresee.

It was early in 1870 that the New York *Times* joined us in the fight against the Ring. As a Republican organ, Tammany was its natural enemy whose iniquities, as well as the personal deportment of Tweed, had received a measure of notice, but now the Ring proper was marked for special attack.

The *Times* began by complimenting the fearless and powerful work of Nast in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Referring to his cartoon "Coming Events," it said:

The sketches of New York life under the Democratic rule may not be entirely welcome to Tammany chiefs, but the great body of citizens will sorrowfully admit that they are not in the least exaggerated. Mr. Nast ought to continue these satires on local and national politics.

The Tweed Ring, which began to appreciate the force of the attack on its almost impregnable position made by Nast and the *Times*, now offered Jones a million dollars for silence. This proving ineffectual, the Ring attempted legal proceedings against the *Times*, based on a writ of *quo warranto* against the corporation, so as to drive it from its premises. The *Times* building was constructed on ground formerly occupied by a religious body and given by the city of New York for that purpose. When the property ceased to be so used and was sold, the reversionary right of the city came up and was quieted by a substantial payment. Tweed got hold of the fact and thought that he could use it to show that the *Times* had no title to its property; but even this device failed to silence the *Times*.

I give the following extract from the editorial page of the WEEKLY dated October 29, 1870:

> Tammany Hall, which absolutely controls the city by the most notoriously criminal means, and which, under popular forms, has annihilated popular government, justly excites the anxious apprehension of all good citizens. Unless its power can be broken the most disastrous results and the most desperate civil convulsions are sure to come. Tammany Hall governs by terrorism and corruption. It relies upon cheating at the polls. And no free people can long tolerate such a system, when its character is exposed, as that of Tammany now is.

Just before the fall election of 1870 Jennings and Nast were making a strenuous fight for better government, but the odds against them were still too great. Paine says:

On election day many respectable but timid voters remained within doors while "repeaters" were marched shamelessly from one polling-place to another. Once more the Ring was triumphant, and the Tiger banner was flaunted victoriously in the breeze.

Early in 1871 the Ring was at the apex of its power. It is true that the blows already struck by Nast and Jennings had not only attracted public attention, but had seriously alarmed the members of the Ring. So securely intrenched, however, were the offenders behind cunningly devised laws, corrupt judges, a subsidized press, fraudulent voting machinery and an army of accomplices, that they were in no immediate danger.

The *Times* said in an editorial:

There is absolutely nothing—nothing in the city which is beyond the reach of the insatiable gang who have obtained possession of it. They can get a grand jury dismissed at any time, and, as we have seen, the Legislature is completely at their disposal.

In Nast's first cartoon of the year 1871 "Tweedledee and Sweedeldum" Tweed and Sweeny are shown as freely dispensing funds from the public treasury to their greedy henchmen, while they at the same time set aside liberal sums for themselves. Tweed's fifteen-thousand-dollar diamond shirt-stud, which soon became historic, was first depicted in this caricature. Paine goes on to say:

"That's the last straw!" Tweed declared, when he saw it. "I'll show them d—d publishers a new trick!"

He had already threatened Harper's with an action for libel, and had prevailed upon deluded Peter Cooper to use his influence in behalf of the city officials. He now gave orders to his Board of Education to reject all Harper bids for school-books, and to throw out those already on hand. More than fifty thousand dollars of public property was thus destroyed, to be replaced by books from the New York Printing Company—a corporation owned by the Ring.

I give the following editorial extract from HARPER'S WEEKLY early in 1871:

The imperialism of the Ring is the rule of corruption by money and by fear. It is a plague-spot in the center of the American system. It is a fresh attack upon American institutions under the name of Democracy. The power that now controls the city and State of New York aims at the control of the national government. The ruthless imperialism which prevails here it would practise upon a national arena. And it is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the people of the United States should understand the character and contemplate the measures of the imperial cabal which would rule them. Its malign influence upon popular rights may be seen in the fact that the Governor of New York, whom the cabal nominated and elected, faithfully obeys its will, and that the honor of the bench in the city is notoriously stained.

On April 4th a meeting was held at the Cooper Union to protest against a legislative bill which would give to the Ring still further powers. This meeting was called to order by William E. Dodge, while William F. Havemeyer presided. Among the speakers was Henry Ward Beecher, also Senator Evarts, who declared that it was no longer a pride to be a New-Yorker, but a disgrace, if New-Yorkers could not save themselves from infamy.

"It will all blow over," said Hall. "These gusts of reform are all wind and clatter. Next year we shall be in Washington."

Oakey Hall's boast was based on the fact that at this time Governor Hoffman was the Tammany Hall candidate for the Presidency, and the Ring thought he would have a walkover.

In its interference with national politics the Ring made a fatal mistake. Samuel J. Tilden, one of the shrewdest Democratic politicians of that period, also probably had Presidential ambitions, and it was bad policy on the part of the Ring to interject Hoffman as a rival.

James O'Brien, a close political friend of Tilden, secured

the proofs which resulted in the downfall of the Ring. One morning O'Brien called at the Comptroller's office and asked that an employee be removed and that a friend of his—one William Copeland—be appointed to fill the place. O'Brien assured Connolly that Copeland was "all right" and "safe." Paine points out that:

Connolly was in a dire state. He was equally afraid to grant or refuse O'Brien's request. Perspiration streamed down the fat face of "Slippery Dick" and he looked pale and old. Eventually he consented, and Copeland was installed. No sooner was he at the books than, by O'Brien's orders, he began to make a transcript of the items of the Ring's frightful and fraudulent disbursements, mainly charged as expenditures on the court-house then building. He worked fast and overtime to get these, and within a brief period the evidence of a guilt so vast as to be almost incredible was in O'Brien's hands. Another man, one Matthew O'Rourke, in a similar manner had been installed as county bookkeeper, and in this position had also fortified himself with proofs of enormous frauds, chiefly in connection with armory rents and repairs. O'Rourke had been a military editor and was especially fitted for this job.

In July, 1871, Paine tells us:

Louis J. Jennings, who, as we have noted, had maintained an unceasing warfare, was one night sitting in his office, wondering what move he could make next. Over and over he had branded Tweed and his associates as criminals, pointing out the frauds that must exist, daring the Ring to produce the city accounts. His life had been threatened, and more than once he had been arrested on trumped-up charges, and, like Nast, he had been accused of almost every crime in the calendar. Pondering as to the possibilities and the probable rewards of American reform, the sturdy Englishman began writing, when the door suddenly opened, and James O'Brien entered.

The men were known to each other, and O'Brien remarked that it was a warm evening.

"Yes, hot," assented Jennings.

"You and Nast have had a hard fight," continued O'Brien.

"Have still," nodded Jennings, rather wearily.

"I said you have had it," repeated O'Brien, and he pulled a roll of papers from an inner pocket. "Here are the proofs of all your charges—exact transcriptions from Dick Connolly's books. The boys will likely try to murder you when they know you've got 'em, just as they've tried to murder me."

Jennings seized the precious roll and sat up till daylight studying it all out. It was only a day or two later that O'Rourke came in with the added documents, and was engaged by the *Times* to assist in making the great attack.

Immediately it became known to the Ring that the proofs of its guilt were in possession of the *Times*, and an effort was made to buy them. A carefully verified report of this attempt was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY, which reads as follows:

A tenant in the same building (the *Times* building) sent for Mr. Jones to come to his office, as he wished to see him on an important matter. Mr. Jones went to the lawyer's office, and being ushered into a private room, was confronted by Comptroller Connolly.

"I don't want to see this man," said Mr. Jones, and he turned to go.

"For God's sake," exclaimed Connolly, "let me say one word to you."

At this appeal Mr. Jones stopped. Connolly then made him a proposition to forego the publication of the documents he had in his possession and offered him the enormous sum of five million dollars to do this. As Connolly waited for the answer, Mr. Jones said:

"I don't think the devil will ever make a higher bid for me than that!"

Connolly began to plead, and drew a graphic picture of what one could do with five million dollars. He ended by saying:

"Why, with that sum you can go to Europe and live like a prince."

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "but I should know that I was a rascal. I cannot consider your offer or any offer not to publish the facts in my possession."

Paine continues:

On July 8th was published the first instalment of those terrible figures, that, having once been made to lie, now turned to cry out the damning truth in bold black type—black indeed to the

startled members of the Ring. The sensation was immediate. The figures showed that an enormous outlay had been charged as "armory rents and repairs" which never could have been legitimately expended.

The Ring staggered and began to dread a break on the part of its constituents. "Never mind," said Hall. "Who is going to prosecute?"

July 12, 1871, came another fatal stroke of ill-fortune for the Ring in the form of a riot caused by the Orangemen's parade in New York City. The Mayor, Oakey Hall, had forbidden the parade, at the command of the Hibernian Society, and public indignation had flamed up at this blow to American liberties. Leading papers that had hitherto supported the Ring seized upon the Mayor's edict as an excuse for rushing to cover—fiercely denouncing Hall. Even Governor Hoffman rescinded the Mayor's order, though at the eleventh hour, promising protection to the little band of Protestant Irish. The Hibernians, encouraged by Mayor Hall's attitude, declared for open warfare if the Orangemen paraded, with general destruction to Protestant sympathizers, adding a special threat against the house of Harper & Brothers for the publication of the cartoons of Thomas Nast. The Governor's belated order had no effect. The warning and admonition of priest and bishop went unheeded. The spirit of Sixty-three was abroad. The mob was ripe for bloodshed and the burning and sacking of stores.

It proved a brief and sanguinary episode. On Eighth Avenue, from Twenty-third Street to Twenty-ninth Street, the assault on the paraders took place. The military, which had been called out to escort the Orangemen, did not immediately open fire, and the rioters now boldly appeared from all sides, discharging firearms and missiles of every sort at the procession. A woman who waved a handkerchief to the Orangemen was instantly killed. A little girl by her side shared the same fate. Then a private was shot down; and then, a moment later, the military opened fire on the mob. The crowd of ruffians, who had made up their minds that the soldiers would not shoot, broke wildly and fled, leaving almost a hundred dead and wounded behind. The riot was over. The prompt and severe military punishment had avoided a repetition of the Draft Riot scenes of 1863. Nast, marching with the Seventh Regiment, had seen the fulfilment of a prophecy in his cartoon "Shadows of Coming Events," published more than a year before in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

In the thirty months of Ring rule thirty millions of dollars had been stolen from the treasury of New York City. The municipal debt had increased more than fifty millions. Matthew J. O'Rourke, who made a careful study of the city finances, stated that, counting the vast issues of fraudulent bonds, the swindling of the city by the wealthy tax-dodgers, by franchises and favors granted, by blackmail and extortion, the total amount of the city's loss through the Tweed Ring was not less than two hundred millions of dollars.

Two of Nast's important and very effective pictures were "Who is Ingersoll's Company?" and "Who Stole the People's Money?" In the first Greeley appears, asking, "Who is Ingersoll's Company?" and Tweed and his numberless cohorts are there as a reply. In the second picture the Ring and its friends are formed in a circle, pointing accusingly, one to the other, as an answer to the *Times's* pertinent question, "Who Stole the People's Money?"

"You have never done anything more trenchantly witty than the 'Co.' of Ingersoll," wrote Curtis, "and the 'Twas Him!' My wife and I laughed continuously over them. They were prodigiously good."

It is believed that these pages, and the certainty of others of their kind to follow, did more to terrify the Ring than any previous attack.

"Let's stop them d—d pictures," proposed Tweed when he saw them. "I don't care so much what the papers write about me—my constituents can't read; but d—n it, they can see pictures!"

Paine gives the following interesting episode:

The Ring now resorted to new tactics. They determined to buy where they could not intimidate. A lawyer friend one day

intimated to Nast that, in appreciation of his great efforts in HARPER'S WEEKLY, a party of rich men wished to send him abroad and give him a chance to study under the world's masters. The friend was probably innocent enough—an unconscious tool of the Ring. Nast said very little except that he appreciated the offer and would be delighted to go but for the fact that he had important business just then in New York. He fancied that he detected the far, faint odor of a mouse under the idea, but he did not mention this to his friend. On the following Sunday an officer of the Broadway Bank, where the Ring kept its accounts, called on Nast at his home. He talked of a number of things. Then he said:

"I hear you have been made an offer to go abroad for art study?"

"Yes," nodded Nast, "but I can't go. I haven't time."

"But they will pay you for your time. I have reason to believe that you could get a hundred thousand dollars for this trip."

"Do you think I could get two hundred thousand?"

"Well, possibly. I believe from what I have heard in the bank that you might get it. You have a great talent; but you need study and you need rest. Besides, this Ring business will get you into trouble. They own all the judges and jurors, and can have you locked up for libel. My advice is to take the money and get away."

Nast looked out into the street, and perhaps wondered what two hundred thousand dollars would do for him. Presently he said:

"Don't you think I could get five hundred thousand dollars to make that trip?"

The bank official scarcely hesitated.

"You can. You can get five hundred thousand dollars in gold to drop this Ring business and get out of the country."

Nast laughed a little. He had played the game far enough.

"Well, I don't think I'll do it," he said. "I made up my mind long ago to put some of those fellows behind the bars, *and I'm going to put them there!*"

The banker rose rather quietly.

"Only be careful, Mr. Nast, that you do not first put yourself in a coffin," he smiled.

It was not until two years later that he met Nast one day on Broadway.

"My God, Nast," he said, "you did it, after all!"

On July 15, 1871, HARPER'S WEEKLY published a portrait and biographical sketch of Louis J. Jennings, showing his highly successful career in various editorial positions he had filled and enumerating his enviable record and brilliant capabilities. On August 26th it republished a full-page portrait of Thomas Nast and referred to him as the most cordially hated man in New York—hated by the men whose friendship would be a dishonor, and further added that his inventive powers seemed to be inexhaustible.

Paine tells us that Oakey Hall, still jaunty and defiant, meeting Nast on the street one day, said:

"I have seen your 'handwriting on the wall' of late."

"You will see more of it presently," answered Nast, without pausing.

Tweed, who had earlier declared his intention of horsewhipping Nast on sight, one morning, driving in Central Park, met him face to face. The artist smiled and tipped his hat jauntily, as was his wont. The "Boss" forgot his threat and returned the salutation.

The sale of HARPER'S WEEKLY was forbidden on the news-stands by Mayor Hall under penalty of revoked licenses, but the edict was never enforced. I used to walk down to the office mornings with my grandfather, and I distinctly remember how anxiously he would inquire of the newsdealers on the day of publication if the WEEKLY had been suppressed as yet; and he always seemed to me greatly disappointed when he learned that the Ring had failed to carry out its threat.

Paine informs us:

> The shots were dropping thickly now, and the withering fire laid waste the ranks of infamy. Every respectable journal in

New York was in line at last, and every organization was crying "thief." Even the W. M. Tweed Association denounced the corruption of the city officials, while the officials themselves were chiefly engaged in recriminations against one another. It was clearly a case of "Stop thief!" and Nast's cartoon of that title, published October 7, 1871, so exactly portrays the situation and is withal so full of spirit and action that one feels impelled to join the mad race and to take up the accusing cry.

I doubt if caricature in any country has ever been so ruinously destructive as Nast's overthrow of the Tweed Ring. The crushing of the Ring had become a national issue, and Thomas Nast, as leader in the attack, found himself a conspicuous national figure. In the frenzy of battle he had risen to achievements of attack and slaughter in cartoon work hitherto unparalleled.

The Booth Committee was now ready to make its report. Through Andrew H. Green, Samuel J. Tilden knew precisely what that report would be. Two or three days previous he "happened casually," as he says in his affidavit, to drop into Mr. Green's office, and was shown there some startling figures from the books of the Broadway Bank. Traced through the bank's entries, these figures showed just how an account against the city—a sum of $6,312,641.37—had netted a clear profit of $6,095,309.17 *to Tweed and his friends*, and just in what measure the transaction had been arranged. Why the bank had not rendered so important a public service before does not now matter. Nor is it essential to know why Mr. Tilden, who later on acknowledged that he knew so far back as 1869 that the Ring was opposed to all good government, should have waited until this particular and supreme moment for his final action.

It is enough that it was the supreme instant, and with his affidavit and the clear and full statement of the Broadway Bank, Mr. Tilden strode into the limelight, and the public rose up in a concord of cheers and commendation. Tilden in that moment must have believed that the greatest gift of the American people would surely be his reward.

The report of the Booth Committee removed the last existing doubt as to the Ring's culpability. William Marcy Tweed was arrested, and, though released on a million-dollar bond, supplied by Jay Gould and others, that first arrest marked the beginning of the end.

Samuel J. Tilden, like an avenging angel, with all the skill and knowledge and ambition of his kind, had at last linked his legal

acumen with the brilliant daring of the *Times* and the relentless genius of Nast! The glory of dishonor was waning dim. In its declining day long shadows of somber prison walls reached out to inclose the Ring.

In the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY prior to the autumn election week of 1871 there appeared but one small cartoon, and this represented Tweed still holding the Tammany reins, but with the next number—issued two days before the election—Thomas Nast produced a cartoon for the pages of the WEEKLY which was so terrific in its power, so far-reaching in its results, that Ring rule and municipal plunder the world over shall long hear the echo of its terrible contact with the forces of corruption.

It was a great double page of the Coliseum at Rome. Seated in the imperial inclosure, gazing down with brutal, eager faces, are Tweed and his dishonored band, with the Americus emblems above and below. But it is only the center of the amphitheater that we see. There, full in the foreground, with glaring, savage eyes and distended jaws, its great, cruel paws crushing down the maimed Republic, we behold the first complete embodiment of that fierce symbol, "The Tammany Tiger." This creature of rapacity and stripes, whose savage head Tweed had emblazoned on the Tammany Banner, had been called into being to rend and destroy him. In all the cartoons the world has ever seen none has been so startling in its conception, so splendidly picturesque, so enduring in its motive of reform, as "The Tammany Tiger Loose—What are you going to do about it?" In the history of pictorial caricature it stands alone—to-day as then, and for all time—unapproached and unapproachable.

Two days later the people declared what they would do about it. The Ring had plotted to stuff the ballot and use their army of repeaters, but so great was their craven fear at this moment that a Nast picture of citizens voting into a waste-basket, with the Ring to do the counting, published with four others in the great Tiger issue (six altogether), frightened them into a fairly honest count, which swept them out of power. The Ring was shattered. It existed but in the history of its misdeeds.

The Nast drawings of the results of the great defeat were worthy of the man who had made them possible. He pictured Tweed wounded, bandaged, disgusted and disgusting, as Marius among the ruins of Carthage. On another page, "Something That Did Blow Over" graphically and humorously portrayed the ruins of the House of Tammany—the Ring and its adherents

either crushed or escaping, with Oakey Hall, whose term had not expired, still clinging to a tottering fragment. Opposite to this was another page, "The Political Suicide of Peter 'Brains' Sweeny"—Sweeny having resigned from office and withdrawn from public life the day following the fatal election. Sweeny, it may be added, subsequently made a flying trip to Canada, later to join in France his brother James, who was also concerned in Ring financiering. Eventually he paid four hundred thousand dollars to the city and was forgiven. He died in 1911.

Of all the fortunes acquired by the Ring and its adherents, scarcely the remnant of a single one exists to-day. Less than a million of the loss was recovered by the city, but the men who had sold themselves for plunder had not the ability to preserve their ill-gotten price. Some of them died in exile, others in prison. Some were allowed to return and testify against their fellows, and all, or nearly all, have perished from the sight of men and left only dishonored names behind.

From the Vice-President came an enthusiastic acknowledgment of Nast's telling work:

DEAR MR. NAST,—With a heart full of joy over the magnificent results of last Tuesday, I write you again, as I did in the fall of 1868, to recognize the large share you have had in its achievement. Week by week I have looked at and studied your telling and speaking pictures and wondered how you could find so many new and striking ideas for your pictorial bombardment. Everybody I have heard speak of the campaign concurs with me that nothing has been more effective. Rejoicing with you that these returns prove that General Grant can be elected far more triumphantly in 1872 than in 1868, I am sincerely your friend, SCHUYLER COLFAX.

In an editorial on the Ring's downfall the *Nation* said:

Mr. Nast has carried political illustrations during the last six months to a pitch of excellence never before attained in this country, and has secured for them an influence on opinion such as they never came near having in any country. It is right to

say that he brought the rascalities of the Ring home to hundreds of thousands who never would have looked at the figures and printed denunciations, and he did it all without ever for one moment being weak, or paltry, or vulgar, which is saying much for a man whose pencil caricatures were teeming every week for so long.

The *Post* quoted the above, and added:

The fact is that Mr. Nast has been the most important single missionary in the great work, and it is due to him more than to any other cause that our municipal war for honesty has, from a local contest, widened to a national struggle.

No respectable paper was now bold enough to defame him. Even those who, perhaps in a spirit of rivalry, refused to accord credit to the *Times* for its great work, united in the most extravagant praises of Thomas Nast.



Th: Nast.

XXIII

In 1872 the New York *Sun*, *Post*, *Herald*, and *Tribune* were against Grant's second nomination for the Presidency, and in Washington there was a strong opposition, led by Senators Sumner, Schurz, Trumbull, and Fenton. Nast's cartoons on Schurz, Sumner, and their associates were considered by some Republicans as of questionable taste and policy. Paine says:

> Nast made a trip to Washington, and while there had been presented to Carl Schurz, who looked down with sinister contempt on the little man before him.
>
> "You will not be allowed to continue your attacks upon me," he said, rather fiercely.
>
> "Why not, Senator?" queried Nast.
>
> "Your paper will not permit them."
>
> "Oh, I think it will," ventured the artist, pleasantly.
>
> "Well, then, I will not!" declared the tall statesman, with a threatening air. "I will publicly chastise you!"
>
> Nast laughed his happy, infectious laugh, in which many joined. That the man who had defied the Tweed Ring, with its legions of bullies and thugs, could be intimidated by Senator Schurz perhaps seemed to them humorous.

In an issue of the Weekly soon after his return appeared "Carl Schurz the Brave" as an attenuated "Tower of Strength," Nast's most pronounced caricature thus far of the Missouri Senator.

"Curtis had also grown large in the public mind," said Henry Loomis Nelson. "So important were his utterances, and such confidence had he inspired in his ability

and in his attitude, that he appeared to be one of the foremost leaders of the hour. He never actually commanded those who participated in the party game; he never played the game himself, nor could he have gained any skill in it if he had been willing to make the attempt; his leadership was that of the intellect and the conscience, and of men to whose intellects and consciences appeals might be made."

Curtis and Nast pulled together with but slight friction in the Grant-Greeley campaign, although many of Curtis's friends were opposed to the renomination of Grant, and Curtis himself realized that Grant's first administration had not been all that might have been desired, and consequently his support at first was not as whole-hearted as Nast's, but later on he made a very strong fight for Grant. The WEEKLY said editorially, February 18, 1871:

> In Congressional debates and elsewhere there is a great deal said in rebuke of certain Republicans as hostile to the Administration; and there seems to be an opinion in some quarters that support of an administration means universal approval of all its acts. But it is very clear that that kind of approval is not to be expected from Republicans. They are men who observe and criticize, and who understand that friendship to an administration, like private friendship, is not a blind idolatry, but a wise preference. For if a party excluded a member because he did not sustain every act of its administration it would be a very small and a very contemptible party indeed.

And March 11th the WEEKLY continued:

> As earnest supporters of the Administration, we hope to discuss all its measures temperately, and when we differ to differ as friends. For it is very evident that if those Republicans who disapprove any measure of the Administration are either to denounce it as corrupt, or to be denounced by it as seeking personal revenge, the paralysis of the party is inevitable.

March 28th the WEEKLY points out editorially that:

When Senator Schurz declared that the General Order swindle (in the New York Custom-House) was sustained by a power higher than the Secretary of the Treasury, he hinted that it was the President, because he is the only power which, in that sense, is higher than the Secretary. Those who in the investigation of frauds in the Administration seem much more anxious to smear the President than to punish guilty agents ought to consider whether by so clear an exhibition of personal animosity they do not harm the cause of simple, honest reform.

Among the detractors of Grant was Charles Sumner, and Curtis, who loved the Senator, gave way at last, and censured his friend as follows in the WEEKLY:

He (Sumner) said all that anybody ever said, and more. No charge escaped him. He depicted the patriot whom all men know, and the Chief Magistrate who has given us peace and security, as a monster of ignorance, indolence, lawlessness, and incapacity, whose influence is pernicious in the highest degree, and whose example degrades the youth of the land. The reply of the Republican party was the renomination of the President with enthusiastic unanimity, by one of the most intelligent conventions ever assembled in the country. So wholly unjust is the spirit of Mr. Sumner's speech that it may be truly said not to represent accurately a single fact.

One afternoon in March or April, 1871, my grandfather went into the private office to get his hat before leaving for the day, and unexpectedly found Curtis in earnest conversation with two or three gentlemen. He had no idea who the strangers were, but as he went out he said to Curtis in his impressive way, "Curtis, whatever you do, stick to Grant." Curtis told my grandfather the next day that his remark was quite prophetic, as the visitors comprised a delegation from Washington that had come over to try and persuade him to join the senatorial cabal against Grant, and that he was hard pressed when my grandfather came so fortunately to his relief.

Curtis wrote to Nast in 1872 in reference to a cartoon entitled "Children Cry for It," in which Grant offers Civil Service broth to Schurz, Sumner, Trumbull, Fenton, and others:

MY DEAR NAST,—I am confounded and chagrined by your picture of this week, in which my personal friends and those whom I asked you personally to spare are exposed to what I think is not only ridicule but injustice. Your picture implies that the President adopts the reforms for the purpose of commending a distasteful potion to those who have concocted it. I think, and therefore I say it frankly, that it injures everybody and the cause concerned. The one thing for which I have striven in the conduct of the paper is unity of sentiment. I don't think the pictures and the text should be at variance, and it is possible to criticize a man severely in words without the least ridicule; but it can't be done in pictures. I do not know how I can more strongly protest than I have already done against the fatal policy of firing upon Republicans. Success is not assured by alienating those who up to the nomination have exactly the same rights as ourselves. Remember, it is not the body known as "the President's friends" who hate the reform, but it is the very men you ridicule who have really supported the movement, and who mean what they say.

I do not assume any right whatever to control your action or to dictate in any manner. I protest to you as a friend against the injustice done to other friends, and in a way of which I must bear the responsibility. Nor is it a personal protest only. The cause of the party, and therefore of the country, is injured. I support the President sincerely, but I respect the equal sincerity of my friends who differ. The situation is difficult, and our cause requires extreme delicacy of treatment. To-day I am to dine with Mr. Sumner, but how can I eat his bread, knowing that the paper with which I am identified holds him up to public contempt? Yesterday, when I defended the President to Mr. Schurz, he shook my hand warmly, and said, "At least we agree upon the point of Civil Service." What will his feelings be when he sees "my paper"?

My dear Nast, I am very sorely touched by your want of regard for my friendship, for I asked you not to do this very thing. I know, if you will excuse me, better than you can possibly know, the mischief. Very truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

The following letter from Curtis to Nast was written August 7, 1872:

MY DEAR NAST,—Since Webster's "Seventh of March" speech nothing in our political history has seemed to me so sad as Mr. Sumner's letter. He is my dear friend, a man whose services to the country and to civilization have been immense, who deserves all honor and regard from all honorable men. The position of such a man may be criticized in writing, because in writing perfect respect may be preserved. But it is not so with the caricaturing pencil. You see what I am coming to. You are your own master, and your name is signed to your work. But it is, nevertheless, supposed that I, as editor, am responsible for what pains me the more because of my friendship and my difference. Besides, the caricature puts a false sense upon what is written, and covers the expressions of the most sincere regard with an appearance of insincerity. There are thousands of good men who feel as I do about it, and I hope that your friendship for me will grant my request that you will not introduce Mr. Sumner in any way into any picture.

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Nast's reply was to the effect that Sumner's heroic past made his present attitude all the more of a menace to the right, and he called attention to the fact that Curtis had at an earlier date asked him not to caricature others of the group who were now, as they had been from the first, Grant's bitter enemies. This called forth the following answer:

MY DEAR NAST,—I am very much obliged by your note. I did ask you not to caricature Sumner, Greeley, Schurz, and Trumbull, because at that time I thought it was bad policy—and I think so still!

The exact difficulty which I feel is this, that it is wrong to represent as morally contemptible men of the highest character with whom you politically differ. To serve up Schurz and Sumner as you would Tweed shows, in my judgment, a lack of moral perception. And to one who feels as I do about those men, *and who knows* that he is about right, every picture in which you

defame them is a separate pain. There is a wide difference between a good-humored laugh and a moral denunciation.

You are very good to have answered me at all. I know how I differ from you and from our friends in Franklin Square upon this point, and I have wished only to free my conscience by protesting. I shall not trouble you any more, and I am

Very truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

I give a letter from my cousin Joseph W. Harper to Curtis about this time:

DEAR MR. CURTIS,—Uncle Fletcher wishes me to thank you for your note of the 7th instant—and to say that he cordially agrees with you as to the plan of showing that the real strength of the Cincinnati movement is the old Democratic party. This week's cartoon, "Will Robinson Crusoe Forsake His Man Friday?" is in accordance with your idea, I think, and is in no way disrespectful to Mr. Sumner.

I do not think that Nast has been disrespectful to Mr. Trumbull. Surely it is a laudable ambition to want the Presidential nomination, and to say that "Barkis is Willin'" is nothing against Barkis's honesty and patriotism.

But, as to Mr. Schurz, he has been very insulting to the President, and my uncle hardly agrees with you as to the policy of allowing him to escape without being made to appear ridiculous to the party he would ruin by persistent misrepresentation of its leaders.

I see by the enclosed that you lectured in Philadelphia yesterday evening, and hoped that when you were so near New York you would drop in upon us in Franklin Square to keep us in order, and prevent us from going to the Cincinnati convention. My Uncle Fletcher desires to be kindly remembered to you. He has not been very well lately.

Also a few weeks later my cousin J. W. Harper wrote:

June 7, 1872.

DEAR MR. CURTIS,—My Uncle Fletcher has been somewhat irregular in his attendance at the office lately, the result of his agricultural experiments, and the precursor, I fear, of wood-chopping and fever-and-ague. He hastily gave me this morning

your pleasant note with the request that I would thank you for it, and say that he will instruct Mr. Nast in accordance with your wishes. But there is one block engraved, done immediately after Sumner's speech and before your return from Washington. It does not bear particularly hard on Mr. Sumner, however, and will not, I think, be offensive to his friends who politically disagree with him.

August 12, 1872, Joseph W. Harper wrote to Manton Marble, editor of the New York *World*, from which letter I give this extract:

Being a Democrat myself and a reader of the *World*, I can't vote for Greeley any more than an earnest Republican can vote for him and thereby ignore the teachings of the *Tribune* for the last twenty years and the traditions of his party.

After Grant is re-elected I hope we shall all be Democrats of the right sort. But if by stupendous fraud, rascality and idiocy, the "later Franklin" should be elected, I reckon that Nast and the *World* and the rest of us would have four years' fun in pitching into something a good deal more vulnerable than the present administration.

The farther we get away from the Civil War times, when it was necessarily plain sailing for patriotic Union men, the nearer we get to a situation when citizens may honestly disagree without the fear of imperiling their standing as loyal Americans, and the less likelihood there will be of vigorous men, like Curtis and Nast, for instance, inevitably agreeing in their views on all vital national and State questions. Party lines must, and it is well that they should, grow less strictly and clearly defined, until eventually they become at times obliterated in the opinion of the voter.

Nast was no respecter of persons, if in his judgment they stood in the way of progress or the welfare of the nation, and his cartoons of prominent men were at times savage and unsparing, but they invariably struck home

and were always, from his point of view at least, justifiable and even mandatory. He never employed his great gift in pursuance of pique, and he preferred to single out for attack the most prominent representatives of the opposition. He was a doughty knight, on the *qui vive* to resent unfair attacks and to unmask hypocrisy.

Curtis, on the other hand, was a most courtly gentleman of refined tastes, and he was loath to condemn his friends until they had in his opinion become an unquestionable menace to the party or country. His political arraignments were often crushing in effect or satirical to the last degree; but as a rule he endeavored to convince the mind rather than to assail the person. In short, his tendency was more like that of a professor dealing with an immature student; while Nast attempted to correct the misguided youth with the lash of ridicule or exposure, Curtis's method was more inclined to conciliate and persuade the misguided youngster. As Tweed pointed out, Nast's work was immediately effective, but Curtis's editorials were intellectual and deep-rooted, and possibly of greater endurance, although less sensational and immediately productive. Not infrequently my grandfather was appealed to as a mediator between the conflicting views advanced by Curtis and Nast, and, as an old friend of the House once put it, "Behind Nast's drawings and Curtis's editorials the controlling mind of Fletcher Harper was an immense power, pacifying, adjusting, and directing."

It is a remarkable fact that looking back under the light of history at the immense amount of work Nast did for the WEEKLY, there are very few drawings, if any, that give one the slightest twinge of regret. His insight into

contemporary political situations, and his appreciation and depreciation of the men who took part in municipal and national affairs, were certainly extraordinary.

When the result of Grant's election for a second term became known Samuel L. Clemens sent an enthusiastic line to Nast:

> Nast, you more than any other man have won a prodigious victory for Grant—I mean for Civilization and Progress. These pictures were simply marvelous, and if any man in the land has a right to hold his head up and be honestly proud of his share in this year's vast events, that man is unquestionably yourself. We all do sincerely honor you and are proud of you.
>
> Yours ever,
>
> MARK TWAIN.

In 1870 and 1871 Eugene Lawrence contributed some able and scholarly articles to the WEEKLY on the interference of the Roman Catholic Church with our American Public School system, and Nast made a number of masterful cartoons conformable to these papers. The following letters give an idea of their efficiency.

April 15, 1870.

FRANK H. SADLER, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 12th instant and to say in reply that, in common with the writer in the *Tablet*, you misapprehend our position in supposing that we entertain any prejudice whatever against the Irish as a race. We do not. On the contrary, as the editorial columns of the WEEKLY show, we sympathize with them in their national trials and wrongs, and heartily acknowledge their great and patriotic services in the development and protection of our common country.

But the Roman Catholic Church in this country, of which the Irish are the representative and most powerful element, has seen fit to enter the arena of politics, and arrays itself on one side of the most important political questions of the day, that of common school education; and while we hold that the private religious opinions of no man or body of men are a suitable subject for

public criticism, and recognize the right of every one to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, whether he be Roman Catholic, Jew, or Protestant, we also maintain that when any Church, through its recognized leaders, takes sides on political questions, it becomes, as a political party, justly liable to political criticism.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, as a strictly political journal of pronounced opinions on all the great questions of the day, takes account of every element of political opposition, in whatever form it may appear; and it would just as readily criticize and condemn in the Methodist, Baptist, or any other Protestant denomination, as in the Roman Catholic, actions which it deemed harmful to the best interests of the people, and in no sense can it be called an opponent of the Roman Catholic religion or of the Irish race.

The verses which called forth your remonstrance were printed merely as a pleasant piece of *badinage* appropriate to the occasion, —just as we should print a satirical ballad of "Hans Breitman," or a humorous account of the colored celebration of the Fifteenth Amendment, without the least suspicion that any other meaning, or any importance, could be attached to them; and I confess to a feeling of surprise that any Irishman should feel aggrieved by them.

Very truly yours,

J. A. HARPER.

P.S.—Our periodicals are more directly under the supervision of Mr. Fletcher Harper.

The firm wrote, August 4, 1871, to Prof. Marcius Willson:

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of this morning is at hand.

We deny that HARPER'S WEEKLY is partisan or opposed to the Roman Catholic religion. It has advocated the rights of our country, and denounced ecclesiastical attempts at political subjugation. It has done this uniformly, and has not changed as you intimate.

As, however, you are evidently not satisfied with us as your publishers, we should be pleased to know what amount (and how it is to be paid) you will give for our interest in the contract for your series, or what amount you will take for your interest,

you agreeing not to engage in any other series, and not to allow your name to be used on any.

Professor Willson was the author of a series of school readers, which were then the best-selling books on our list, and which sold in enormous quantities.

XXIV

JAMES HARPER, the senior partner of the publishing house of Harper & Brothers, died on Saturday evening, March 27, 1869, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. On the previous Thursday he was driving with his daughter, when the horses were startled by the sudden breaking of the pole of the carriage, and during the vain endeavor to control them he was thrown, with his daughter, to the pavement. She, fortunately, was little injured; but her father was fatally hurt and was carried to St. Luke's Hospital, where he lay unconscious for two days before he died. Curtis wrote in part for the WEEKLY:

> Erect in figure and elastic in movement, with a muscular force which was proverbial, his kind face was familiar to every man and woman and child in the employ of the House; and his tender heart made them all his friends. For fifty years he had been one of the most industrious and prosperous business men, and one of the most conspicuous citizens of New York. "Time could not wither him, nor custom stale." Courteous, forbearing, urbane in manner; of a remarkable sagacity; of a lofty integrity; of a wide acquaintance with men and affairs; and of a diligence which nothing relaxed, he lived his honorable and unostentatious life; and with every faculty undimmed, with the cheering impression of his whole being unabated, he passed suddenly and forever from human sight.

James Harper's life was not an eventful one. A plain man, devoted to business, shunning official station, and caring little for society, he passed modestly through a long and prosperous career, and dying left little more to be

recorded, so far as the public was concerned, than that a good and true man had gone to his rest. There was something magnetic in his presence. His constant cheerfulness, his unfailing good nature, his general sympathies, affected even casual acquaintances; while those who knew him intimately were attached to him by the ties of the warmest friendship. He knew every one employed in the various parts of the great building, interested himself in their family stories, and often won a confidence that was never betrayed. For some time his family had observed that in the daily religious service at home he no longer prayed to be delivered from sudden death, and upon being asked why, answered pleasantly, "The Lord knows best."

The expression of public sorrow and respect was general and sincere, and the funeral at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he was a member, was a touching demonstration of the regard in which he was held by his fellow-citizens. But among all the public and private tributes to his memory the one he would have most valued was that of those engaged in every department of the business, who knew him most familiarly in his daily life, and who, at a meeting at which Henry Marsh, for forty-seven years associated with the business, presided, passed these resolutions:

Whereas, In the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. James Harper, we, the employees of the firm, of which the deceased was for more than half a century the senior partner, have cause, through our long association with him and our knowledge of his generous character, his forbearing and kindly nature, for more than common regret; we deem it proper that we should put on record the high respect in which we held him; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. James Harper society has lost an ornament, the community an upright and esteemed citizen, his immediate family, a devoted husband and father,

and his employees a considerate, kindly and honorable employer. While we, in common with our fellow-citizens at large, have extreme regret for his loss to the community, we have beyond that a deeper sorrow growing out of our personal acquaintance with him, and the remembrance of his genial presence and the kindly sympathy and encouragement with which he always lightened our labors. On account of that evident sympathy and good-will towards us which was so characteristic of him, our recollections of him are especially endeared.

Resolved, That to his immediate family, and to the surviving brothers of the firm, we tender our thorough, heart-felt sympathy for their irreparable loss, hoping that their sorrow will be assuaged by the remembrance that his was a fully completed and honored life.

On the day of the fatal accident James Harper, on his way home, stopped at the studio of George G. Rockwood, to have his photograph taken. Rockwood says of this visit:

I found myself answering questions concerning my art, instead of getting from him much solid information about books and authors. He was surprised to learn that in portraiture there was something beyond mechanical manipulation, that portrayal of character or temperament—in fact, the best manhood or individuality of the sitter should be sought. He was interested in my persistence in making a profile of him, and in my declaration that it was at times the only view that brought out character; that the typical forcefulness of the representative American could only be delineated in that way. I told him the story of Talleyrand, who once picked out three ignoble persons who had been admitted with several gentlemen—all strangers—to his presence. He directed that all should pass in profile before him, with the above result. As Mr. Harper was passing out of the door he saw a portrait of Dr. Muhlenburg, the founder of St. Luke's Hospital. We entered into a brief discussion of the mighty results of the well and wisely directed efforts of one man as illustrated in the establishment of this beneficent institution. Mr. James Harper said: "If anything should ever happen to me I believe I should like to be taken to St. Luke's Hospital, for their organized, practical skill would perhaps be paramount to even the tender care and love one gets at home."

His words were prophetic. He left the gallery near two o'clock in the afternoon. About five a gentleman rushed into my reception-room and asked:

"Was Mr. James Harper here to-day?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Did he sit for his photograph?"

"Yes, and here is the negative—a superb one."

"Thank God! He was thrown from his carriage this afternoon and now lies dying in St. Luke's Hospital."

His last business transaction before he left the office on the day of the accident was to sign his check for the renewal of a policy of insurance for ten thousand dollars against death by accident, the amount of which was duly paid to his heirs.

Day after day the brothers met in the counting-room without any break or any disagreement until James Harper's casualty. This had a calamitous effect on the remaining three brothers. When John Harper, who was a man of deep feeling, again attended the office he looked heartbroken, and sat in one corner of the counting-room inconsolable and frequently sighing over the sad accident to his brother. He seemed from that time to lose interest in the business, and although he lived on for several years, he came irregularly to the office, and within a few years ceased his attendance altogether.

Wesley, for years in feeble health, was in a critical condition at the time of James's death. On the afternoon of the 24th of March his three brothers paid him a visit at his home. It was the last meeting of the four on earth. The next day James was dying, and Wesley, deeply affected by the sudden break of the fraternal bond, predicted that he would be the next to go. The heart trouble from which he had long suffered increased in its malignancy, and he

only survived his brother James a few months. Fletcher remained in active business for many years, although the loss of his brother James, and so soon afterward the death of Wesley, seemed to rob him of his old-time fire and energy, and gradually his association with the business became almost perfunctory.

Joseph Wesley Harper passed away within a year after the death of James Harper. He died at his residence in Brooklyn on Monday morning, February 14th, in the seventieth year of his age. After a long illness, of which the end was sure, and which had been imminent for many weeks, his death was as gentle as his life, and his memory is as spotless.

I give an extract from Curtis's WEEKLY editorial:

> Those who recall Mr. Harper during his long connection with the House are familiar with the peculiar courtesy, the constant and kindly humor of his manner, but only those who have been brought into more intimate relations with him fully know the true generosity and nobility of his character, his manly fidelity to his convictions, his exhaustless charity in judging others, his forbearance, sympathy, and wisdom in counsel. Modest and retiring, and of the simplest habits, he avoided wholly every kind of publicity; but his name in his religious connection was universally cherished and beloved, and his heart and hand were always open wide to the widow and the fatherless. Prosperity neither spoiled nor deceived him. He was its master, never its victim nor its slave. He was one of the men who sustain and refresh our faith in human nature, and whose loss is not so much an individual sorrow as the withdrawal of a lofty and pure influence from a wide circle.

The life of Wesley Harper, as his family and friends called him, was wholly private and domestic. Shy and retiring, he avoided entirely the kind of public service which makes men's names familiar, and for which indeed his qualifications of mind and heart, but not of tempera-

ment, peculiarly fitted him. Sagacious, untiring, devoted strictly to business, the operations of the House were constantly extended, and its intercourse by correspondence was ever most courteous and kindly, for Wesley was the firm's correspondent, and his letters, embracing a wide variety of subjects and addressed to persons of every kind of temperament, were remarkable for the same urbanity of manner and intelligent clearness of statement that marked his personal intercourse. He thanked God that he was a Methodist; but there was probably never a man so affectionately and firmly attached to his own religious denomination who was so truly liberal and free from all taint of bigotry. He held to his own sect, but, as one believing that in his Father's house were many mansions. Sectarian arrogance was as impossible to him as social arrogance. If you watched him on Sunday, you saw that he went to the Methodist church. If you watched him every day in the year, you saw that he was a good man. His shrewd observation, his retentive memory, and his genial humor made his reminiscences of noted persons very charming. The impression made by him upon all who came to the office was that of an intelligent, courteous, and most unassuming man. The action of the House was the result of the mutual counsel, in which the singularly sound judgment of Wesley, his knowledge of men, his general intelligence, were indispensable. For although of the utmost politeness and manly gentleness, he was a man of clear insight into character, and curiously impatient of pretense. He was universally beloved by all those who were employed by the firm; and the secret of their great regard was not merely his kindness of manner, it was his real humanity. He treated them as a man

associating with men, not merely as a master with his workmen.

> Everybody who knew him loved him; everybody, that is, who loved modesty and generosity and honor.

These words were written by a great master of fiction, in affectionately describing his hero—one of the sweetest ideals in English literature. And who shall say that Colonel Newcome, in his manliness, simplicity, and reverence, does not represent to us many noble souls who have departed this life in God's faith and fear?

A few months after James Harper was killed five of the sons were admitted to the firm: John W. Harper, son of John Harper, and Philip J. A. Harper, son of James Harper, assumed direction of the financial department. Joseph W. Harper, Jr., took his father's place in control of correspondence and also the general charge of the literary branch of the House. Fletcher Harper, Jr., became his father's assistant in the management of the periodicals, and Joseph Abner Harper, second son of John Harper, directed the commercial side of the business and the school-book department.

J. W. Harper, Jr., who had for some time carried on the correspondence of the House, owing to his father's protracted illness, had proved himself a worthy successor in the style, courtliness and force of his letters and in the beauty of his chirography, which was more important in those days before the universal adoption of stenography and typewriting.

The late Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood wrote in the New York *Times* for August 5, 1899:

> Joseph W. Harper had all the suavity of his uncle, Fletcher, all the kind heart, and a charm all his own. "You see, Mrs,

Sherwood," said he, "we have a hundred applications a day for books on etiquette, and we have none that we can conscientiously recommend. Now, you know about these things, and you should help your young countrywomen. Write a series of articles for Miss Booth (then editor of HARPER'S BAZAR), and if they please the public we will make a book of them. It will be a far more valuable literary property to you than all your novels." And so was born the book called *Manners and Social Usages*. Thrice I tried to sell it to him outright, thrice he refused to buy it, saying, "It is an income for life to you," and his words have come true. Had I taken his advice and written a cookery book, I should now be a Vanderbilt. It is these books which pay. When I reflect that old Siro Delmonico came to see me and offered me all his collection of cookery books, put up to it by Mr. Harper, I can scarcely sufficiently deplore my own besotted folly in refusing Siro Delmonico's help. "We are all of us dead before we know it." Poor Delmonico wandered off into a swamp near Toms River and was found dead not long after this, and I had only the memory of two or three talks with him on the interesting science which he knew so well, and which would be to me now a most agreeable pastime. I would rather now write a good cookery book than write a drama, a novel, or a poem—in cantos. I know what people read, and I have learned that most people like a good dinner better than a love song or a drama.

My acquaintance with Mr. J. W. Harper was a constant pleasure and a constant advantage. His uncle, Mr. Fletcher Harper, my old friend, had been long dead, and the younger men held the fort. Dining opposite a young married man whose name was Harper at an elegant dinner, I was shocked at the lapse of time when I said to him: "What relation to you was Mr. Fletcher Harper?" "He was my grandfather, Madame!" I believe that young grandson is now the head of the House. I fear I shocked him by saying: "Oh, I adored your grandfather!"



XXV

It was in 1863 that William Dean Howells, later to become so important and so highly esteemed a factor in the House of Harper, formed his first association with us. Mr. Howells, who has so worthily earned his title of "Dean of American Letters," is a literary diamond of so many brilliant facets that it would be idle for me to attempt the slightest explication of his genius in the space or with the talents at my disposal. Renowned as a novelist, poet, critic, essayist, editor, and social reformer though he is, I think of him more often as a loyal and inspiring friend, who in fair weather and in storm has ever been found alongside, ready to bring his serene counsel and unquestioned powers into play for the benefit of his associates. The task of presenting him with any degree of adequacy to the readers of these pages was so completely beyond me that I early abandoned the attempt; and, moreover, his service to the House has been so notably obvious to all who would be interested that the telling of it would in itself be superfluous. As in many other matters, however, I appealed to Mr. Howells for counsel in the preparation of my history of the House, and for helpful suggestions from him in respect to his own associations with it. These he gave me in a paper so charmingly reminiscent that I cannot refrain from presenting it here as it came from his

hand. To criticize it in any way would be most ungracious on my part, but I cannot shirk the duty which impels me to say that it is not entirely satisfactory to me because, according to its author's modest habit, it fails to give any idea of the extent of the obligation owed to him by Harper & Brothers for his unswerving fidelity to their interests, and the constantly proven quality of his friendship, which has for many years now been one of their most cherished spiritual assets. Mr. Howells's paper follows:

After I had printed five or six poems in the *Atlantic Monthly*, I made several unsuccessful attempts to contribute to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, notably in the autumn of 1861, when, with the support of my friend, Richard Henry Stoddard, I moved personally upon the editor in Franklin Square with a poem which, after many vicissitudes, was at last printed in *The Nation*. He was proof against our joint forces, and I did not penetrate his stronghold until two years later, when I sent him a piece called "St. Christopher," with an illustration by my wife, who had sketched the figure over a garden gate in Venice, after I had made it the subject of my verse. I think the editor was then still Mr. Guernsey, who had not hitherto liked my things, but who, when he later returned a prose paper (the reader will find "A Visit to Arqua" in *Italian Journeys* and in the early files of *The Nation*), graciously said that if he were making a magazine solely to please himself he would take it. It must have been nearly twenty years before I again offered anything to Harper's, when Mr. Alden accepted a long story in hexameters, again on a Venetian theme, which had languished many years in manuscript without finding editorial favor. It was called "Pordenone," and I still do not think it was very bad, though the reader who turns to it in my "Poems," so called, may not agree with me.

I had then ceased to be editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was in the employ of the late James R. Osgood, who took everything I wrote and paid me a yearly salary for it. He sold the material wherever he could, mostly to *The Century*, where *A Modern Instance*, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, and *The Minister's Charge* were serialized in the order given. In the mean time he had been

asked for one of my novels by Mr. J. W. Harper, who wanted "a Boston story" from him, and who, when he got the manuscript of *Indian Summer* and read the name of Ponte Vecchio on the first page, was at no pains to hide his humorous disgust with the Florentine scene. I remember his asking me, not very hopefully, I am afraid, whether I thought it as good as *The Minister's Charge*, which was a Boston story with a vengeance; and when I assured him that I did, he consoled himself as well as he could.

I now began to write frequently for the MAGAZINE, or rather, regularly, sending a farce in time for every Christmas number. The farces really began in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and my first Harper farces were printed in the WEEKLY. I offered one of them to my late friend Laffan, who was then the English manager for the House and whom I met in London; and when I went to Italy for the winter I gave him another, at increased rates—many other farces, as we joked it together, having been winter-killed. It is my impression that it was this increased expensiveness which led to their use in the MONTHLY, which could better afford to pay the prices. They made me a very amiable public there with the youth who played in drawing-rooms and church parlors; they never got upon the stage, though they were represented over the Union in private theatricals, and, as Mr. Alden gratifyingly told me, were asked for in the advance sheets months before their publication. One of them, indeed, enjoyed a most noble distinction in London, where *The Mouse Trap* was twice played with an all-star cast for a charity which naturally and rightly did not include the author; he thought it riches to have his play done by Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendall and the like planetary splendors.

By and by Osgood failed in business, and through the good office of the late Charles Fairchild (so many of my friends are dead that I find it rather lonely to be alive myself) I was brought into the relation with the House of Harper & Brothers, which has existed, with a few years' interval at one time, for twenty-five years in practically the same form. Osgood had already come to the Harpers, and he was frankly vexed that I should not have come to them through his interest; but, as he said, the great matter was my being there, and Fairchild was his friend, too, and had long had dealings with them for paper; he was not yet a banker and broker. The *pour parlers* were by letter and telegram, and then I went on to New York for my final interview with the head of the House, then Mr. J. W. Harper. I lunched

with him in the fine great room which still continues the supreme audience chamber at Franklin Square, under the roaring eaves of the elevated railroad, and we talked our affairs over in detail, with those digressions which he loved to make from any main topic. The detail was not very intricate; it consisted in my agreeing for a certain salary to write at least one short novel every year, with at least one farce, and as much more as I could or liked in the various kinds I was a supposed expert in. Then he made a set at me for something I had hitherto absolutely refused to do: which was to write a department in the MAGAZINE every month, covering the whole ground of reviewing and book-noticing. Mr. Alden had proposed this to me by letter, and I had distinctly objected to it as forming a break in my fictioning; I should have to unset myself from that, and reset myself for it, and the effect would be very detrimental to me as a novelist. I still think I was right, and that turning aside to critical essaying at that period of my career, when all my mind tended to fictioning, had the effect I feared. A novelist should be nothing but a novelist, which, of course, included being a moralist if he is a man of any conscience; in art a man cannot serve two masters more than in religion. But in vain I urged my reasons against the insistence of the amiable chief, who went and came, after the manner of his talk, until I gave way. Then we had a little more talk, and it was understood that I was to make the department what I liked and to call it what I liked. My dear and honored predecessor in the "Easy Chair" was then doing his beautiful work in that department, as well as writing his unrivaled leaders in the WEEKLY, and Mr. Harper skilfully led up to what a man might or might not say in the Harper periodicals. There appeared to be very few things: the only one I remember was that he might not deal, say, with the subject of capital punishment, which the House probably agreed about with Mr. Curtis, but at any approach to which it "rang a little bell." The phrase pleased me, and I readily consented to leave that matter untouched, not foreseeing that I should, within the next year, write a letter of ironical praise of the good old gallows-tree, then being supplanted by the electric chair, and that Mr. Curtis should print it in the WEEKLY without a tinkle from the little bell.

This is as good a place as any to recognize the good business, to put it on the lowest ground, with which the House left me free to say what I pleased on whatever topic I chose to talk about. Their tolerance put me on my conscience, and I tried to catch

the tinkle of the little bell when it was not actually sounded. There was, indeed, one moment when I would not have obeyed its behest, and that was when I protested against the condemnation of the Chicago anarchists as a grotesque perversion of law. My protest was not printed in any of the Harper periodicals, but I suppose it was as distasteful to the House as it was to the immeasurable majority of the American people. It raised a storm about my head, but no echo of the tempest ever reached me from Franklin Square any more than if the House there had quite agreed with me that it was wrong to hang five men for a murder never proved against one of them, because they were violently spoken enthusiasts. The case has already been revised by history, and I cannot feel hereafter in my position as I did then; but I cannot cease to remember the magnanimous forbearance of the House in the affair with regard to me.

I was already having trouble enough from my attitude in the "Editor's Study," as I had called my new department. From the first it was a polemic, a battle. I detested the sentimental and the romantic in fiction, and I began at once to free my mind concerning the romanticists, as well dead as alive. As I could not in conscience spare either age or sex the effect of my reasons, I soon had every lover of romanticism hating me and saying I had said worse things about it than I had ever said, whatever I had thought. In fact, I carefully kept myself from personalities; but that did not save me from them either on this shore of the sea or the other. I remember one English reviewer beginning a notice of my book of *Criticism and Fiction*, which grew out of "The Study" essays, by saying, "This man has placed himself beyond the pale of decency," and then, in proof, going on to behave indecently toward me. But that is all past; and since then one of the bitterest of my English enemies has generously written me that I was quite right in what I was always saying about romanticism, if not the romanticists. I am not sure that I was, now; but I was sure then, and I was so sure that I did not much mind the abuse showered upon me, though I would always have liked praise better. When after six years' warfare I gave up writing "The Study" I talked the matter over with J. Henry Harper, who had meanwhile assumed the position left vacant by the retirement of Joseph W. Harper, and I owned that it had been a rigorous experience which I was very willing to have end. I had felt that I had something to say in behalf of the truth, and I had conscientiously said it. I believe that we agreed the effect

had been injurious to my books, which had not been so well liked or so much bought as they had before I began my long fight. The worst of it I did not then perceive, or know that my long fight had been a losing fight; I perceive now that the monstrous rag-baby of romanticism is as firmly in the saddle as it was before the joust began, and that it always will be, as long as the children of men are childish.

I was not young when our acquaintance began, but I was in the heyday of the early fifties, and I still had the spring of youth in me. When six years later our agreement came to an end and I gave up "The Study," it was not only because I had grown increasingly restive under the recurrent drain of that essaying. but because it had become more and more difficult for them to place even in their several periodicals the annual novel I gave them. I perceived myself that *toujours perdrix* was not essentially bittered because I was the partridge, and I had to own that they were right. Still they remained my most frequent customers for serial rights, and they remained the publishers of all my subsequent books. Under the contract which had been terminated I had not indeed given them a *Silas Lapham*, but I gave them more than one Boston story, and I gave them a Boston-New York story, which after its serialization in the WEEKLY became the most immediately successful of all my novels. This was *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, which, in spite of its clumsy name, had silently won itself a wide circle of friends. For breadth and depth I still think it my best book; although it has not the shapeliness of *Silas Lapham* or *Indian Summer*, or the intensity of *A Modern Instance*. At the beginning I reeled about in it, for I had to write it while the heaviest sorrow I had known was a staggering load on heart and brain; but when I had struggled up, and found my footing, I believe I went forward with no uncertain tread.

It was preceded by *April Hopes*, and followed by *The Shadow of a Dream* and *An Imperative Duty*, and when our agreement lapsed they serialized for me *The World of Chance*, *The Landlord at Lion's Head*, *Ragged Lady*, and *Their Silver Wedding Journey* in the MONTHLY, the WEEKLY, and the BAZAR, and perhaps other stories which I do not now recall. Now and then I serialized a story elsewhere, in *The Century*, in *Scribner's* in *The Ladies' Home Journal;* but still the Harpers were the largest takers of my fiction. It was the day before the day of the wild efflorescence of the historic novel, written so largely by people who

knew so little history and read by people who knew it possibly less. There were certain English novelists who were pretty constantly represented in the Harper periodicals, and Mrs. Margaret Sangster, who was then the editor of HARPER'S BAZAR, and wanted a story of mine, said that she was tired of the succession of William Black and Thomas Hardy, and would like a little change to American flavors.

It seemed as if this order of things was to continue forever, when, one morning after the misery of a night in a sleeping-car on my way home from a Western lecturing tour, I read in the New York *Tribune* that the House of Harper & Brothers had failed. It was as if I had read that the government of the United States had failed. It appeared not only incredible, but impossible; it was, as Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan said, a misfortune of the measure of a national disaster. Apart from the anxiety I felt for my own imaginable share in the ruin, there was a genuine grief for those whom it necessarily involved; they had been my friends so long that I could not help appropriating their misfortune and making it personal to myself. Before that, indeed, I had heard some intimation that things were not well with them, but I had not been uneasy, for the simple reason that what could not happen would not. Yet it had now, and I promptly reported myself at Franklin Square, and somehow amid the chaos I contrived to arrange with the new strange powers for a book to be serialized in the BAZAR, which I learned was under new management. I really do not know how the affair was contrived; I did not see the editor of the BAZAR; a gentleman whom I had never seen before went and came, and then said that they would like *Heroines of Fiction* for the BAZAR.

It was all very bewildering. In the vast space without, where the kind Harper brotherhood and cousinhood had abounded at low desks or high, I did not see one familiar face. It seemed to me now that even the desks had been removed, and were not replaced till the House had fairly passed into the control where it still remains. I had not the courage to climb the winding stairs to the editorial rooms, but later I found my friend, Mr. J. Henry Harper, who gave me comforting reassurances, which Mr. Alden confirmed in due course. The great change which had come upon Franklin Square was not the gravest which had threatened, and it brought the energy and courage for the rehabilitation which followed. Still, I went away for the summer with a very uncertain mind, and when I had renounced an editorial enter-

prise which offered itself, I grew more and more anxious for the future, which stared at me rather vacantly. I had no work before me except that on *Heroines of Fiction*, I who used to have contracts for handsome thousands and the choice of more. I had always had a salary until my agreement came to an end with Harper & Brothers at the end of the year 1890, when I spent a sleepless night in view of a week without a check. It had proved a needless fear, for during the next decade I had more work than I could do, and mainly from the House that no longer paid me a weekly wage. But now the House itself had come to an end, at least in its former phase, and I had no invitations from editors; some invitations from myself were met with their regrets for previous engagements.

It seemed to me that I had better go up to New York and look after my chances personally. I took with me the first chapters of the story which became *The Kentons*, and went with it to Mr. Dodd, of Dodd, Mead & Co., with the hope that the editor of *The Bookman* might like it. The publisher did not forbid my hope, and with some courage in my heart I went on down to Franklin Square, and met there Col. George Harvey for the first time. He had become the president of the new House of Harper & Brothers, and he received me as if he had been the president of the old House; I could not say better. He asked me if I would come down to his home at Long Branch the next afternoon and pass the night. In the morning I went back to Mr. Dodd to confess the hope I permitted myself. The confession was the more difficult because he had told me that he thought they would like my story for *The Bookman;* but I managed, and he said, "I think Harvey will want you."

That night at Long Branch we talked generalities, and I began to fear Mr. Dodd was wrong, but the following day, after breakfast, Colonel Harvey called a session on his veranda, and then made me the offer which reunited my fortunes with those of Franklin Square. I was to give them so many thousand words for so much a year, and I was to be a literary adviser, however much or little that meant; only, as at a later time he expressed it, he wished me to belong to the shop. At that later time he also said that he did not want me to hold myself to any exact count of thousands in the words I was to furnish, and he intimated that he wished me to hold myself quite free in that matter. This seemed good business both for himself and me, and with the winter I came personally to Franklin Square. I

had a room there for some months, like the other editors, and for a while I dealt with manuscripts as one of the readers for Harper & Brothers, as well as one of the writers. But that phase of the affair scarcely outlasted the winter. As an adviser I grew more and more reticent as I perceived that the general equipment of the House enabled it to deal more modernly with its literary enterprises than if I had counseled them. My functions in this sort were also curtailed by the successive absences, in England and in Italy, which resulted for me in the books of travel about those countries, and in which I have renewed the early practice of my life, for I was a traveler long before I was a noveler, and I had mounted somewhat timidly to the threshold of fiction from the high-roads and by-roads where I had studied manners and men. I am not yet sure which branch of the art I prefer.

After I had agreed with Colonel Harvey to come to him, I had to go to Mr. Dodd and tell him frankly where I stood. I said that if Colonel Harvey liked me I thought he would like my story, and if Mr. Dodd had not set his heart upon it for *The Bookman* it would probably be an advantage to me if I could put it in the hands of Harper & Brothers. In business, which the ignorant think altogether sordid, many delicate and generous things are done, and I could never forget the terms of this eminent publisher's compliance with my suggestion, or the wish for my profit and pleasure in the renewal of my old relations with Franklin Square which he so cordially expressed. *The Kentons* was published by Harper & Brothers, and narrowly escaped in its agreeable popularity becoming a big seller. But the divinity which has always watched over my fortunes, that they should not become too gross and swollen, wrought the miracle which kept the sales of *The Kentons* well within the bounds of a modest prosperity.

Since then I have remained attached to the House of Harper & Brothers, with no desire for any other business relations. As there is some superstition to the contrary, and authors and publishers are supposed to be natural enemies, I think I may properly testify here to the friendship which has always existed between my publishers and myself. I do not believe the instance is uncommon, at least in America, though I have heard terrible things about authors and publishers in England, while from my own Scotch publisher I have constantly experienced a consideration worthy of Franklin Square in the past and in the present.

This, my dear Mr. Harry Harper (as your friends like best to

call you), is about all I can think of as material for your history of your ancient and honored House. I fear that it is more about me than about Harper & Brothers, but this is, or seems, inevitable in anything of the autobiographical form. One may set out with the best will in the world to talk of more important matters, but one ends in talking mainly about oneself.

Howells possesses a wonderful fund of humor and youthful vigor for a man who has passed his threescore years and ten. He thoroughly enjoys a good yarn, and I was always delighted to be present when he and Mark Twain were swapping stories. Howells does not disdain good vaudeville, and as I am partial to it myself, I have frequently met him and his attractive daughter before the vaudeville curtain. Miss Howells's graceful and delicate work has often appeared in the pages of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, both in the form of writings and drawings.

Speaking about vaudeville, I remember that the fastidious T. B. Aldrich used to come to New York once a year for the anniversary of his birthday, and he and Larry Hutton, and sometimes I was included, would visit all the shows along the Bowery, taking them seriatim from Chatham Square to Fourteenth Street. They were, however, better in those days than they are now in that locality.

Howells's work is not always directly popular, and if it were I expect he would feel like a celebrated artist who once told me that he would destroy a picture of his which elicited at sight the enthusiastic approval of the average art patron. He said that a genuine work of art must be studied before it can be really appreciated, and some work is so fine that it can only be understood by the initiated. Howells's work is of this order. And,

furthermore, Howells is not invariably a favorite critic, because he is a man of very strong views as to the use or misuse of literary talents. If he notices an author misapplying his capabilities he does not hesitate to tell him so, or if he dissents from the literary fashions of the day he is not afraid to speak out, whatever the consequences. It is these traits in Howells which will make his name live when many a "best seller" is forgotten, and he will leave an impress on English literature which will exalt and purify it for many years to come. Young aspirants of to-morrow will do better work because Howells has so patiently and skilfully blazed the way for them.

I remember attending a delightful dinner at E. C. Stedman's city home, when the dinner-cards were all written in verse by Stedman and T. B. Aldrich, ingeniously weaving in pleasant personal persiflage.

During the dinner Aldrich and Howells had quite a heated discussion over the merits of Dickens's novels, the basis of the argument being one of Howells's articles in the "Editor's Study" in our MAGAZINE.

A few months afterward I met Aldrich again at the Players' Club, and he adverted to his defence of Dickens at the Stedman dinner, and told me that he owed Howells an abject apology. He went on to say that a few days before he was waiting for Mrs. Aldrich, who was delayed in dressing for a dinner they expected to attend, and he casually picked up a volume by Dickens which happened to be at hand and began its perusal. He said that he had not read very far before he clearly realized the force of all that Howells had expressed in the way of criticism, and he threw the book across the room and made up his





mind that it was the last time he would attempt to read that author. He remarked that it was years since he had enjoyed Dickens, and he was quite satisfied that he had entirely outgrown him.

The views which Mr. Howells holds of literary art, of fiction, and of authors may be accepted as sound or unsound, according to the reader's own opinions on those subjects. But they are the conclusions of a man who through his charming work has gained the confidence of a large circle of intelligent readers, and his criticisms are always the result of honest and mature judgment.

I give below a letter written at the time Howells assumed the "Editor's Study," and also one sent him when he proposed to retire from the department.

October 28, 1885.

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—I have read the "Study" and cannot wait a moment to say how thoroughly good I find it is. The introductory bravura respecting the title of the new department is a triumph of felicity. I like the whole "Study" especially, because it is so unwaveringly American. There is not a dull phrase in it. The criticism is good as well as striking. What impresses me most about it is that your subtlest analysis is not addressed to the acute and exceptional intellect but to the common sense, where it has a ready entrance, flowing in with a current of humor. What can I say more except that our suggestion that you should take this department has been fully justified, and that the result proves that on your part there was no temerity in the undertaking?

Sincerely yours,
H. M. ALDEN.

P. S.—There is deep suggestion in your statement that all art and literary centers must be *religious* centers. If artists and writers would only take this to heart!

February 2, 1891.

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—I have your letter giving us notice of your wish to discontinue your "Editor's Study" at the end of the

present year. It is not pleasant to contemplate this severance of your editorial association with us, and you have made it exceedingly difficult for us to adequately fill your place and difficult for any one to take the flaming torch of criticism from your hand and pass it on with undiminished brilliance. But we must accept the conclusion which you have reached after mature deliberation, fully appreciating the motives which have prompted it. I am glad that these motives relate wholly to the nature of the work in connection with your other work, and do not grow out of any difficulties in our relations to it or to you. I remember gratefully your courteous consideration of me in the conduct of your department and your willingness to accommodate. As the *Boston Budget* says of your last "Study," so I may say of them all—that they are "worthy of literary immortality."

Thanking you for giving us so early notice I remain

Yours faithfully,

H. M. ALDEN.

We are just on the eve of publishing a complete Library Edition of the works of W. D. Howells. For half a century Mr. Howells has been producing books which stand among the best in American literature. Let us hope that he will continue through his writings to entertain and enlighten us for many a year to come.

XXVI

In the early summer of 1871 I received an invitation to join an Editorial Excursion to Duluth, Fort Garry, and Lake Winnipeg, and possibly across the continent to Puget Sound. When we reached Manitoba by boat down the Red River of the North we found the Indians on the war-path, and were introduced to an Indian war-dance, with the braves all decked out in their war-paint, which was very interesting but rather awesome. We halted at this point, and a telegram was sent to General Sheridan, in Chicago, requesting an army escort. To this despatch Sheridan replied that the Indians were at that time so troublesome in that section that it would take the entire United States army to see us across the continent. The party was made up, among others, of Charles A. Dana and his son Paul, Bayard Taylor, Gen. J. R. Hawley, Governor Bross, of the Chicago *Tribune;* Bromley, of the Springfield *Republican;* Willard Bartlett, later one of the justices of the New York Court of Appeals; Murat Halstead, T. C. Evans, and other well-known newspaper men, twenty in all.

When at any time during the trip we were obliged to double up I was always delighted to find myself rooming with Bayard Taylor. He was a most captivating companion, and kindly considerate of me—one of the youngest members of the party. When I was called upon to make

a speech as the representative of HARPER'S WEEKLY, he would always volunteer to help me out. I remember during some of our long rides in prairie schooners he and Charles A. Dana would have recitation matches, one reciting poem after poem until he was corrected in some verbal slip by the other, when the prompter would continue until he in turn made a misquotation. It was a wonderful exhibition of memory.

While we were floating down the Red River General Hawley would frequently take a pop with a rifle at the wild ducks which were then plentiful along the river, and on one occasion he turned to me and asked if I would not like to try a shot at a duck some distance ahead sitting on the water. Being of a venturesome disposition and entirely unaccustomed to the use of a rifle, I promptly accepted, and fired, and when we reached the spot we found that I had hit the bird in the neck and skilfully decapitated it. It is hardly necessary to say that I declined to give a second exhibition of my marvelous dexterity.

Before we left New York we had a grand dinner at the Gilsey House, and I sat next to Horace Greeley, who was included in our party, but who was unable to accompany us in view of some previous engagement. When dinner was nearly over a printer's devil brought in a batch of galley-proofs and handed them to Greeley, who busied himself for some time at the table reading and correcting them while the speeches were going on.

July 26, 1871, we wrote to the Hon. Señor Emilio Castelar as follows:

DEAR SIR,—Your efforts in the political arena of your own country have met with emphatic recognition in America, where

you are regarded as the soundest and at the same time the most eloquent advocate of Republicanism in Europe. Your views, so effectively developed in the Spanish Cortes, have profoundly impressed our people, who study with anxious and sympathetic interest the tendencies of European governments. You seem to have gathered up the electricity that surcharges the atmosphere of Europe, and to have launched it in thunderbolts against effete systems of government.

There is a very strong desire in this country to hear from you directly. Could you not devote a small portion of your valuable time to the preparation of a paper for HARPER'S MAGAZINE on "Republicanism in Europe"? A paper on so important a subject from your pen would be read with avidity here, and, as it would be immediately republished in England and on the Continent, would largely affect European opinion.

For such a paper, of, say twelve pages in length, we will pay you Four Hundred Dollars (Gold), and will give you abundant time for its preparation. Our MAGAZINE is read by a million and a half of our people. In order that you may form some estimate of its general character and literary standard we send you a copy of the August number.

Castelar not only furnished the article as requested, but the theme expanded in his hands until it reached the proportions of a serial which ran for several months in the MAGAZINE. It was translated into English by John Hay.

February 17, 1873, Alden congratulated him on the new Spanish Republic as follows:

DEAR SIR,—It is a source of great pleasure to hear from you and to receive the third article on "Republicanism in Europe."

Almost immediately after the reception of your article, we received the glorious news, "Spain is a Republic!" I congratulate you. Millions of Americans who have read your eloquent speeches (upon whose ear still strike the echoes of your grand utterance in behalf of the abolition of slavery in the Colonies), and who have with the greatest interest and the sincerest admiration perused your philosophic and impassioned articles in our MAGAZINE, congratulate you, and remember of how grand a dream is the Spanish Republic a realization—of

what arduous efforts and conflict it is the reward. Since your voice reaches us before and above all others, it is impossible that to us you should not occupy the central position in the group of great names that now comes to the foreground. It is a rare and memorable exception that the Prophet, having seen the Promised Land from the top of Pisgah, is also permitted to enter it. But to you has been accorded this remarkable fortune; and we are glad for you—for the personal though generous pleasure and pride with which you are permitted to contemplate the present situation of your country. I hope that your high and ever accumulating responsibilities will not stand in the way of your continuing to the end the series of papers which you have undertaken. The visible honor which crowns you is the fit symbol of the invisible power of the *ideas* which have inspired you. The eminence of your position will give additional force to your utterances, and the remarkable revolution so peacefully effected in Spain will also add to their weight. I am confident that these considerations will be an incentive to increased effort on your part to finish a series of papers which reach nearly a million and a half of American readers. These papers are republished in England in *The Fortnightly Review*. When the series is concluded we propose to publish them in the form of a book. You are very fortunate in having so good a translator—one who is indeed an interpreter. If it is convenient for you to go on with your series of papers, there need be no embarrassment arising out of your present position, since it may well be supposed that the entire series was in our hands before your assumption of a seat in the Spanish Cabinet.

In December, 1871, we began *Middlemarch*, by George Eliot, as a serial in the WEEKLY, for which we paid her £1,200. This novel was one of this illustrious lady's most successful works, and also one of the greatest novels of the last fifty years. Just after the publication of *Middlemarch* in book form Colonel Forney met Senator Charles Sumner, and casually asked him if he had read that wonderful work. "No, sir, I have not," answered Sumner. "Then, sir," continued the Colonel, "I consider you owe me two hundred and fifty dollars for recommending to

you its immediate perusal." Not long afterward, again meeting the Senator, Forney inquired, "Well, Mr. Sumner, have you read *Middlemarch* yet?" With a pleasant smile Mr. Sumner answered, "Yes, sir, and *annotated it.*"

In December, 1871, I find this letter addressed to Frederick Macmillan from my cousin, J. W. Harper, concerning a new story by William Black, evidently involving one of the intricacies of trade courtesy. Later on I shall have something more to say about Black, who was one of our most intimate and faithful friends among the English authors.

FREDERICK O. MACMILLAN, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR,—Apropos of our chat a day or two ago about Mr. Black's new serial to appear in your MAGAZINE, we enclose a note to Mr. Black, which have the kindness to read and forward by to-morrow's mail.

You will see that we do not object to the story's appearing in *Lippincott's Magazine.*

The note from the firm to Black referred to in the above was as follows:

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Macmillan tells us that you have an opportunity of disposing of your new story for serial publication in the United States in *Lippincott's Magazine*—but that you courteously hesitated on our account. We thank you for your kind consideration of us, and hasten to relieve you of any embarrassment in the matter by saying that while it is a source of regret to us that we cannot use the story conveniently in our periodicals, owing to other engagements, we have no objection whatever to your disposing of it for serial issue in *Lippincott's Magazine* provided we may have the early sheets sufficiently in advance to enable us to publish in book form simultaneously with the appearance of the novel in London. We shall be happy to add it to our series of your novels—we believe that we have all your novels electrotyped uniformly—and to pay you as heretofore for early sheets, which may be sent to us, as usual, through our London agent, Mr. Sampson Low, 188 Fleet Street.

It gives me pleasure to record the fact that Sir Frederick Orridge Macmillan, the worthy and popular representative of one of the leading London publishing houses, was knighted in 1909.

In 1871 Charles Reade inquires of us as follows:

Have the comments of the Press on *Terrible Temptation* affected your estimate of me?

The American Press has treated me with great virulence and scurrility, but a writer in Canada has gone beyond them all in malignity and mendacity, in that he has not confined himself to the current work, but has also slandered me wholesale. I have therefore singled him out for chastisement, and, as much as I had said to him is also an antidote to the false criticisms of American journalists, I shall appeal to your sense of justice to give me a hearing in your columns. I enclose my reply to the Canadian or British liar.

The reply referred to was in Reade's best style—most scathing and effective, but unfortunately too long to insert here.

The following correspondence between the firm and Sheldon & Co. in regard to the publication of *A Simpleton*, by Charles Reade, explains itself:

March 12, 1872.

GENTLEMEN,—We did not receive until this morning your letter of the 9th instant, informing us that Mr. Charles Reade had offered you the early sheets of his new novel, and proposing to arrange with us for a participation in the publication.

It is well known to you that complete editions of Mr. Reade's novels are published by two houses in this country, by ourselves and Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. Had we received a similar offer from an author whose works we do not uniformly publish, but which are reprinted complete by another house, we would have promptly apprised the other house to give it an opportunity of accepting or rejecting the offer. We would have done so to you in the case of Spurgeon, to Messrs. Scribner & Co. in the case of Froude, or the Messrs. Appleton or Messrs. Lippincott & Co.

with any of their numerous authors. This is our construction of Trade Courtesy. We ask simply for ourselves what we always promptly and cheerfully accord to others.

With these views we beg leave to decline the offer you have made us of the partial publication of Mr. Reade's new novel.

Pursuant to the above letter, we wrote Charles Reade as follows:

March 14, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—We telegraphed and wrote to you last week that we accepted the terms proposed to us in your favor of the 21st ult. for the early sheets of your new story. We are glad that we are to have the story—and, as the general arrangements between us are now satisfactorily adjusted, we beg to enclose herewith the correspondence which we have had with Messrs. Sheldon & Co., which may interest you. The position we have taken we think is fair and reasonable, and we hope may meet your approval.

Reade promptly communicated with Sheldon & Co. on the subject.

2 ALBERT TERRACE, *March* 25, 1872.

MESSRS. SHELDON & CO.:

DEAR SIRS,—I beg to acknowledge with thanks both your letters. I have received also by this mail from Messrs. Harper a copy of your correspondence with them. In that correspondence the true point of this individual question is curiously evaded by both firms. That point is this—my early sheets were offered first to Messrs. Harper, though at a price higher than they usually pay.

Doubting whether Messrs. Harper would come to my terms, and being at that time urged to expedition by the London publishers, I thought myself justified in sounding yourself and Messrs. Appleton, but you will do me the justice to remember that my offer from the first was described to you as dependent on advice from Messrs. Harper.

Messrs. Harper telegraphed accepting my offer, and of course that closed the matter. I think, if in writing to them you had enclosed my letter, or sent them the *whole* substance of it, they would have narrowed their answer to the real point and simply told you that they had the first offer and should close with it.

What is true delicacy in them would be false delicacy in me, and therefore I shall tell you the whole truth.

Messrs. Harper reprinted *Terrible Temptation* serially; which grieved me much. I wrote them a few lines about it. Thereupon they sent me a check, and expressed a wish to purchase early sheets of next story. This sort of thing is never lost on an author when he happens to be a gentleman. I offered them the early sheets of forthcoming story, at the same terms I ask you. They accepted by telegrams and fully considered the affair concluded. The Harpers in this business are clearly faultless. The only question is am *I* to blame for sounding more than one publisher at a time. In answer to which I plead

1st. The Atlantic Ocean.

2nd. The English publishers driving me to a conclusion of some kind.

3rd. The necessity for allowing two whole months advance to get these sheets to United States.

4th. The sentence in my letter to you indicating that I was negotiating with you subject to Messrs. Harper's decision.

I trust that on a candid view of all these matters you will see that I am not to blame.

As to future transactions should you and I come to terms for a monthly story, I believe Messrs. Harper will remember I have always been square with them, and will not reprint you serially, though as to the volume it is clear that they will complete their collection and so indeed will Osgood & Co.

I am, dear sirs,

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.

Reade writes characteristically to Sampson Low in regard to the illustrations to *A Simpleton*.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD, *June* 19, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—*A Simpleton*. Yours received informing me that the electros of "Illustration" must come out along with the sheets.

I deemed that beforehand, and acted accordingly.

I took the first number of *A Simpleton*, copied clean by my secretary, who writes like a law stationer;—in proof of which I send you a specimen of his work—to Messrs. Clowes upon the 15th May. And I said, now you need not *print* this copy till

1st June; but meantime, since it is quite as clear as print, give it to your draughtsman to illustrate. I did more, I gave him the subject, the positions of the parties, the expression, everything; in short I found him text, subject, and brains.

"All right, Sir; it shall be done." *Inditur dies die;* and a week passes. Another follows. I howl. The publishers write that the wood-cutter is on it. Another week. I howl again and say, "Send MS. here, ship the electros to Harper, or they shall not pay you the price I agreed." By heavens, in another week they forward me a letter from the wood-cutter, who it seems, being a mechanic, is the artist's master; and this mechanic says in his letter: I have given the subject to Mr. Small; but I find he is out of town.

On this I turn nasty. And I put my foot on the wood-cutter. I say to the publishers: the misconduct of your servants has lost you the American market for these illustrations. And they are not worth a straw to *me*, rather the reverse. Oblige me by putting at the head of every number of *A Simpleton:*

"At the author's particular request this story is not illustrated," which will be done; and I hope will be the first of many similar slips showing to the illustrators what capable writers think of them, and how little they are disposed to be affronted and neglected by them as well as to have our books degraded by their continued misrepresentations.

You see I write to you *en confrère*, and not exactly as I want, to our worthy friends the Harpers, who will shrug their shoulders and say, *O irritabile genus!*

I am glad you like the title. I will make the story as good and as new as I can, but I work under very great distractions and difficulties.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES READE.

I also give our correspondence with Hunter, Rose & Co., of Toronto, in relation to the troubles we were then experiencing with the Canadian market, which soon became very acute and exasperating.

Aug. 14, 1873.

MESSRS. HUNTER, ROSE & CO.:

DEAR SIRS,—There is no misunderstanding on our part, as intimated in yours of the 11th instant, in regard to our Canadian rights to Mr. Reade's *Simpleton.*

In February, 1872, we offered a price for the novel, to include periodical, book form, and *publication in Canada.*

Mr. Reade replied (Feb., 1872) that he could secure us an American monopoly in Canada only by ceding to some Canadian publisher a right of publication in serial form coupled with a proviso that he shall let in HARPER'S MONTHLY and exclude all other American issues.

It appears from this that Mr. Reade's sole object in granting serial publication in Canada, was to secure us there the exclusive market for the work in book form.

By the enclosed memorandum from Messrs. Dawson & Bros. of Montreal, you will see that your circulars are already working to our loss and disadvantage, and the least we can request is that you will promptly withdraw them and send us a circular for distribution among our customers stating that you withdraw your objection to the circulation in Canada of the American edition of *A Simpleton.*

We hope that there may be no occasion for our making claims for damages.

We also wrote to Charles Reade on the subject:

Aug. 22, 1873.

DEAR SIR,—By this morning's New York papers you will see that we and Messrs. Osgood & Co. make a joint publication of *A Simpleton.*

But we have come to grief with the book in Canada. We enclose herewith Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co.'s circular, and our correspondence with them, and would be obliged to you for an authoritative expression of your wishes and intentions respecting our edition and the Canada market.

Did you intend to exclude us from Canada?—And are not Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. acting without your knowledge and instructions?

And Reade replied with a well-directed broadside:

2 ALBERT TERRACE, KINGSBRIDGE, *Sept.* 14.

DEAR SIRS,—I am very sorry that there should be a difference between you and Messrs. Hunter & Rose of Toronto. I must candidly say I think the Canadian publishers have interpreted their agreement with me correctly—although I did not foresee

this exact state of things. The case is this. Canada is part of Great Britain, and we English authors have felt all the more bitterly Canadian piracy. Latterly one or two respectable publishers in that colony have come forward and offered to deal fairly with us for Canadian copyright so far as it exists. To refuse this offer would be to compel them to Piracy. Therefore what I did with Messrs. Hunter & Rose,—and if you keep all my letters I am sure you will see it indicated in my correspondence with you—was to say yes, you can have *A Terrible Temptation* under your copyright act; but I stipulate that you shall not exclude the American serial which pays me a larger price than you can afford, and you shall co-operate with the same American serial, by excluding any other American serial. I took exactly the same line with the *Simpleton*, but as to the American book and its sale in Canada, I never said a word about that. I confess I did not attach as much importance to that question as the American side. All I ever objected to was their trying to undersell your book in the States and you know they are all Canadian publishers who have done that again and again. I think if you will look all around the question you will see that in the present state of international laws, it is not possible to do better for all parties than what has been done in my last stories. Hunter & Rose are responsible people, they will keep their book out of the States; and I hope on reflection that it matters little whether they exclude your book from Canada as far as they can or undersell it and send their cheap copies into the States. Realize the whole situation—they can make paper better than you can, they can print and bind better.

These little troubles arise with many greater ones, out of that curse, the want of an international copyright between the United States and Great Britain, and nothing astonishes me more than that a firm so intelligent as yours should have so little real insight into the situation as to oppose this great measure instead of pushing it and being the first to profit by it.—Please bring your minds to bear on this,—There are American authors and British authors here, and here have a legal existence. But there is no such thing as an American publisher or a British publisher. For instance, I write a book, you buy the sole right to publish it in England, and what becomes of your imaginary nationality? You are in Law Charles Reade, and just as much an Englishman in Law as ever I was.

Yet obvious as this is, you gentlemen have never seen it nor the

trade consequences. By resisting international copyright, you play a small game when there is a gigantic game

THE BIG GAME

Pass a measure of international copyright.

Be ready to set up a branch in London, you shall publish my work in both countries, on commission if you like or on terms yielding a sure remuneration in this country, to say nothing of the States. I will secure you Wilkie Collins too, or Miss Braddon, or anybody you like. Your MONTHLY with a fair proportion of European matter will knock the *Cornhill* and all the monthlies to the devil. Your WEEKLY, not being so superior to the English weeklies as your MONTHLY is to the monthlies, will still hold its ground and return a small amount of profit, besides being a handle to secure some good European matter at first hand, for your American issue.

The kindly co-operation of the English publishing trade and the wholesale houses could be secured by stipulation. You must say beforehand "Now, if we yield the point and pass I. C., will you open Paternoster Row to us, for otherwise we cannot afford it." In a word this is your programme:

I. Pass International Copyright.

II. Set up a London Shop.

III. Form a little nucleus of authors in which I will be one and draw others.

IV. Set up an English paper mill. They all pay. Yours would pay better than most because you would be a large customer to yourself.

Sell American works in the United States and Great Britain, British works in Great Britain and the United States.

A publisher's shop in London is not an expensive thing, you do not retail anything, you only sell to the trade. The expense of delivery is also small.

The binders will warehouse your new books and deliver them to the trade for you and the printers will hold for you and deliver in sheets to order.

If you will start a penny weekly the size of the *Athenæum* with news and cheap illustrations, done upon the plan of *Figaro*, they do not cost above five shillings apiece, I will edit it for you, as part of the whole scheme, but that is not worth thinking of. The big things I invite you seriously to consider are the International Copyright, the double monopoly of American and English authors

in both countries, and the English or Scotch paper mill to feed both your establishments with paper cheaper than you can buy.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES READE.

The House modestly answered Reade as follows:

NEW YORK, *Oct.* 9, 1873.

CHARLES READE, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR,—We acquiesce in your decision as to the Canadian *Simpleton*, but the withholding of our edition from Canada is as great an inconvenience to us and our customers as it would be to your London publishers were their editions excluded from Scotland and Ireland. Let us hope for a better arrangement in your next book.

We cannot feel otherwise than flattered by your suggestion that we should attempt to run both the English and American markets on your future books. Our Mr. Fletcher Harper is now in London (we don't know at what hotel, but his address may be had at Mr. Low's) and it is not unlikely that you and he may devise some plan for your books which shall be mutually advantageous.

In regard to International Copyright, we repeat to you what we said to Sir Edward Thornton on the subject, that we do not object to paying foreign authors liberally, but we naturally object to the monopoly in this country of British *publishers*, a monopoly which will be injurious directly to the entire publishing business of America and ultimately to the diffusion of good books at low prices.

Mr. Wilkie Collins, whom we have seen repeatedly since his arrival in New York, seems to be enjoying his American sights and sensations.

From the following letter I should presume that my grandfather was inclined to fight shy of Reade's magnificent but wholly impracticable proposal:

6 BOLTON ROW, MAYFAIR, *Dec.* 9.

DEAR SIRS,—. . . It is not my fault if I did not see Mr. Fletcher Harper during his sojourn in London.

I expressed the wish to Mr. Low, and proposed a quiet dinner at my home: but for some reason it never came off.

I am, dear Sirs, yours very sincerely,

CHARLES READE.

Col. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, was at this time writing to his paper from London some of the drollest, Kentuckiest letters ever printed. In reply to his suggestion to Charles Reade to visit the United States, Reade said, "I dare not think about it." "Why not?" demanded Watterson. "Well," said he, "in the first place, I can't drink or smoke, and I should not get on very well with the natives. Next, I have a weakness for high living, and you Americans have such an awfully jolly lot of things to eat that I'm afraid I should cram myself to death." Reade never visited this country.

In December, 1871, we wrote Wilkie Collins in regard to the book-form publication of *Poor Miss Finch*, which we had just completed as a serial in the WEEKLY:

We thank you for the information in regard to your Christmas story for the *Graphic*, and for your endeavor to serve us in the disposition of the early sheets for America. It would have been a disappointment to us not to publish the story quite apart from any financial consideration:—for by the long and pleasant relations between us we have come to be regarded as your American publishers, and we have taken great pleasure in giving as wide a circulation as possible to your deservedly popular novels. In any future arrangements we trust you will bear us in mind, reserving to yourself the control of sheets for America.

Fortunately, in the case of "Miss or Mrs.?" the parties who bought the early sheets and electros of the Xmas No. of the *Graphic* have transferred them to us, having concluded to stop their illustrated paper (*Every Saturday*). You will see by our journal which we send you by this mail, that we have announced the story for HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The end of December we wrote to W. E. Tunis, of Detroit, who controlled the book and periodical business on the Canadian railroads:

Dec. 29, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 26th is at hand, without the enclosure to which you refer.

We bought Wilkie Collins's story for use in the WEEKLY, which has a circulation in Canada—and it was not Mr. Collins's intention to interfere in any way with the circulation of our paper, but rather to promote it.

Middlemarch, by George Eliot, belongs to us alike for Canada and the U. S.—the right for both countries having been purchased by us. If you hear of any magazine or paper or publisher doing the story in Canada, let us know promptly. We have taken care that we shall not be subjected to the petty annoyance that we and our customers have had in regard to *Hannah*—and it is likely that any further attempts of the kind will be met by severe retaliation.

Say nothing about *Middlemarch*, by George Eliot, but ascertain quietly whether any Canadian publisher (and especially Irving Flint & Co.) commences it.

And we also wrote to Mrs. Craik (Dinah Mulock) in regard to the complications in the Canadian market to this effect:

. . . In regard to *Hannah*, we repeat that we consider ourselves much more aggrieved in the Canadian publication than either you or Messrs. Irving Flint & Co. They have probably omitted to tell you of the annoyance, inconvenience and expense they have occasioned us in the matter—and that we have been obliged to pay £30 ($150 gold) through Mr. Tunis, against whom, as our agent, they commenced legal proceedings. Were any legal proceedings authorized by you? Mr. Tunis had inadvertently sent some copies of *Hannah* to Canada. Of course inconvenience under the circumstances has been considerable to our customers as well as to ourselves.

During the year 1872 we ran serials in the MAGAZINE by Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade, and Wilkie Collins, also Miss Thackeray's delightful story *Old Kensingston*.

Wilkie Collins was always punctilious in his transmission of proofs, and we complimented him on his punctuality in our letter of May, 1872:

You know that we are always glad of your stories, and we know that there is no author more prompt and thoughtful of the inter-

ests and convenience of his publishers than you. Your careful and regular transmission of copy on the various books which we have published for you has frequently elicited the grateful admiration which is naturally felt by us as practical printers for authors who are never behindhand.

Thanking you for your pleasant commendation of our periodicals, we remain, etc.

In November of the same year we wrote to Wilkie Collins:

DEAR SIR,—We hasten to acknowledge your favor of the 1st instant and to beg that you will give yourself no uneasiness in our behalf on account of the unexpected length of *The New Magdalen*. Your stories have become so popular with the readers of our periodicals that we are gratified with the change you have made; and we should not object to the story's running over to our June number, so that the conclusion may be in the beginning of a volume of the MAGAZINE. We only hope that its publication in book form may not anticipate its serial issue, so as to subject us to rival editions in advance of ours, as in the case of *Poor Miss Finch*, a copy of the rival edition of which we send you by this mail.

We understand, of course, that our payment for *The New Magdalen* is to continue at the rate originally agreed upon, namely five guineas per page of our MAGAZINE. Of course we do not give this price to authors of stories not so interesting as yours—out of regard to their feelings and for our convenience, therefore, we desire that our pecuniary arrangements should be strictly between us.

And in July, 1873, referring to Anthony Trollope's serial, we wrote:

WILKIE COLLINS, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR,—We regret that we are not in a position to avail ourselves of the offer of Mr. Trollope's new novel for our MAGAZINE. We have engaged for the MAGAZINE three serials for the coming year (Castelar, Prof. De Mille, and Mrs. D. M. Craik) and due regard for variety in our contents will not allow us to exceed this allowance of serial matter excepting under some extraordinary and unforeseen pressure. But we should like to add the story to our list of Mr. Trollope's novels—and for the early sheets

and electrotypes of the illustrations we should be happy to pay him Two Hundred Pounds . . . Or we would pay Mr. Trollope (£250) Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds if he will give us also the Canada market in book form. Either of these offers would leave Mr. Trollope free to dispose of the serial publication of the story to any magazine in the United States or Canada.

We think you have acted wisely in deferring your trip to September. Our summer is very oppressive, the thermometer having reached during the last few days to 95° in the shade, and this excessive heat is not unlikely to extend into the middle of September. But the American autumn, from about the 20th of September, is magnificent—and we hope that upon landing after a safe and pleasant voyage, you will be delighted, refreshed and stimulated by our brilliant foliage, clear, bracing air and our brisk, busy life. We repeat the assurance that we shall be glad to contribute in every way in our power to the pleasure of your visit.

P.S.—You will understand that in thus declining Mr. Trollope's story for our MAGAZINE, we by no means wish to deprive ourselves of any serial *you* may be about to publish. Whatever our engagements may be, our pages will always be open to your stories, and at prices which shall ever be in every way satisfactory to you.

October 16, 1873, I find the following letter to T. B. Peterson & Brothers:

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to your letter of yesterday we beg to say:

I. . . . Your reprinting *Mad Monkton and Other Stories*, containing the same tales as *Queen of Hearts*, published by us, was a direct violation of trade courtesy.

II. Your reprinting *Miss or Mrs.?*, which we have purchased for a large priority and had announced, was an interference of which we complained at the time.

III. Before commencing our edition we inquired of Mr. Collins if he had received any pecuniary acknowledgment from American editions of his works other than ours. He assured us that he had not, and that nothing which the Messrs. Peterson publish under his name was authorized by him. We have agreed to pay Mr. Collins a royalty on the books now first published by us.

We fail to see, therefore, in view of these facts, that we are under any obligation to take your plates of *The Dead Secret* and *Basil*,

And then in pursuance with trade courtesy we made them the following offer:

NEW YORK, *Nov.* 15, 1873.

MESSRS. T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS:

GENTLEMEN,—We will give you one hundred dollars for the plates of your 12mo. edition of *The Dead Secret* and *Basil*—which is about fifty per cent. above the price of type-metal. We should melt them, as we have made entirely new plates for our uniform edition of Mr. Collins's novels.

Wilkie Collins visited New York in October, 1873, with a view to giving a course of readings from his own works, as Dickens and Thackeray had done before him. The applications for his readings were very large. The Lotos Club gave Collins an evening reception, one of the most brilliant given in their old club-house. Many of New York's most notable speakers and scholars were present to grace the occasion. In responding to a speech of welcome by the president, Whitelaw Reid, Collins said, among other things:

"I am not only gratified but touched by the manner in which you have greeted me, and the cordiality with which the remarks of your president have been received. I venture to say that I see in this reception something more than a recognition of my humble labors only. I think I see a recognition of English literature, liberal, spontaneous, and sincere, which, I think, is an honor to you as well as an honor to me. In the name of English literature I beg gratefully to thank you. On my own behalf I beg to assure you that I shall not soon forget the encouragement you have offered to me at the outset of my career in America. Permit me to remind you that I am now speaking the language of sincere gratitude, and that is essentially the language of few words."

In accordance with a letter to James Payn of January 26, 1872, we began a department by him in the BAZAR, signed "Robert Kemble, of London," which ran for some time, and we wrote Payn as follows:

DEAR SIR,—In the absence of our Mr. Conant, who has gone on an excursion to the West Indies, we beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor to him of the 11th instant, enclosing the matter, which you will see by the accompanying proof we have called "English Gossip" and signed R. Kemble, of London—which makes it look authoritative.

We should be glad of the continuance of the papers (which we could use in either our BAZAR or WEEKLY, according to circumstances), for which we would pay you at the rate of £3 for two columns. Let them be as varied, spicy, anecdotical and attractive as possible, and continue until either our editors or you may grow tired of the experiment, or run short of space or fresh material. We prefer that they should not exceed two columns, and when shorter, say one column only, they could be used more conveniently. We enclose herewith Draft for £3 for the present letter (to appear in BAZAR dated Feb. 17th). We are glad to learn that *A Woman's Vengeance* is to commence in *Chambers'* in July, and it is not unlikely that we may be able by that time to use the proofs if you will kindly send them.

I give a letter from S. S. Conant, then managing editor of the WEEKLY, to James Payn which is rather interesting in regard to short stories for our periodicals:

NEW YORK, *Nov.* 18, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. PAYN,—I fear there are too many practical difficulties in the way of carrying out successfully, and to the satisfaction of all parties, the plan you propose in regard to sending us such stories as you find unsuited to *All the Year Round*. While I do not doubt the soundness of your judgment, as an editor of long experience, and am sure you would send us nothing that was not intrinsically valuable, yet there are so many nice considerations that enter into the acceptance or rejection of a story, which would be fully appreciated by an American editor only, in the case of an American journal, that I hesitate to put you

to trouble which in nine cases out of ten would be fruitless. For in addition to the fact that the majority of English story writers write for an English and not for an American public, we are overcrowded with contributions from American authors familiar with the taste of our readers and the requirements of our periodicals. It is, of course, our policy to encourage the growth of this department of literature among ourselves, without rejecting such contributions from abroad as are suited to our requirements. The story you sent us a few days since (*What Happened in My Studio*) is unavailable chiefly on account of its length, and it is returned to your address by this mail. Your supposition in regard to the rejection of your own stories is entirely correct. I meant to say, if I did not, this very thing in my letter returning them. I am sure you will not construe anything I have written as evincing any inestimate (*sic*) of the courtesy which prompted your proposal to send us stories from other authors.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers desire me to express to you their hearty appreciation of your friendly interest in their behalf.

With regard to your new novel, *The Best of Husbands*, the plot of which has come to hand, Messrs. Harper & Brothers regret their inability to use it as a serial in their periodicals, owing to arrangements for other serials made previous to the reception of your announcement. They will, however, be glad to receive, as usual, the early sheets for publication in book form, and will pay therefor the sum of fifty pounds.

By the way, our Mr. Fletcher Harper, Sr., is now in London. It may be well for you to confer with him personally with regard to your plan for sending us stories, as it may be that, on talking the matter over with you, his judgment may differ from ours. His address can be obtained from Mr. Sampson Low.

Conant's letter to Miss Blank may prove of interest to young ladies who are writing or propose to write short stories for magazine publication:

NEW YORK, *Nov.* 7, 1873.

DEAR MISS ——,—I enclose Messrs. Harper & Brothers' cheque for the equivalent in sterling of forty dollars currency, in payment for your very graceful and interesting Italian story, which I take great pleasure in accepting for the WEEKLY. It is written with an ease and spirit, and is equally meritorious as a story and as a

picture of Italian character. You must have gathered material for many such stories during your sojourn abroad; and when you write another as good as this, I shall be glad to have you send it to me for examination.

Remember, in writing stories, that their value depends upon dramatic effect and strong situations far more than upon a smooth-flowing and correct style, although this is by no means to be neglected. One striking situation, toward which all the rest of the story tends, and in which the interest centers, is especially essential in a short story, where there is not sufficient room for the development of character by the means employed by the writers of long works of fiction. There are no better models for this class of literature than the short stories of Wilkie Collins. Your own story will require a little abridgment in one or two passages, but so little that I will avail myself of your permission to prune it down myself. By keeping this requirement in mind in laying out the ground-work of a story, you will, I have no doubt, achieve success in this difficult art of writing. It will call into action all your forecast, patience and perseverance:—forecast in planning and laying out your work, and the other qualities in working out the details. Many writers slight the all-important requisition of a plan as the ground-work of a story. One might as well attempt to construct a house without a well-settled plan as to write without having deliberately schemed the plot. In this way alone can one avoid the danger of giving undue prominence to details which should be subordinate to the main incident, of running into prolixity of narrative, and other faults of common story writers. But I must not make my lecture too long, or you will never give me a chance to deliver another.

We wrote Miss Amelia B. Edwards February 21, 1873, the following letter in regard to the publication of short collected stories in book form:

DEAR MADAM,—We beg leave to acknowledge your esteemed favor of the 7th instant, and to thank you for the offer you kindly make us.

Our experience with volumes of collected stories even by such authors as George Eliot, Lord Lytton, Mrs. Craik or Wilkie Collins, is that they fail to meet with remunerative sale. We should not, in view of this, feel prepared to pay, for the early

sheets of your three volumes of short stories, should we publish them, more than £25. The sheets should be sent to us, well in advance, through our London agent, Mr. S. Low, 188 Fleet Street. Should we not use these sheets, we would offer them, on your account, to two other publishers.

We should be happy to receive early sheets of your new work of Dolomite travel, for consideration with a view to publication, and to pay you therefor, should we use them. The sheets should be sent to us through Mr. Low; and, should we not use them, we would offer them to two other houses, on your account.

The grand triumph of the New York *Herald* expedition of search after Dr. Livingstone in Equatorial Africa in 1872 is known the world over. The story of the great discovery of the discoverer by an American newspaper correspondent is full of exciting interest, rivaling the most powerfully written romances. The narrative of the journey inland, a thousand miles over desert, jungle, jagged mountain-path, and sodden valley-trail, in the midst of brutal, savage tribes, was a thrilling one, and could not fail to impress the reader with the heroism of Henry M. Stanley, who led the search.

The finding of Dr. Livingstone was a striking incident in the history of American journalism. In a professional and technical sense the *Herald* sent a reporter to the interior of Africa as it would send one to Saratoga or the Adirondacks.

I was in the office late one afternoon, I think it was early in 1870, when John Russell Young came in and asked me if I could give him some good reading matter, as he expected to sail the next morning for Paris, having received a cable from James Gordon Bennett requesting him to come over for a few hours with the idea of his return by the first steamer. In answer to my inquiry why he was

summoned so precipitately, he replied that he had no idea, but assumed that it must be something extremely important. Young was, I believe, connected at that time with a New York paper called *The Standard*, he having left the *Tribune* in 1869; and some time in 1871, or early in 1872, he joined the editorial staff of the New York *Herald*. When he returned I happened to meet him uptown, and he told me that Bennett had conceived the idea of sending Stanley to find Livingstone; and Bennett had sent for Young to confer with him in regard to some of the details of the expedition.

In July, 1872, the vexed question of the relations between English authors and American publishers was ventilated in a letter from E. H. Palmer, author of *The Desert of the Exodus*, to the London *Athenæum*. Palmer asserted that Harper & Brothers had published an "imperfect" and "mutilated" edition of his work, without his consent, and to the injury of his purse and reputation. The fact was that our edition was an exact reprint of the English work, without the omission or alteration of a single word, and with all the plates and maps of the original. Palmer failed to avail himself of the custom whereby English authors and publishers might secure pecuniary profit in the American market by the sale of early sheets.

Those who attempted, as Palmer did, to make American readers pay six dollars for a work of which a handsome reprint could be sold for three with a fair remuneration to the author should have accepted without grumbling the consequence of their voluntary action or neglect.

We quote two letters in regard to this unpleasant episode. We wrote September 6, 1872:

PROFESSOR E. H. PALMER:

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favor of the 17th ult. we beg to say that, before we can permit ourselves to enter into business negiotiations with you, we hold it to be incumbent upon yourself, first to retract your letter to the editor of the London *Athenæum*, in which we are charged with printing a "mutilated" edition of your *Desert of the Exodus*—of which you acknowledge in your note before us now, that "you have not yet seen a copy"; secondly, that you retract your second letter in the *Athenæum*, written in reply to Mr. Low's communication in which the charge of "mutilation" is repeated and coupled with an offensive and injurious allusion. These letters having been made public through the columns of a widely circulating literary journal, we cannot consent to hold business communications with their author until they are publicly retracted.

Our transactions with foreign authors, whose works we reprint, are based either on the purchase of advance sheets in season to admit of simultaneous publication in this country, or on some pecuniary acknowledgment as a matter of courtesy. You yourself have put it out of our power to act upon the first method; while your singularly discourteous treatment of our House, and your gratuitous imputations of our good faith, relieve us, until due reparation on your part, from the obligations imposed by the rule of courtesy, which, in the absence of a formal contract, we are accustomed to observe in dealing with foreign authors.

In recognition of the justice and propriety of our request Professor Palmer published the following:

The Amende Honorable.

CAMBRIDGE, *Nov.* 5, 1872.

Some time ago I addressed a letter to the *Athenæum* upon the subject of international copyright, in which I reflected somewhat severely upon American publishers in general, and Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of New York, in particular. It is but fair to those gentlemen to admit that my letter was written in ignorance of certain usages of the American publishing trade. These, it seems, give, by courtesy, to one who has paid for *early sheets* a *quasi* copyright in America, but do not extend such courtesy to *English printed works which have been imported into that country,*

as was the case with my book. Such being the case, I readily acknowledge my error, and regret that I should have impugned the integrity and good faith of Messrs. Harper in the matter. Had *early sheets* been offered, it is probable that I should have had no cause for complaint.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Sampson Low, I have seen a reprint of my *Desert of the Exodus*, and I am bound to admit that it is a fair and exact reprint, and not, as I had been given to understand, a "mutilated" one.

As my former letters must have caused pain and annoyance to Messrs. Harper, I hasten, now that I find that I have labored under a misconception, to correct the impression which they must have conveyed.

E. H. PALMER.

Hepworth Dixon, formerly editor of the *Athenæum*, in a letter published about this time in the London *Echo*, commented on the vexed question of literary "piracy." He said:

An English author has no rights on the American soil, no standing in the American courts, except so far as they are given him by the American law. By virtue of his birth he has a claim to be protected in his various rights by both the written and unwritten law so far as Queen Victoria's scepter reaches, not one league beyond. Whatever privilege he may obtain beyond her frontier is of grace and not of right. . . . No legal wrong can be inflicted on me where I have no legal right; and it is only wasting words to call down fire from heaven on "thieves" and "pirates" who lay hands on property in which I have no shred of legal right.

Mr. Dixon went on to say, with reference to American publishers, that from "a sense of natural fairness" they "act as though they were restrained by law. This generosity is seen on every side. No law compels my publishers, the Messrs. Harper, of New York, to pay me for the reprint of my books; yet they have treated me not only very honorably, but very liberally. It is their voluntary act. A firm in Boston wished to reprint one of my books, but before they named their terms they wished to have

some guarantee against their rivals in New York. I called on my old friend Mr. Sampson Low to complain against the 'pirates.' I received some light. I found that the 'great reprinters' were, in truth, the true friends of English authors; and I sold my books to them for what I held to be a fair, and even handsome, sum. With rare exceptions this has been the case in all my practical dealings with the American publishers."

February 1, 1873, we wrote Caleb Cushing in regard to his book on the Treaty of Washington, which we subsequently published. This important work accurately explained to the American public the deliberations of the Geneva Arbitration, Caleb Cushing being one of the American counsel for the Geneva Conference.

THE HONORABLE CALEB CUSHING:

. . . In conclusion, allow us to say that as American publishers we should take pride in making such a respectable addition to our catalogue, and in endeavoring to circulate a work which will be esteemed as an important contribution to one of the great political questions of modern history.

Some of the English critics of Cushing's book were much scandalized by the manner in which the author treated that august and rather pompous personage Chief-Justice Cockburn. It has been said that there is a divinity which hedges a king, but I have never heard that there was any divinity to hedge an English judge who deliberately exposes himself to just censure. Cushing, I have no doubt, understated the facts connected with the Chief Justice's overbearing and insulting attitude toward our government and its representatives at the Geneva Conference. He might have made a much stronger statement without laying himself open to the charge of exaggeration.

At least, this was the expressed opinion of Charles Francis Adams, who ought to have known.

The questions to be decided by the arbitrators were chiefly those of the boundaries between the United States and British America, that of the fisheries and the Alabama case. The Alabama case was decided unanimously against England. Had John Bright's warning been heeded, the Alabama case need never have been discussed, and the whole weight of his country's influence would have been turned against slavery during our Civil War. The English people forced their representatives to arbitrate all disputes then existing between England and the United States; they compelled their ruling caste to submit to a public confession of their guilt in the Alabama case; and I do not believe that they will again suffer their political leaders to place them in a compromising and unfriendly position toward this country.

The following letter in answer to a complaint from Mrs. Oliphant seems to me pertinent to the subject of trade courtesy, which was so vitally important to American publishers at that time. We wrote February 11, 1873, as follows:

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 11, 1873.

MRS. M. O. W. OLIPHANT:

DEAR MADAM,—In reply to your favor of the 24th ult. (arrived by last mail) we beg leave to say:

I. That we have never assumed to be your publishers in America. Your stories have been issued by several houses in this country, by the Messrs. Appleton, Messrs. Scribner & Co., and in Boston, besides which large numbers have been sold, we believe, of the imported Tauchnitz edition. We have never objected to any arrangement that you or your publisher might desire for the issue of your works in America. The American publisher to whom you refer, therefore, has misinformed you and misrepresented us.

II. The early sheets of some of your novels have been sent to us, without our solicitation, at various prices—and you must acknowledge that our refusal of them would have been neither complimentary to you nor creditable to our judgment. Your last work, *Ombra*, was sent to us under these circumstances, our first knowledge of it being the receipt of the sheets and an invoice for twenty pounds. Our impression is that for some of your stories, we bought, either in London or New York, early sheets of the numbers of *Blackwood* containing the conclusion of the stories; of others we have bought stereotype plates of Messrs. Littell & Co.; of Boston, after they had run the stories through their magazine, *The Living Age*. Of *Innocent*, your new story running in the London *Graphic*, our London agent is now sending us the early sheets, for which he tells us the charge is one hundred pounds. If this arrangement for *Innocent* be unsatisfactory to you, we will relinquish it, provided some other American publisher will pay as much or more for it.

III. Evidently there has been a misapprehension on your part as to the course of American publishers with English authors. In the absence of an international copyright, it is the custom for an English author, or his agent in London, to send early sheets to some American publisher, fixing a price therefor, and by a law of courtesy the American publisher who has issued the previous works of an author is entitled to the first consideration of that author's new book. If such publisher cannot arrange satisfactorily and upon reasonable terms for the book, obviously he cannot object to its offer to some of his neighbors. In many cases when the English authors send us early sheets of their books, and for some reason we fail to use them, we endeavor to sell them on the author's account to other American houses.

It must be remembered, however, that American publishers can buy no legal rights of English authors; that all they can secure is a few days' start over a perhaps irresponsible rival, that in the disagreements and misunderstandings of business they are subject to retaliation and reprisal; that in view of possible competition, their prices for English reprints must be low, and that, with low prices, moderate sales do not prove remunerative.

IV. We suppose that we are fairly entitled to the first offer of *May*, but in view of your letter, and with the desire that you should have no unpleasant feeling toward us, we will not only forego any claim that we have upon it by courtesy, but will also,

if you desire it, relinquish *Innocent* to any other house that will pay the price at which it has been sold to us, one hundred pounds. We do not know exactly to whom this hundred pounds would go, whether to you, or to the publishers of the *Graphic*, in which the story is now running, or to the London publisher of the story in book form.

In conclusion we venture the assertion that successful English authors cannot justly complain of unfairness or illiberality on the part of American publishers.

Having thus promptly, and we hope to your entire satisfaction, replied to your letter, we trust that you will favor us with the name of the American publisher who has assigned to us the honor of being your publishers in America.

Thackeray's *Denis Duval* was running in the MAGAZINE as a serial when he died and left it unfinished; and Charles Dickens's uncompleted story of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* was appearing in the WEEKLY at the time of his death, and *The Parisians*, by Lord Lytton, was being given serially in the WEEKLY when he died.

Lord Lytton, according to the London *Athenæum*, left the manuscript of *Kenelm Chillingly* complete, and that journal adds: "It has been a surprise to the public to find that Lord Lytton is the author of *The Coming Race* and *The Parisians*." Both these novels came to us anonymously, and one of our readers, Conant, insisted that *The Coming Race* was by Lord Lytton; but when we cabled to our agent to ascertain if his surmise was correct, we were informed that Lytton was not the author. I understand that Lord Lytton was very much disgusted with the way in which his last few novels had been received by English critics, and for this reason he decided to publish *The Coming Race* and *The Parisians* anonymously—rather heroic treatment for the critics by a veteran author of his standing.

March 24, 1873, we wrote to J. B. Lippincott & Co. as follows:

In reply to your recent inquiries respecting a participation with us in Bulwer's *Kenelm Chillingly* and *The Parisians*, we beg leave to say that we pay £750 for *Kenelm Chillingly* and £800 for *The Parisians*, and that we would furnish you these books and consent to their publication in your Globe edition, for one-half the above-named sums respectively.

This offer was declined, and we suggested a one-third basis, but subsequently arranged with them on the following terms:

June 11, 1873.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—We understand that your final decision is not to pay us the modest proportion of one-third of what we have given for *Kenelm Chillingly*, and that you now propose to print the work and make us an acknowledgment of only one hundred pounds. We assent to this provided you will also pay us one-third of what we give for *The Parisians* (eight hundred pounds):—this one-third payment to entitle you to the publication of your 12mo edition of *The Parisians* simultaneously with our issue of the story in book form, 12mo and 8vo.

March 4, 1873, my cousin, Joseph W. Harper, wrote to William C. Prime as follows in regard to a manuscript he had just offered us entitled *I Go a-Fishing*, which proved to be a most popular work with piscatorial devotionists:

. . . I wish I knew as much about fishing as you do about printing, and then I'd go a-fishing myself to make up for losses on 15 per cent. copyrights. I think that your family and their friend Dr. Murray were very rare exceptions to whom we gave 15 per cent. royalty, and with Nordhoff, they were about the only ones who have had their way with my father and Uncle Fletcher.

At that time 15 per cent. was an extreme royalty to be paid even to such a popular writer and sincere friend of the House as was Mr. Prime, unless the author owned the plates of his book.

Prime could converse freely and intelligently and with authority on law, art, journalism, authorship, fishing, and, in short, on almost any subject of general interest, and he was withal a *bon vivant* of the first order. He always wore a very rare intaglio ring, and I once asked him if he was not afraid of injuring the stone. "Oh no," he said; "when I am off fishing and find the fish unresponsive, I divert myself by studying the beautiful cutting and thereby relieve the monotony of bad luck." His fishing-ground was mostly in the White Mountains near Franconia, where he and a friend possessed the fishing rights in a small lake near the Profile House, which they stocked with trout and reserved for their own sport.

The dining-room in Prime's house on Twenty-third Street was hung from ceiling to floor with what was probably then the finest specimen of Gobelin tapestry on this continent. He had cut the tapestry where the doors and windows came, and I exclaimed at such vandalism; but he laughed, and said that he had bought it for his own enjoyment and had placed it where he could feast his eyes on it several times a day. I asked where he picked up such a fine specimen of tapestry. He told me that when in Constantinople he was wandering around among the old curiosity shops and became very much interested in an old Turkish dealer, who finally inquired of him what his specialty was as a collector. He answered that he was on the hunt for old tapestry, and the dealer said that he

had a bundle in his cellar which had lain there for a great many years, and he thought it might interest him. Prime told him to fish it out, and on examination found that it was fine Gobelin tapestry, and finally bought it for a comparatively small sum. When he arrived in Paris he had the piece authenticated, and learned that it had been presented by Napoleon I. to some Eastern potentate who probably failed to appreciate its value and had sold it to a merchant dealing in works of art—the euphonious synonym for what we term a pawn-shop.

William C. Prime, who once wrote to my grandfather that he regretted the fact that he had no children to perpetuate the cherished friendship which had so long continued between himself and the Harper brothers, was a frequent and ever-welcome visitor at Franklin Square. He was originally a lawyer, but in a fortunate moment became a part owner in the New York *Journal of Commerce* and abandoned the practice of law. This property grew to be very valuable in his later life. Prime was an authority on the legal relations of the publishing business, such as copyright, libel, etc., and often acted as arbiter and adviser for authors and publishers.

In response to an editorial published in our WEEKLY, Mrs. Schuyler Colfax wrote as follows to my cousin Joseph W. Harper:

MY DEAR MR. HARPER,—In these last months, so full of sorrow to us, there has been continually in my heart and on my lips the prayer, God deliver my husband from his enemies, and give to his friends that faith in him that shall cause them to stand fast, and help him in the hard fight with malicious and unscrupulous foes, so this morning when I read the editorial in the last issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, my heart gave a great leap for very joy, and I exclaimed, thank God and Mr. Harper too. My dear sir, if you

need any reward for this mighty and righteous blow in the cause of the innocent and the persecuted, other than the consciousness of a manly action well performed, you have it in the grateful thanks of two hearts that have lately felt the bitterness of the sting that false friends can inflict. As you have "meted" to us in our trials, may it ever be meted unto you.

Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH W. COLFAX.

My cousin replied in the following sympathetic manner:

March 28, 1873.

DEAR MRS. COLFAX,—The editorial on Mr. Colfax in HARPER'S WEEKLY, for which you and he so promptly and beautifully thank us in your letter received yesterday, was written by one of our editors, Mr. Eugene Lawrence. Of course it expressed my views and those of the House.

That we should have been guilty of the weakness of abandoning friends whom we knew to be the true, tried, and faithful friends of our country—that we should be indifferent to daily taunts and importunities to join in a mean, disgraceful hue and cry,—and that we should have trustfully waited for our opportunity of successfully refuting slander, would hardly seem to call for any expression of gratitude. But we appreciate and tenderly respect your feelings of joy at the vindication of your husband, and at the assurance of renewed public confidence in him.

Our WEEKLY, we believe, expressed or reflects the better sentiment of the country; and you are safe, we think, in accepting the article as an indication of what surely is, or will be, the feeling of the people. Your husband, we dare say, shares our unbounded faith in the honor, patriotism, good intentions, and common sense of our countrymen. Three-quarters of them, at least, even in this city of New York (and a much larger proportion in your great West), mean to do what is right—and when they think and do wrong, it is from the lack of proper information or from false representations. But the wrong is sure to be righted by an independent press and by our public men, who, in the long run, must represent the truth and intelligence of American men and women. There is comfort in this faith.

Pray accept for yourself and your husband the kindest and best wishes of our House.

March 4, 1873, President Grant wrote to Colfax the following letter, which is just what might have been expected from a man with his strong sense of loyalty to a friend under fire:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

MY DEAR MR. COLFAX,—Allow me to say that I sympathize with you in the recent Congressional investigations; that I have watched them closely, and I am satisfied now, as I have ever been, of your integrity, patriotism, and freedom from the charges imputed as if I knew of my own knowledge of your innocence. Our official relations have been so pleasant that I would like to keep up the personal relations through life.

Affectionately yours,

U. S. GRANT.

George William Curtis was absent for several months in 1873, and his position as editorial writer for the WEEKLY was generally filled by Eugene Lawrence. With one exception, which was Lawrence's editorial at the time of Folger's nomination as Governor of New York, Curtis told me that he was always pleased to father Lawrence's editorial work. While Curtis was away at this time the "Easy Chair" was supplied by Dr. Samuel Osgood and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Just before Curtis's return my grandfather sent him word, through a letter written by my cousin, Joseph W. Harper, that he would be very glad to welcome him back, as he had deferred his vacation until Curtis was on deck again.

The absence of Nast's work in the WEEKLY during the early months of 1873 was supposed to be owing to his reluctance to treat the Crédit Mobilier scandals. In point of fact, Nast was at that time busy illustrating Dickens's *Pickwick* for Harper's Library Edition of that author's works. Paine remarks:

Fletcher Harper was willing, not only that he should rest, but that henceforth he should receive one hundred and fifty dollars a page, with a yearly retainer of five thousand dollars, as a bonus —work or play —on condition that he drew for no other paper.

January 26th Nast received the following letter from his friend Colonel Chipman, in Washington:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will be pained, as all good men are, at the dreadful disclosures in the Crédit Mobilier business. Was there ever such an exhibition of idiocy and cowardice! With absolutely an innocent transaction to start with, the actors in the matter have by their conduct magnified it into a stupendous fraud.

I have not lost my faith in the honest integrity of such men as Dawes, Bingham, Garfield and Patterson, but we must have our ideas as to their sagacity greatly shocked and lowered.

I want you to understand this matter precisely as it is. The whole subject offers a rich theme for your pencil, but I doubt the wisdom of availing yourself of it. The feeling is one of deep regret rather than censure, and this I think is the sentiment generally. It is this which would make a picture unwelcome. It would "bring down the house" I admit, but at the same time we would all feel ashamed of ourselves for laughing at the calamity.

Here is the way all this was brought about.

These gentlemen had a little money to invest. They are all poor, and to turn an honest penny seemed desirable. The sly and devilish Ames gave them the opportunity for the investment, without fully acquainting them with the transaction.

Scene second. The campaign comes on; some whispering about Crédit Mobilier stock in the hands of well-known Republicans. They thought a frank confession might hurt Grant and that the public would not admit the investment in the stocks to be a legitimate thing; hence, they concealed the facts and misled the public.

Scene third. The Congressional Investigation begins. With the same stupidity they keep back the simple truth and seek again to cover up facts. Step by step the disclosures are brought out until the country is shocked, without knowing exactly why or how. It has ruined Colfax and Patterson and some others, and greatly lowered the public opinion in their integrity. All of them must suffer more or less. The whole thing is a matter of

unutterable regret. I haven't time to write you the details, or to give you the views of indivíduals in public life. Expecting you and yours in February, I am,

As ever,
N. P. CHIPMAN.

Oakes Ames, of Massachusetts, and James Brooks, of New York, received a vote of censure on the findings of the Congressional investigation committee, and both men died within the year from the effects of their disgrace. Nast made a double-page for the WEEKLY, representing the attacking journalists on one side of the cartoon and those implicated in the Crédit Mobilier investigations on the other, with Columbia between, saying: "Let him that has not betrayed the trust of the People, and is without stain, cast the first stone." He also contributed a half-page showing Ames and Brooks as the "Cherubs of the Crédit Mobilier."

Professor Eugene Lawrence, historian, publicist, and journalist, was born at No. 308 Broadway, in 1823. With a view to perfecting himself in the study of the law, Lawrence attended the lectures at the Dane Law School, Cambridge, where he remained several years. When graduated from the law school, he was admitted to practice in the courts of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on motion of Rufus Choate. When he returned to New York he became associated with the late Alexander W. Bradford, afterward Surrogate of the county of New York. Although in the enjoyment of a lucrative practice, and highly esteemed by his distinguished partner, he was constrained to abandon the practice of the law for the more congenial field of literature. His subsequent career proved that he had made no mistake, as he continued

until his death a liberal contributor to the literature of the day.

He was a writer on HARPER'S WEEKLY as early as 1869. The aggressive tone of his attacks on the Roman Catholic Church as the enemy of the public-school system gave to those who did not know Lawrence personally the impression that he was a man "ever ready for the fray, clad in steel, with glittering sword unsheathed." Those who had the privilege of knowing him intimately, and who appreciated the true gentleness of his character, were at a loss to understand the fierceness and combativeness of his expressions, except that they were engendered by that strict adherence to principle which permeated his whole life.

In society Lawrence was actually bashful and timid in his manner. He belonged to the old New York school, and had lived for nearly sixty years in the house he occupied when he died. He was a bachelor, and his home circle consisted of two maiden sisters and a bachelor brother. Everything in the house was, as it seemed to me, about a century old. Eugene, who was at that time over fifty, was the youngest of the family, and his sisters always spoke of him as their "ewe-lamb." With all his simplicity and kindliness, he was at one time a marked man in New York City, and received, to my knowledge, many threatening letters to the effect that his life would not be safe unless he discontinued his anti-Roman Catholic articles in HARPER'S WEEKLY. But these threats apparently made no impression on him, and he would frequently leave my grandfather's house, where he was like one of the family, after a late game of whist, unaccompanied, and walk home several blocks through what at

midnight was a deserted part of the city, regardless of my grandfather's warning and wishes.

Eugene Lawrence was a most forcible and finished writer, always ready to fill a vacancy on the editorial page of the WEEKLY when Curtis was ill or absent from town, and although he wielded a weighty pen he was, nevertheless, in disposition so gentle and modest that he found it impossible to conduct a class in the Free Academy, now the City College, where he was one time professor, being entirely devoid of disciplinarian powers. I believe he was one of the last to be entombed in a family vault under old Trinity Church, and when I attended his funeral and saw his earthly remains disappear from view I felt that a generous and faithful friend had left us, and I have sincerely mourned his loss now many a day.

May 27, 1871, we began in the WEEKLY Will Carleton's *Farm Ballads* with "Betsey and I are Out." These ballads proved to be an extremely popular feature of the WEEKLY, and we afterward collected them in book form. We have published ten volumes of his poems, of which we have sold over half a million copies.

Carleton as poet and public reader has captivated enormous audiences, and his admirers and followers in this country are in verity legion.

Conant wrote to Carleton, in regard to an accusation of literary piracy, the following letter:

May 17, 1873.

MY DEAR CARLETON,—I send you by mail a copy of a volume of poems by Mrs. K. S. Emerson, published to-day by Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co., which includes "Betsey and I are Out" (with some variations in the text) but none other of your "Farm Ballads." You will see by the enclosed advertisement, cut from the New York *Times* of this day, that Messrs. Carleton & Co. accuse you

of "literary piracy," and that Mrs. Emerson declares her ability to substantiate her claim to the authorship of the ballad in question. She claims to have written it in 1869, that she made several manuscript copies of it, which were passed among her friends, and you in some way obtained one of these copies and published the ballad under your own name in a western newspaper. You may remember that she originally claims to have *sold the poem to you in this city for the sum of two dollars.* This discrepancy is a strong point against her.

As Mrs. Emerson's volume includes none of the ballads copyrighted by the Messrs. Harper ("Betsey and I are Out" having been copied by them from the *Blade*) they cannot be parties to a suit against her or her publishers, and consequently it rests with you to move in the matter. You would better lay your case fully before some competent lawyer, who will advise you whether a suit for libel would lie against Messrs. Carleton & Co., based on their advertisement in which you are directly charged with "literary piracy." I can furnish you with all the necessary details respecting the members of that firm. It would be better to sue in a United States Court in your own State, if practicable, rather than here. In regard to this your lawyer will advise you. The copyright laws will, unfortunately, afford you no means of redress, "Betsey and I are Out" having been printed without copyright.

Permit me to add a word of caution. Keep the matter out of print for the present. A newspaper controversy might lead to embarrassment to your suit.

The WEEKLY of July, 1873, copied from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* in substance the following:

A gentleman of this city, who has a fondness for literary controversies, has collected into a huge scrap-book everything that has appeared in the newspapers bearing on the famous Carleton-Emerson dispute as to the authorship of "Betsey and I are Out." I have been favored with the perusal of this bulky and, for the most part, rather dull volume of scraps, which the compiler intends, I believe, to present to the Astor Library, for the benefit of the next ages, and, with his permission, have been at some pains to eliminate the facts of the controversy from the mass of conjecture and special pleadings with which, in fairness it must be said, the advocates of the lady in question have ingeniously

contrived to conceal the real points at issue. The friends of the lady "claimant" were early in the field, and from their noise and clatter began to think she really had justice on her side, and that Carleton was no better than a literary sham and thief, who was trying to tear from her brow the poetic laurels which she alone had the right to wear. . . . Miss Emerson's case was brought before the public with a great deal of finesse. Soon after the publication of "Betsey and I are Out" in HARPER'S WEEKLY, a friend of hers called on the editor of that paper, Mr. S. S. Conant, to put in on her behalf a claim to the authorship. This was met by the offer to examine proofs, if she could produce any, and by the request that she should submit other ballads and poems for consideration, for which the same compensation was offered, if her contributions were found to equal "Betsey and I are Out" in literary merit, as was paid to Carleton. Miss Emerson, or, as she then called herself, Mrs. French, subsequently called in person on Mr. Conant, and asserted that she alone was the author of the ballad. Her story then was, as circulated by her friends, that she had composed the ballad while in a state of trance, she being what is known as a medium, and had sold it to Mr. Will Carleton for the paltry sum of $2.00, that being the very moderate fee for which the lady put favored mortals into direct communication with the world of spirits. . . . Miss Emerson was understood, on the authority of her friends, to compose under the direct inspiration of the late George D. Prentice. She claims to have subsequently raised her price—possibly on a hint from the spirit of the great Western wit, who would not with much complacency have seen his ghostly lucubrations sold at the price of a street ballad. . . .

The curious feature of this story was that Carleton had never been in New York, and, therefore, supposing her story to be true, must have taken down the ballad from her dictation over a distance of several hundred miles. That a "medium" should sit in a New York sanctum and dictate orally to a person in Hillsdale, Michigan, supposes a perfection in spiritual telepathy which should make the fortune of a medium. . . . Miss Emerson departed, a little disconcerted, from her interview with the editor, but promised to send him specimens of her poetic abilities. One or two were afterward received; but they were so inferior in literary merit to "Betsey and I are Out" that the editor was forced to believe either that the soul of the lamented Prentice was rapidly running out of poetry or that the lady was laboring under

some extraordinary hallucination in regard to her share in the production of the former ballad. . . .

Miss Emerson, herself, doubtless acting under friendly advice, at length dropped the Prentice myth, and now claims to have been writing poems for many years out of her own head, among them "Betsey and I are Out," as a sort of family amusement. . . . Miss Emerson claims to have thought so little of her verses that she allowed any one who chose to make copies of them; and neither the opinion of her friends nor the pecuniary motive appears to have suggested the idea that they might be sold as well as given away. . . . In this way, according to the new theory—that of ghostly inspiration having been proved untenable—a number of copies of "Betsey and I are Out" floated promiscuously about the country, until one of them fell into the hands of Mr. Will Carleton, of Hillsdale, Michigan, who forthwith, as Miss Emerson now claims, appropriated the verses, and published them under his own name in the *Toledo Blade*. . . .

Mr. Carleton paid no attention to these rumors and insinuations. His volume of *Farm Ballads* was published by the Harpers in handsome style, and met with a very flattering reception. Miss Emerson, almost at the same time, published through G. W. Carleton & Co. a volume of poems under the title of *The Thanksgiving Story*, in which "Betsey and I are Out" was included. And then was commenced a concerted onslaught on Will Carleton. . . .

It will thus be seen that Miss Emerson's claim rests upon her bare assertion, unsupported by a particle of proof, while it is at once disproved, as the New York *Tribune* very justly remarks, "by the fact that not a line in her volume bears the slightest kindred to the ballad she has so coolly appropriated." She has shifted from one story to another, as her position became untenable, and though asserting loudly, through her publishers and friends, her ability to substantiate her claim, she has thus far entirely failed to bring forward a single fact to make her assertion good. . . . The fair inference from all this shuffling and shilly-shallying is that her "proofs" are mythical, and that her claims will never rest upon anything more substantial than her unsupported assertion. . . It is probably not hazarding too much to express the belief that her claim will be soon forgotten or be remembered only in consideration of its impudence.

In 1874 we published Victor Hugo's *Ninety-three*, hav-

ing written to his agent in Paris the previous year the appended letter:

July 31, 1873.

MR. THEODORE MICHÆLIS, *General Agent of the Société des Gens de Lettres, Paris:*

DEAR SIR,—We thank you for your favor of the 17th inst., and in reply beg leave to say that we should be happy to publish M. Victor Hugo's forthcoming story, which we understand is to be of the size of an ordinary three-volume English novel, upon the following terms:

I. The complete printed sheets of an accepted translation into English to be sent to us six weeks in advance of the appearance of the French edition or of any other edition.

II. A part at least of such a translation to be made by an American. We suggest for this purpose Mr. Frank Lee Benedict, accomplished American writer, the author of *My Daughter Elinor*, *Miss Van Kortland* and *Miss Dorothy's Charge* now running in the *St. James* (London) *Magazine*. His address is care of Du Fresne, Frères, Florence, Italy, or care of Munroe & Co., 7 Rue Scribe, Paris. Or possibly, you may know some other American quite as well qualified for the translation as Mr. Benedict. It will be necessary for only one part of the translation to be made by an American—enough, however, to enable us to take out an American copyright for the translation. Though we might secure a copyright on this particular translation, yet in the absence of any international copyright, we could not prevent the publication of other translations in the United States.

Mr. John Meredith Read, Jr., our Consul-General at Paris, might perhaps indicate to you some American whom you could employ to make a good translation, in the event of your not being able to secure the services of Mr. Benedict.

III. We have no objection to your selling the same translation to London and German publishers for simultaneous issue with our American edition, but with the understanding that they will not export their editions to this country or Canada.

IV. For the copyright and early sheets in this way of an English translation of the proposed story, we would pay Seven Hundred and Fifty Pounds Sterling (£750) and remit the same by draft on London on receipt of the complete story in duplicate.

Should you accept our offer please send us the copy in duplicate by different steamers. Our London agent would attend to this

for us, and indeed to the whole matter. His address is: Mr. Sampson Low, 188 Fleet Street. We apprise him by this mail of your letter to us, and of our reply; and he has our authority to act for us in the premises.

Sir Samuel Baker's *Ismailia*, a narrative of his expedition to Central Africa, was published by us in December, 1874, and the following letter was written to him in 1873:

Aug. 25, 1873.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER:

DEAR SIR,—We infer that you will be likely to make a book of your recent travels, explorations, and adventures in Africa. A book of the kind we are sure would be of great value and interest to American readers and would doubtless have a large sale in the United States.

We have already indicated to your London publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., our desire to publish the American edition of such a work—but we deem the matter of so much importance that we now write directly to you to say, that if you will furnish us with the early proof-sheets of the text, electrotypes of the illustrations, and transfers of the maps, so that we can publish here and in Canada simultaneously with the London issue, we will pay you ten per cent. on our trade-list (retail) price for all copies sold by us. That is, if our retail price were five dollars, your royalty would be fifty cents per copy. And we would pay you in advance, on account of such a contract, one thousand pounds on the publication of our edition.

The understanding would be that our edition should be published simultaneously with the London edition, and that we should have the exclusive market for the United States and Canada, to secure which we ought to receive the proof-sheets, electrotypes and transfers well in advance.

We hope that we may be able to add an account of your recent successful explorations to our already valuable list of African travel and adventure, including Livingstone, Speke, Barth, Burton, Du Chaillu, Andersson, etc., and we should be pleased to hear from you in reply to this through our London agent, Mr. Sampson Low, 188 Fleet Street, who is authorized to act for us in the matter.

Our letter to Roberts Brothers covers a transaction not uncommon before the passage of international copyright, which was always resented by American publishers:

Oct. 23, 1873.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROS.:

GENTLEMEN,—Yours of the 20th inst. is at hand, regarding Mrs. O'Reilly's juvenile book.

We appreciate the situation precisely, for we have frequently had to compete with imported editions of books of which we had bought the early sheets. We have always considered such treatment unhandsome, although perhaps technically allowable unless specifically prohibited in the preliminary negotiations.

We do not consider it fair for an English publisher to sell early sheets and then to export the books. We should not think for a moment of such a course, and very few American publishers would consider it honorable. Still, as the exclusion of an imported edition seems not to have been mentioned in your correspondence, we presume that you ought to pay Mrs. O'Reilly, as agreed.

Entre nous, don't you think that the English publishers would like, through an International Copyright, to control the trade of both countries?

XXVII

AFTER a long illness John Harper, then the senior member of the firm, died on Thursday, April 22, 1875, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He followed his brothers James and Wesley after a life of constant activity and industry devoted to the founding and maintaining of the business of which he was a master, and he died in the fullness of years and amid all the tenderness of family affection, leaving a spotless name and the happy memory of a faithful life.

George W. Curtis wrote eloquently of John Harper's death in the WEEKLY, and I give the following extract from his editorial:

> It is more than half a century since James and John Harper united as printers and publishers, joined later on by their two younger brothers. As the business increased John became the financial manager—a position for which he was especially adapted by his singularly sound judgment, sagacity, and self-reliance. Firm, quick, and silent, he readily comprehended any situation with which he was summoned to deal, and was not easily deceived or confused. Early and always at his post, modest and retiring in manner, he retained to the last the simple traditions and the efficient business habits of his youth, believing that the constant care and energy and shrewdness which are indispensable in founding a great and prosperous business are equally necessary in carrying it forward.
>
> For many years and until he was past seventy, those who came often to the publishing house were sure to find John Harper tranquil and busy, and with a certain dry humor, in which a deep



and sincere feeling often masked itself. The manly self-reliance of which he was himself so striking an illustration made him naturally hostile to every kind of pretence, and he instinctively sought with every one the simplest and sincerest relations. It gave him the truest appreciation of the feelings of others, and led him to recognize them in the most characteristic way.

John and James Harper were bound together by a peculiarly close and tender fraternal tie during a long life of common aims and labors, and when James died suddenly John drooped, and was never really himself again. The strong man was for over a year preceding his death helpless in body, but his heart and mind were undaunted. His manly spirit was never touched nor broken, and his kindred and friends may well rejoice to remember the sturdy and stainless manhood of John Harper.

There is a great deal that we call luck and chance and good fortune; but in the tremendous rivalry of human affairs luck and chance do not achieve great successes; and when success is of gradual but certain growth, enlarging, extending, establishing itself from year to year, whether in the conduct of a nation or of a business, it is the monument of a combined intelligence and industry and energy which instinctively commands admiration and respect. It is an old story, but there is none better. It is told in a hundred ways, but still the same sound, sweet moral underlies it all.

John Harper was very cautious, very conservative, but his conservatism was not the mere dull tenacity of old methods, which often passes by that name. The combined will and skill and intelligence of the two brothers would not have sufficed to lay the deep and broad foundations of their great business had they wanted the wise daring which takes risks; and when in the course of time, and with the enlargement of the firm by the entrance of the two younger brothers, that element became still more pronounced, the prosperity was proportionately greater. John Harper's simplicity and regularity, his steady fidelity and modest ways and words, his sturdy manliness and conscientiousness, were a perpetual illustration to younger men of the elements of success. When he was nearly eighty years old, at peace with himself and all men, John Harper died, as he had lived, without fear and without reproach.

Attentive as John Harper was to business, he never allowed it to engross his thoughts beyond business

hours. On leaving the office, which he usually did at three in the afternoon, he dismissed it from his mind. His tastes were simple, his mode of life entirely free from ostentation, and his chief recreation was driving a lively team of fast trotters. His stoutly built form and massive Napoleonic head were for many years well known to those who used to drive up Harlem Lane. He was an expert horseman, and held the reins with a firm and yet gentle hand, and his spirited horses traveled so smoothly and evenly that few could realize that he drove one of the fastest teams on the road. Many a brush he had with Commodore Vanderbilt and John Bonner. When the infirmities attendant upon increasing years compelled him to give up the reins to a coachman, carriage exercise became less attractive to him, and he was wont to protest that "there was no fun in it."

The firmness and courage which characterized the man in business came out in bold relief during the War of the Rebellion. He was never despondent, never doubted the successful close of the long and dreary struggle, and by his advice and example did much among financial men, by whom he was considered a valued authority, to maintain the credit of our government securities. In the most gloomy periods of the war, when many wavered, he never despaired of the Republic, and was still hopeful when everything seemed desperate both in the field and in affairs of state.

John Harper was from early life a devout and consistent member of the Methodist Church. His religious character was, however, marked by a high-minded liberality toward other denominations; and although decided in his own views, he cherished a large Christian tolerance for the

views and convictions of others. About three years before he died he suffered a severe paralytic stroke, from which he never really rallied, but his strong constitution resisted the progress of the malady in a surprising manner, and he lingered, gradually sinking, until the end.

A special meeting of the Book Trade Association, attended by representatives of leading houses in New York and other cities, was held in this city to take action on his death, and resolutions, prepared by Edward Seymour, A. D. F. Randolph, and M. M. Hurd, who had been appointed a committee for this purpose, were presented. After reading the resolutions, Randolph paid a graceful and touching tribute to his memory. He said among other things:

There is a subtle power known as genius in art and science and literature and affairs, but does it not also exist, and is it not often shown, in enterprise, sagacity, construction, and is it not equally meritorious and as worthy of being recognized and honored?

Take the life of our valued friend whom we would honor to-day. For more than fifty years he labored with singular industry, with signal ability, with distinguished success. If, as one has said, genius is capacity for labor, he possessed it in a marked degree. Go back to those early days when he pulled the press with his own arm, until those closing years of his life, when the name which he bore had become as familiar as a household word. Even the humblest of us know what is required in such a calling as ours for its successful prosecution. What, then, must have been the capacity to meet the incessant demands made upon him? Yet there was no emergency for which he was not ready, no burden he was not able to bear. To discern, to comprehend, to meet, the ever-changing public want and taste, to guide, create and control it, while standing between the author and the mighty multitude of readers—does not such a position require a gift of genius? He who can successfully hold it and win the victory is as deserving of the laurel as soldier or civilian, as artist or poet.

The great house, the foundations of which he had helped to lay, was, so far as his labor could do it, complete. The burden and

heat of the day were over. And to me there is something beautiful even in his enforced repose. He had endured the trials and overcome the difficulties of life, and now the eventide had come. And so he calmly rests for a while in the twilight, waiting for the deepening shadow of that night through which he was to pass into another city, whose builder and maker is God.

To-day in the presence of this Providence, the eager ambitions, the petty jealousies, the sharp competitions, of our calling are forgotten. We meet not as rivals, but as brethren—not to provoke asperities, but to prove our brotherhood in paying honors to *our* dead. Other dead we have whose memories come back to us now. With the recollections of the Brothers Harper are associated those of Leavitt and Appleton and Putnam and Scribner. As we remember and honor them anew, shall not their memory bring us nearer to each other, and serve to make our brotherhood more generous and complete?



XXVIII

A FEW months before the death of John Harper, Henry M. Alden wrote to the Hon. Samuel S. Cox, at that time a witty and vivacious member of Congress, as follows:

DEAR SIR,—We want from your pen a humorous, a downright funny article for our MAGAZINE. Will you let us have it?

There is a lull now. The campaign is over and the session not yet begun. You may choose your own subject, and if it is susceptible of illustration, so much the livelier. I need not add that the compensation will be satisfactory to you if the article is to us.

"Sunset" Cox promptly acceded to Alden's request, as is evidenced by the following letter from Alden:

THE HONORABLE S. S. COX:

MY DEAR SIR,—We have read your manuscript "Our Humor—Its Exaggerations." By way of acknowledgment, I send enclosed herewith Messrs. Harper & Brothers' check for Four Hundred Dollars ($400). The papers will do credit to you as a thinker, and I think your name should go with them. I have seen nothing which compares with your estimate of American humor, and your readers will not the less keenly appreciate it because you keep them laughing while showing them *why* they laugh.

I like the articles so well that I hope you will prepare the promised paper on Congressional Humor. Also, will you not bear in mind that I shall, in good time and when your convenience permits, expect from you a spicy and instructive paper on Parliamentary Rules—with especial reference to those critical moments in our Congressional History when the value of these rules has been pointedly illustrated?

We eventually made a book of these articles, under the title *Why We Laugh*, which sold well.

The next year we concluded our arrangements with John Murray for *Livingstone's Last Journals*, writing January 5th as follows:

> We enclose herewith our draft on Mr. Low for one thousand pounds (£1,000) sterling. It is drawn to your order as agent or trustee for Dr. Livingstone's heirs, and is in advance, and on account, of the sales of our edition of Dr. Livingstone's *Last Journals*, in accordance with your agreement with us through our Mr. Fletcher Harper, a memorandum of which accompanies this note.
>
> With the good wishes of the season, in which our Mr. Fletcher Harper desires personally to be remembered to you, etc.

This was only one of the many pleasant transactions we have had with the famous house of Murray. We assumed the American publication of a number of their important works, and they in turn became the English publishers of some of our most distinguished authors. The intercourse between the two houses has always been most cordial and satisfactory.

In acknowledging a charming poem written by Mrs. George Lillie Craik (Dinah Mulock), and sent to my grandfather, heralding the birth of the fourth generation of Fletcher Harpers, we wrote:

> Our Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Harper desire to be kindly remembered to you and cordially reciprocate your good wishes. The Christmas card has been presented to their great-grandson, Fletcher Harper, who was born during their visit to your country last winter,—and as the little fellow grows up, there is no danger that he will not appreciate it as a memento of one whose name is a household word in America and whose books have contributed so much to the instruction and innocent enjoyment of three generations of his own family.

I am sorry not to be able to insert the poem, as it was a most charming composition, but it has been so carefully put away that I have so far failed to find it.

I was a guest on the first fast mail-train, which left New York September 16, 1875, at four-fifteen in the afternoon, and reached Chicago the next morning, at six-twenty-seven, about eight minutes before the scheduled time. This was an eventful occasion in railroad transportation, and crowds gathered to see the saucy new mail-cars, becomingly decorated in fresh white and gold paint, proudly draw out of the New York Central Station. When we arrived in Chicago, in record time up to that date, we were received as conquering heroes and nothing was too good for us—practically we had the freedom of the city, *sans* expense. The credit for the new mail service, which became a permanency, was due in the first instance to the thoughtfulness and persistence of Col. George S. Bangs, supported by the hearty co-operation of Postmaster-General Jewell and the management of the various lines along the route.

In November, 1875, my cousin, Joseph W. Harper, wrote Dr. Appleton, of London, an interesting letter on the subject of international copyright. He said:

MY DEAR DR. APPLETON,—I mailed to you last week, as requested, an early copy of our December MAGAZINE, and have entered the *Academy* on our exchange list for advance copies.

I am sorry that your early departure prevented your again calling in Franklin Square, for I should have been glad to talk with you further on the International Copyright.

Your plan, as I understand it, looks to our payment of foreign authors in consideration of the manufacture of their books in this country and the control of them by American publishers. It seems to me that the conditions of this payment are virtually a denial of the principles of copyright, inasmuch as they impose

limitations on an author's part to the control of his book. You waive all abstract considerations, and advocate a quasi-copyright simply on the ground of expediency and as a practical measure of protecting against piracy both the foreign author and American publisher.

But under certain conditions the foreign author already receives quite as much for his advance sheets as he would receive under your proposed law. For instance, our House has already paid, either on account or outright, more than £50,000 for advance sheets, and large amounts have also been paid by other American houses. The compensation to popular British authors for their early sheets is quite as large as that paid to home authors (excepting for school books) under the copyright law. The law which you propose, therefore, to replace the present system would benefit the British author only by making that obligatory which is now voluntary: and you advocate its expediency on the ground that it would protect the American publisher against rival editions and secure to him absolute legal protection in place of the present "Law of Trade Courtesy." I could concede that this would be in many respects desirable, and that there are occasional violations of "Trade Courtesy" which are very annoying and exasperating. But your proposed remedy I fear would be worse than the disease. It would create a monopoly which would make books dearer, check the appetite for reading, contract the market, and ultimately enfeeble the publishing and bookselling business.

The question of the effect of such a law upon the people in limiting the diffusion of knowledge was not referred to in our conversation, but it would naturally be a very important question to Congress in any legislation on the subject.

Dr. Charles Edward Cutts Birch Appleton, founder of the London *Academy*, of which he was editor, visited New York in the autumn of 1875 and freely discussed the question of international copyright. The suggestion made in his letter, requiring the manufacture of foreign works in this country, is, I think, the first intimation of that important proviso which ultimately became the corner-stone of our International Copyright law. In fact it was due to the co-operation of the representatives of

the various trade-unions involved that our first International Copyright law was squeezed through Congress by a very small majority. A very remarkable stipulation to emanate from a British subject.

From 1860 to 1880 and thereabouts, English novelists were most prolific, and it was often embarrassing to find room for the strong and attractive serials which poured in upon us. This was the period of great English fiction writers, and not infrequently we would have two and even three foreign serials running at the same time in each one of our three periodicals. We are not so overcrowded today by English novelists, reckoning, say, from Dickens and Thackeray to Charles Reade and Hardy. For example, I give a letter we wrote to F. W. Robinson:

DEAR SIR,—We are glad to learn by your note of Nov. 6 (1875) that we are to be favored with a new story from your pen. We wish, however, that we could have been apprised earlier of your intention, as our limited accommodations (having only three periodicals) will render it somewhat embarrassing for us to provide conveniently for all our distinguished guests for the coming year. There are George Eliot and Emilio Castelar for the MAGAZINE, Miss Thackeray and R. D. Blackmore for the WEEKLY, and yourself and Wilkie Collins for the BAZAR, and we are promised short visits from William Black and Miss Braddon (impossible to conjecture the frequency and duration of the lady's visits)—and we have invited, or have now with us, a number of heavy American swells—and there's our friend Payn for whose comfortable lodgings we are now trying to provide in another journal. But '76 will be our "Centennial Year," and we must make an effort for the hospitable entertainment of old friends like yourself who will be cordially welcomed by Brother Jonathan. So give us as good a priority as you can on the new story, for which we shall be happy to pay you, as you suggest, and at the same rates as for *The Romance of a Backstreet.*

The following letter from Bishop Gilbert Haven and J. W. Harper's reply require no comment:

NEW ORLEANS, *Jan.* 10, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. HARPER,—In a professed "interview" with me, published in the *Omaha Bee*, I am reported as saying, "The Harpers don't care, as long as they can make money, notwithstanding they are Methodists." I never made any such remark, nor thought it. I had a conversation upon Church matters, local and personal, with a brother there, and did add a few words on the public questions, but entirely as a private conversation, of which he was aware. But in no part of my conversation did I refer to your House in the manner asserted. Nothing in the subject-matter of that conversation has troubled me except the "interview," falsely so called, and that which chiefly troubled me in that article was this reference to your House, unjust and untrue to you, and entirely foreign to all my thought and feeling.

I beg you not to believe that I could have uttered that remark.

I am most truly yours,

G. HAVEN.

Jan. 17, 1876.

DEAR BISHOP HAVEN,—I was glad to receive your disclaimer, which will be published in the WEEKLY:

I. In justice to my father and uncles who were good Methodists and most honorable gentlemen, not only above the sordid and mercenary considerations imputed to them by your interviewing acquaintance, but as absolutely free as any men I ever knew of even the desire of accumulation.

II. In justice to the character of Methodist bishops, whom from my boyhood I have honored and respected as desirous of good work and blameless, and too good and wise to be capable of slander.

III. In justice to your own reputation, because you cannot afford to stand before your brethren and the world as a public assailant of private character.

And now, my dear Bishop, as you are a young man, I venture to remind you of your vow in the solemn ordination office, "to maintain and set forward, as much as shall lie in you, quietness, love and peace among all men"—and I advise you, above all, to cultivate, even toward my friend Mr. Curtis and others who may differ from you in opinion, "that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues." Remember, that though you may "speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity you are become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

We published Bishop Haven's valuable work on *Mexico* in 1875, and the most friendly relations continued between the Bishop and ourselves until his death.

Moncure Daniel Conway, who for many years was a frequent contributor to the MAGAZINE, and who was at one time a literary adviser and reader for us in London, was born March 17, 1832, in Stafford County, Virginia. After receiving his early education at an academy in Fredericksburg, he was sent by his father to Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where he was graduated in 1849. He entered the divinity school at Cambridge, Massachusetts, completing his course in 1854, and shortly thereafter he removed to Washington, where he had been called to take charge of a Unitarian church. He was offered a responsible Federal position by Lincoln, but, deeming himself unable to fulfil its duties, he declined. It was then the idea occurred to him that he could render most effective service to the Union cause by proceeding to England and endeavoring to correct the mistaken notions prevalent there in regard to the conflict.

Not a few of the most eminent men in London and throughout the kingdom were attracted to his side, and with many of them he formed warm personal relations—with such men, for instance, as John Stuart Mill, Tyndall, Huxley, Tennyson, Bright, and Carlyle.

In the beginning of his residence abroad he assumed charge of South Place Chapel, Finsbury, and four years later of a chapel at St. Paul's Road, Camden-Town, for evening services only, which two positions he filled with solid tokens of his auditors' satisfaction. The Franco-Prussian War found Conway within the lines of the German operations; he was present at the battle of Gravelotte.

As soon as the fight was over he immediately set out for London, where he arrived ere details of the battle and the subsequent situation of the contending armies had become known. He described to me his trip to London, and it was most thrilling. At one time he was obliged to ride stretched out on the top of a freight-car. When he called at the *Daily News* office the editor of that paper captured him as being at that particular moment the most valuable man in the world; and so rejoiced was he at being able to exploit an accurate observer of the engagement that he secured his captive and refrained from letting him out until column after column had been written for the paper. As a consequence, the *Daily News* had a better account of the battle than its *confrère*, the *Times*.

During his residence abroad Conway, through his frequent articles to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, laid before the American public information of a rare and useful order—especially his *South Coast Saunterings in England*, which are among the most interesting papers of this class in periodical literature. He also furnished a series of valuable articles on the South Kensington Museum.

Conway and his daughter joined my party many years ago when I was touring the Rhine with my family, and I found him a prince of traveling companions.

While on a visit to London it devolved upon me to inform Conway that his connection with the House as literary adviser must give way to new arrangements made by the firm. It was one of the most unpleasant duties I ever had to perform, for Conway was always so gentle and hospitable, and I distinctly remember how I invited him to dinner and then took him to the theater, but was unable to approach the uncongenial subject until after we had

comfortably settled ourselves in a couple of easy-chairs at the club.

Conway's receptions in his sociable London home were very attractive. Here one would meet literary lions and lionesses and be tendered the best of music. Conway died in 1907, leaving a large circle of sincere friends both here and abroad.

Daniel Deronda, for which we paid £1,700, was published in the MAGAZINE in 1876. Some critics have assumed that the stories by George Eliot would appeal rather to the thoughtful few than to the great world of novel readers, but our experience with the sale of her works shows this supposition to be ill-founded. *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* sold very extensively in this country.

Edmund Yates has given a graphic sketch of George Eliot as follows:

> A slight presence, of middle height, as the height of women goes, a face somewhat long, whose every feature tells of intellectual power, lightened by the perpetual play of changing expression; a voice of most sympathetic compass and richness; a manner full of grave sweetness, uniformly gentle and intensely womanly, which proclaims the depth of the interest taken in ordinary and obscure things and people; conversation which lends itself as readily to topics trivial as to topics profound, and which is full of a humor—as, indeed, are her writings—that is redeemed from sarcasm by its ever-present sympathy: such is a rough and imperfect sketch of George Eliot, as she may be seen when she is occupied with her Sunday receptions in her pleasant home near Regent's Park. Far from strong in health, she feels the effort of authorship so severely, the interest which she takes in the development and the destiny of the creations of her brain, who might be better described as the generalizations from her own personal knowledge and experience, is so painfully and absorbingly deep that she is unequal to the task of going very generally or very much into society. So thoroughly does she think out her books, even to the structure of her sentences before

she commences to write them, that, unlike Dickens, though like Thackeray, her manuscripts display scarcely an erasure or a blot.

In 1875 we published Henry W. Longfellow's poem "Morituri Salutamus" in the MAGAZINE, and later on "Keramos," for which we paid him one thousand dollars each. I recall a letter written to us by Longfellow back in 1859, introducing a young man now become famous in the world of letters:

GENTLEMEN,—My pleasant recollections of the times that are past, when I began my literary career with you, make me take the liberty of introducing to your friendly offices, the bearer, Mr. William Winter, a young poet and man of letters, of whose abilities I think highly and in whose success I feel a kindly interest.

If there is anything for him to do in your MONTHLY or your WEEKLY, I hope you will give him a chance.

Yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In June, 1876, we published a revised edition of Dr. Draper's *Intellectual Development of Europe*. At a meeting of the Academy in the same month the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, president, in the chair, the Rumford Medal was formally awarded to Dr. John W. Draper, of the University of the City of New York, for his researches in radiant energy. In presenting the medal the president referred to the eminent services of Dr. Draper in the field of scientific investigation, to which he had devoted so many years, and recapitulated in brief some of the reasons which had led the committee to make this award.

Dr. Draper was born at St. Helen's, near Liverpool, England, on the 5th of May, 1811. After a careful early training in a Wesleyan Methodist school, he was placed under

private instructors, and devoted his attention chiefly to chemistry, the higher mathematics, and natural philosophy. He subsequently prosecuted his chemical studies at the University of London. In 1833 he came to this country, whither several of his family had preceded him, and continued the study of chemistry and medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was graduated in 1836. He was soon afterward appointed professor of chemistry, natural philosophy and physiology in Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, where he devoted much time to scientific investigations, and contributed a valuable series of papers on physiological subjects to the *American Journal of Medical Sciences*. Three years later he took up his residence in this city as professor of chemistry and natural history in the academic department of the University of the City of New York, and in 1841 was appointed professor of chemistry in the University Medical College, to which, ten years later, was added the department of physiology. We published Dr. Draper's *Human Physiology* in 1856.

His *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe* was first published by us in 1863. This important work was immediately republished in England, and translations of it appeared in French, German, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Italian, and other modern languages. Portions of it relating to Mohammedanism have been translated into Arabic and Turkish.

May 5, 1911, the New York University celebrated the hundredth anniversary of Dr. Draper's birth. The university honored him as the foremost scientist of America, and as a man whose fundamental discoveries had revolutionized society. Prof. Arthur B. Lamb, who now

holds the chair Draper once distinguished, spoke of his contributions to photography. He said:

Daguerre had not succeeded in taking portraits of persons. He was obliged to expose his plates for twenty minutes to half an hour in bright light. Only buildings, statuary, and immovable objects had been able to survive the exposure without flinching. Draper quickly saw how the process could be shortened. His sister, Catherine Draper, who had assisted him faithfully in his scientific work, was his first sitter, and she had therefore the honor of being the first person whose portrait was taken by photographic means.

The *Woman-Hater*, which commenced as a serial in the July MAGAZINE, 1876, was, at Reade's urgent request, published anonymously, although we paid nearly one thousand pounds for the story, and accordingly lost the éclat of his popularity. Conant wrote Reade in June as follows:

MY DEAR MR. READE,—. . . I enclose a notice of the *Woman-Hater*, which shows that you have already been discovered, although the publishers and editors have scrupulously maintained your secret.

Your most intelligent readers here are women, if I may judge by the ignominious defeat suffered by one of the Messrs. Harper and myself in attempting to delude the ladies of our respective families on the subject. But they were satisfied with the triumph over their husbands, and, in spite of Chamisso's ungallant assertion that

"Die Frauenzungen ja nimmer ruhn,"

they will keep their knowledge to themselves.

And in December we renewed the question of his anonymity:

DEAR MR. READE,—Don't you think it about time, in view of the enclosed letter and paragraphs, and of a good many similar paragraphs, that you relieve us of your injunction not to betray

the authorship of *A Woman-Hater?* We have suggested all sorts of people as the possible authors (excepting Mr. Tupper!), but every intelligent reader knows, and so your publishers might as well proclaim the fact to stupid readers who can't see a thing with half an eye.

And we wrote again April, 1877:

. . . We enclose herewith a letter received a few days ago from an admiring reader of *A Woman-Hater.* There can be no doubt whatever as to the success of the story in this country—and the success must be the more gratifying to you from the story's having been anonymous to the greater part of our readers.

His name appeared on the title-page when the story was published by us in book form.

February, 1877, we had some correspondence with Wilkie Collins on the advisability of meeting unauthorized competition by issuing his novels in very cheap form. Unfortunately, I find that many of our firm letters from prominent authors and artists have been either mislaid or destroyed, or purloined, and I cannot find Collins's letter of inquiry to which we replied as follows:

DEAR MR. COLLINS,—Your plan for defeating opposition by really cheap editions exactly meets our views—but you must bear in mind that this is easier for an edition that pays nothing to the author than for one which does. The remedy of International Copyright naturally occurs to you—but this, we fear, would be to American publishers only a Trojan horse, full of cunning warriors in the shape of foreign publishers. And then, instead of your stories being printed in our periodicals, the only access to them would be through *All the Year Round, Belgravia, Cornhill, Macmillan, Temple Bar,* the *Graphic, Illustrated London News,* etc., etc. And some future Schliemann, in excavating Franklin Square, would dig up this horse, while the grinning New Zealander, comfortably seated on the ruins of the Brooklyn Bridge and watching the excavations, would wonder at Yankee credulity. The exca-

vations, however, on the whole, would be hailed with delight as confirming the narrative which had been preserved in the American *Iliad* of the immortal Tupper!

Seriously, though—we have not, as you know, objected to paying the British author; but we do object to his books being controlled in this country by his English publisher, on the ground that such a monopoly would in the end be disastrous alike to the British author, the American publisher, and the American reader. The American expedient of the "Law of Trade Courtesy" answers very well in most cases, for while it generally respects the arrangements made by a British author with his American publisher, it leaves open a way for reprisals on unfair houses, and the people are benefited occasionally by a free fight, in the course of which, while rival publishers are fighting over some tempting morsel, the reading public devours it. Here is a recent illustration. We issued Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Macaulay* in two handsome volumes which were really creditable to American printers, and which even British publishers have conceded were handsomer than the English edition. The price was $5. Well, the book was printed on us and offered in inferior style at $2.50, whereupon we brought out a legible small-pica edition, the two volumes bound in one, at $1.75. Now, who lost? Mr. Trevelyan got his thousand pounds, the American public got a very cheap book. Clearly it was at our expense—but we console ourselves with the reflection that there can be nothing absolutely perfect in this wicked world. Even our perfect American government has failed to provide a President satisfactory to everybody (at present)—and international copyright, we suspect, would in the end prove unsatisfactory even to British authors. We are curious to know from whom you derive the greater revenue, from your German publishers with the protection of copyright, or from your American publishers with nothing but early sheets? And the Germans are a reading people.

As we have intimated, we are strong advocates of your plan of cheap books, and if your suggestion in that direction be due, as you hint, to "tasting wine at the London docks" all we have to say is: "In vino veritas est." When the philosophic Lincoln was told, after the Union victory at Vicksburg, that Grant when fighting was uniformly blind-drunk, he exclaimed, "Then send the same brand of whiskey to our other generals!" So send us a dozen of that "London Dock" and doubtless we shall blindly see our way clear to the sixpenny editions you speak of. And pray do

not forget to send us the sheets of your new stories *well in advance* (at the usual price, of course).

Dickens and Wilkie Collins frequently collaborated in writing short stories. "On one of these occasions," says Collins, "we agreed to exchange styles, so as to puzzle the critics; Dickens was to adopt my style and I was to imitate his. The plan succeeded perfectly, and it was amusing to see the reviewers point out a passage of mine as an example of Dickens's peculiar vein, and in the next sentence comment on a paragraph of Dickens's as a sample of Wilkie Collins's sensational style."

June 17, 1876, Harper & Brothers wrote to the late John Murray:

We had the pleasure of a call from your son a few days ago, and we hope to see more of him on his return from the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. He seems to be a most worthy representative of your honorable house, and a creditable specimen of the intelligent, frank, young Englishman whom we are always glad to see in this country.

John Murray, Jr., now John Murray IV., and his friend, the late Frederick Pratt Barlow, of the firm of John Dickinson & Co., London, arrived in New York on a tour of the States. They were fresh from university life, full of youth and vigor and heartily disposed to enjoy the novelties of American life. Free of cynicism and readily adapting themselves to their surroundings, which as a rule is not always customary with our critical British visitors, they made friends wherever they went.

The late John Murray, father of the young traveler, was the finest specimen of an English gentleman I ever met. Tall, willowy, and of a fine presence, he entertained with the courtesy of a Chesterfield. He invited Mrs. Harper

and myself and Henry Holt to dine with him at his country home at Wimbledon, and after dinner he arose and made a most felicitous speech on "the day we celebrate," it being the Fourth of July, a fact I had quite overlooked until he referred to it. Wimbledon was built on the profits of his celebrated guide-books. He told me that from his early youth he had a strong desire to travel; and his father cordially acceded to his request on condition that he should first master the language of the country which he proposed to visit. Accordingly, in 1829, he first went to Rotterdam, which resulted in his *Handbook for Holland, Belgium, and North Germany.* At that time such a thing as a Continental guide-book did not exist.

John Murray's handbooks were first published in 1836, and the initial volume was followed at short intervals by those on South Germany and Switzerland. These were all written by John Murray himself; but, as the series progressed, it was necessary to call in the aid of other writers. John Murray's father was not, as I remember it, especially sanguine at first as to the financial success of the enterprise, his purpose in encouraging his son being rather to broaden his horizon and to develop his natural literary tendency; so he agreed that his son should have all the profits resulting from the sale of the handbooks, and the amounts thus acquired grew to very liberal proportions, as for example, the house and grounds at Wimbledon.

In August, 1882, Alden wrote to the late John Murray as follows:

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. J. Henry Harper, who was introduced by your son to some of the grand old portraits in your Albemarle Street home, remembers with such interest the circumstances of that visit that you may regard this communication as due not

less to his inspiration than to my own interest in the subject in connection with our MAGAZINE.

It is now nearly forty years since the death of John Murray, the founder of your house. After the lapse of more than a generation it seems fitting that in our MAGAZINE, which has so much of an international character, there should appear a paper devoted to the eminent publisher and to the career of the house which he established—its great enterprises, and especially its relations with distinguished authors. Such a paper would be appreciated by all English-speaking people both for its literary value and for its rare personal interest.

The article suggested above appeared in our MAGAZINE in 1885. In Murray's Albemarle Street house Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron first met, and in its drawing-room fireplace Byron's memoirs were committed to the flames.

A silver urn presented to John Murray by Lord Byron, containing a vial filled with hemlock gathered under the walls of Athens, stands on the mantelpiece. There is also a screen covered with pictures of prize-fighters which belonged to Byron. The Albemarle Street house was at that time a chief daily resort of the principal *litterateurs* and literary amateurs of London. In one of his letters Washington Irving says:

Murray's drawing-room is a great resort of first-rate literary characters; whenever I have a leisure hour I go there, and seldom fail to meet with some interesting personages. The hours of access are from two to five. It is understood to be a matter of privilege, and that you must have a general invitation.

Among the portraits hanging in the drawing-room for which the originals sat to please John Murray are those of Byron, Moore, Campbell, Southey, Gifford, Hallam, Lockhart, Washington Irving, and Mrs. Somerville.

In 1876 I was beginning my apprenticeship in our art department. Frederick Keppel, the well-known author-

ity on rare engravings and etchings, had then a little shop at 66 Beekman Street, near our buildings. These premises he abandoned years ago, and he now has a large place up-town, with branch offices in London and Paris. He has furthermore written and recently published a captivating work on *The Golden Age of Engraving*, most of which appeared in our MAGAZINE. I spent many an hour, and, incidentally, much wealth, in an effort to train my eye to distinguish between good and inferior line work, mezzotint and etching, and under Keppel's guidance I qualified myself to be a passable critic on engravings and drawings, and this experience was materially fortified later on by my collaboration with Charles Parsons, superintendent of our art department.

About this time we published Green's *History of the English People;* Trevelyan's *Macaulay's Life and Letters;* Cesnola's *Cyprus;* Stanley's *Dark Continent;* Schweinfurth's *Heart of Africa;* Schliemann's *Ilios* and *Troja;* Du Chaillu's *Land of the Midnight Sun*—all very important works.

Dr. Schliemann, greatly to the delight of the savants of Germany, presented his collection of Trojan antiquities to the Emperor of Germany, to be placed in the museum at Berlin, and received the following acknowledgment from the venerable Emperor:

GASTEIN, *July* 20, 1881.

The investigation at the site of ancient Troy, to which you have devoted yourself for years past, has interested me very much from the commencement. I have carefully followed the progress and incidents of your undertaking, and greet it with peculiar pleasure that your zeal and energy have succeeded in showing such happy results in the course you have taken. Your bold researches have in the course of a few years greatly enriched

archæological science, and unlocked a region of early culture hitherto unknown to us. I have read with great pleasure your work, *Ilios, the City and Country of the Trojans*, which gives a faithful description of your excavations, and of the treasures which have been brought to light, and thank you sincerely for directing my attention to it. I hope in the autumn, on my return to Berlin, to find time to make a personal inspection of the interesting collection of Trojan antiquities which you have so generously presented to the German people. WILHELM.

The conditions and methods of book publishing and selling have greatly changed during the past fifty years. The usual royalty paid to authors was ten per cent.—occasionally twelve and a half, and, in rare instances, fifteen per cent. The retail prices of books were low, and adjusted on a popular basis, until the rise in the price of labor and materials. The trade bought its supplies of books on a usual discount of twenty-five per cent., large dealers getting five per cent. additional, and in special cases thirty and five per cent. or thirty-three and a third per cent. were allowed. Booksellers bought on three or six months' credit. These simple conditions were generally acceptable and worked advantageously all around. The public obtained its books at low prices, the trade had an ample margin for doing business, and the author was generally satisfied with the publisher's successful handling of his books.

For reasons growing out of economic conditions and tendencies the old-fashioned bookseller has been crowded out of business: the jobbers and department stores largely monopolize the bookselling business, while most of the large publishing houses have established agencies for bringing their books directly to the attention of buyers by means of travelers and correspondence.

The methods of familiarizing the reading public with information regarding new books have also changed. In former days very little was allowed to get into the papers regarding a new book until it was about ready for publication. It was considered bad business for a publisher to announce a book which he had in press: he was only showing his hand, and creating a demand for an article which could not be supplied, so that by the time it was ready for publication the new story and the freshness of its announcement would have been impaired. The publisher was accustomed to advertise liberally in the leading New York, Boston, and Philadelphia papers, and to rely largely upon the reviews in the best papers in the larger cities to create the demand for his books. This was a simple and effectual method in those days. Fewer books were published, longer reviews appeared in the press, the commercial value of the reviews, that is, their power to influence sales, was greater, and the cost of advertising was kept under reasonable but generous control. But of late years the publicity department of a publishing house is a most important element of its business. Advance information about new books is sent out to the press weeks and even months before publication; anecdotes about authors, their literary activities, pursuits, homes, dress, etc., are eagerly sought by newspapers and supplied by authors and publishers; and travelers submit long in advance sample copies of new books to the trade with a view to obtaining orders, thereby giving the publisher an opportunity to print additional copies should the early demand show that his judgment as to the probable sale of the work is at fault. It is needless to say that all this is expensive, but it seems necessary under present conditions.

With all these elements of additional cost in the material production of a book must be considered the advance in the scale of royalties often paid to authors. In some cases these are too high to allow a publisher sufficient leeway to produce a well-manufactured book, to advertise, push, and handle it and obtain a fair return for his investment.

XXIX

THE death of Fletcher Harper, on the morning of the 29th of May, 1877, at his residence in this city, removed from the scene of a long and honorable career the last and youngest of the four men who founded the House of Harper & Brothers. George William Curtis wrote of his friend and publisher in the WEEKLY, from which I give the following extract:

It was like the death of the head of a clan or the patriarch of a tribe. The tributes to him on all sides agreed in the recognition of his remarkable power and strength of nature—a noble manliness made sweet and mild by the freshest affection and the most tender sympathy. His modesty, like all his qualities, partook of a native greatness. He resolutely, but with entire unostentation, pursued his way. He never joined a club and he never held an office nor wished for one. He was not seen in public meetings nor on great occasions, and no man of equal mark in the city more instinctively avoided every kind of notoriety. His home, thronged with affectionate kindred, was happy beyond the common lot, and at his hospitable table sat friends from far and near, to whom his sweet and sunny welcome was a benediction like the summer air. Time passed: his brothers, the cheery James, the indomitable John, the gracious Wesley, died. The famous brotherhood was dissolved, and Fletcher stood alone, amid his memories and younger men. Too strong to despond, with a high and keen relish for life, he could not but feel

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

The tie between him and Wesley had been peculiarly tender; and as Fletcher sometimes sat in the office where for a long life

they had all been so intimately associated, and gazed out of the window with musing and melancholy eyes, his strong face seemingly steeped in infinite tenderness of feeling, one who had known him long, and knew his heart, could readily interpret his wistful look:

"They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!"

Time dealt gently with Fletcher Harper, and the burden of increasing years sat lightly upon him. He was seventy-one years of age, but till within a year of his death hardly a trace of failing strength was perceptible. His carriage was erect, his step firm, his voice clear, his eye bright, his judgment quick and commanding. Those who saw him daily thought that he had many years of activity still before him. Even the illness to which he at last fell a victim failed to break his courage, and until within a few hours of his death he retained full possession of his faculties. He died peacefully, leaving his blessing on children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, gently tended by my grandmother, his inseparable companion for over fifty years of married life.

A year and a half before his death my grandfather and grandmother received the following affectionate letter from the firm:

Nov. 3, 1875.

DEAR UNCLE FLETCHER & AUNT JANE,—Franklin Square takes off its hat and salutes you with reverent affection on the occasion of your golden wedding.

There is a peculiar tenderness with which we turn from the busy scenes which you, dear Uncle Fletcher, loved so well, to the contemplation of our oldest partner, the survivor of the noble four who gave us their honored name and example, in the enjoyment of so much to make him happy, surrounded by the love of wife, children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. We are

thankful that it is thus with you, and above all in the knowledge that you have *deserved your happiness.*

That God may continue to bless you with his love and favor, is the sincere wish of

Your faithful
PARTNERS.

Nearly three years before the firm had sent my grandmother a superb silver tea-service and tray, with the following note:

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Jan.* 31, 1872.

The accompanying tea-set is presented with love and best wishes to Mrs. Fletcher Harper, in affectionate remembrance of her husband's Sixty-seventh birthday and in token of the affection, confidence and admiration entertained for him by his Junior Partners,

PHILIP, JOHN W., FLETCHER, Jr., JOE BROOKLYN,
JOE ABNER.

I also give the poem which was written by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman,* upon hearing of my grandfather's death. It is a significant tribute from one of the most popular of English authors to her American publisher:

IN MEMORIAM

FLETCHER HARPER
1806–1877

No soldier, statesman, hierophant, or king—
None of the heroes that you poets sing:
A toiler ever since his days began,
Simple, though shrewd, just-judging man to man;
God-fearing, learned in life's hard-taught school;
By long obedience lessoned how to rule;
Through many an early struggle led to find
That crown of prosperous fortunes—to be kind.
Lay on his breast these English daisies sweet:
Good rest to the gray head and the tired feet

That walked this world for seventy steadfast years!
Bury him with fond blessings, and few tears,
Or only of remembrance, not regret.
On his full life the eternal sun is set,
Unbroken till the resurrection day.
So let his children's children go their way,
Go and do likewise, leaving 'neath this sod
An honest man, "the noblest work of God."

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

This was received with the accompanying note:

THE CORNER HOUSE, SHORTLANDS, KENT, *June* 14, 1877.

DEAR SIR,—I did not know when I last wrote you that good Mr. Fletcher Harper had gone to his rest.

Make what use you will of the enclosed lines—and of the box of daisies sent with this—which my child and two of my little god-children have gathered in our garden and fields—knowing where and why they were sent.

Give my warm sympathy to the family—I liked him so!—and I hoped to have seen him again—but it was not to be.

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,
D. M. CRAIK.

George W. Curtis wrote:

The four well-known brothers have together left a memorable mark upon the history of business enterprise in New York. The secret of great success is not easily apprehended, for it is not simple; and in the case of the union of several persons it is even more difficult, as involving the accurate appreciation of the value of many qualities. But one obvious and commanding fact in the history of the House of Harper, and one which shows that the most favorable condition of success was provided, was the tacit understanding that there should never be any serious difference.

Fletcher Harper's manner and tone toward every one employed in the business were always kindly and thoughtful and courteous, and the regard for him of those who were brought in contact with him was affectionate and true. He was the most simple and manly of men in his friendly intercourse, his conversation touching every topic with a gay and sometimes half-grim

humor. As Napoleon was said to have the power, when he was inconveniently pressed in an interview, of discharging his face of all expression, Fletcher Harper had a shrewd way, when he was suddenly flanked in a colloquy by a moral suggestion, of saying, "Of course, if you come to metaphysics, I can't follow you." With his hearty, generous nature, he had the Homeric joy of battle. He "enjoyed an honest fight" within all honorable limitations. He was unswervingly faithful to his friends and his convictions, his first question about a man being, "Is he honest?" and about conduct, "Is it right?" and about an assertion, "Is it true?"

Mr. Harper had those other characteristic qualities of a master-mind—patience and reticence. He could wait and he could keep silent. He did not pull up his plants to see if they were growing, nor stop his watch to find if it were in order. His sagacity assured him that the laws of nature and of mechanics could be implicitly trusted. Consequently, when he confided great responsibility he did not interfere with its exercise. He made no trust without due discretion and deliberation, but when made it was complete and conclusive. This was conspicuously shown in his relation to the WEEKLY. It was essentially his enterprise; and some time after its thoroughly successful establishment it would have been followed undoubtedly by a daily paper, if, with his unerring judgment, he had not seen that he was already a little too far advanced in life to satisfy all the rigorous conditions indispensable to so great an undertaking.

During his active career he was constantly mindful of the WEEKLY, devising changes and improvements and fresh attractions, anxious above all that it should be popular in a high and generous sense. His test of the excellence of a picture or an article was that it told its own story clearly and did not require to be explained. But every line in print or picture must be proper for family reading and inspection. There might be questions of taste, but there must be none of morals. There must be no doubtful words or allusions, no double meanings. He had in view "the people," "the plain people," and not philosophers and poets; and it is the praise of the House of Harper that all the books and periodicals it has issued for half a century constitute together what the House felicitously called one of its earliest and most famous series, a true Family Library.

Fletcher Harper was essentially a representative American. His common sense, courage, untiring energy, patience, tender-

ness, modesty, good humor, fidelity, and strong affections were typical of the qualities that have conquered this continent and filled it with a prosperous nation. These qualities, however, had their shadows in him, and he had doubtless the faults of a sturdy and masterful nature. But the least intimation that he had asserted himself too strongly instantly melted his generous soul into an acknowledgment none the less complete because eccentric in expression. His patriotism was of so antique a cast as to be almost passionate and romantic. Originally a Democrat, and maintaining wide business and friendly relations in the Southern States, the moment he saw the Democratic party identified with disunion he became an earnest and uncompromising Republican, feeling that the Republican was the truly national party. He was naturally a radical Republican, because in a civil war there are but two extremes, and because in every contest in which he engaged he took part with his whole heart. "When you fight, fight!" was his maxim, and from the hour of the attack on Fort Sumter to the last moment of his conscious interest in life his fidelity to what he believed to be the cause of his country and of justice never faltered, and was as pure and unselfish as the patriotic devotion that hallows Thermopylæ.

The personal charm which drew his friends to his hospitable hearth; the fineness of sympathy and human feeling which lifted his hat to his apprentices, and made him their personal friend; the tender, domestic affection that made his home so happy; the sweet tranquillity with which he bade farewell to those whom he loved best, and who loved him so well—these are sacred memories and inspirations. But his strong and noble character, his large grasp, his admirable intelligence, his remarkable power, his long and spotless and successful career, commend his name to honorable regard among those who knew him only by reputation, as his transcendent, manly worth, known fully only to a few, endears the memory of Fletcher Harper forever to those who loved him.

The end came amid the splendor of the early summer, whose delights he had been gladly anticipating; but death did not surprise him from the serenity of his self-possession. When he knew that death was at hand, although the enjoyment of life was still strong and high, he acquiesced calmly, speaking in the words and after the manner of the fervent religious faith of his parents, in which he had been carefully trained and to which he had always faithfully adhered. With the old familiar tran-

quillity he gave final directions, and said farewell one by one to those who were dearest to him, and to the friends who loved him as they can love few other men. Tenacious of life, the frame of the strong man was reluctant to yield, but gradually and peacefully he fell asleep.

"So our world is made
Of life and death commingled: and the sighs
Outweigh the smiles in equal balance laid.
What compensation? None save that the All-wise
So schools us to love things that cannot fade."

His old and cherished friend Eugene Lawrence wrote as follows:

Fletcher Harper possessed a natural simplicity, a true republicanism, that withheld him from every kind of ostentation. No man was ever more indifferent to the external marks of power; no one was at heart more sincerely desirous to serve his country without reward. It would not be well for all honest men to follow his example, to shrink from public station and the people's service; but in his case the community was benefited by the still larger attention he was able to give to its interests. As the head of a great publishing house, controlling the thoughts of infinite numbers of his fellow-countrymen, acute, enterprising, fearless, Fletcher Harper for a generation has always been one of the guides of public opinion, and has always led the way to pure republicanism.

Whatever was bold, generous, independent, in politics or thought, commanded all his sympathy, and his republicanism was not that of a party man, but of a patriot. The American system of education had no more resolute friend than Fletcher Harper. He rejoiced to watch the golden links of knowledge spreading from ocean to ocean; he was eager to be the first in defending the chief stronghold of American freedom, and all the powerful influence of his active intellect, all the various instruments of intelligence which he controlled, were vigorously employed in the defence of American education.

He was married at nineteen to a bride of seventeen—that faithful and devoted wife, who for more than fifty years seldom left his side, who in sickness would never consent, and whom he could scarcely suffer, to leave his presence for a moment. The

joyousness of his youth was revived in his old age, and his heart flowed out as fondly to his wife, family, and friends at seventy as at nineteen.

He rests in one of the sunniest sites in Greenwood, and in a family tomb raised for the four brothers Harper by their descendants. In his last sickness he was heard to say, when half unconscious, "Side by side! Isn't it wonderful? Side by side!" Side by side the four memorable brothers rest, united in life and death. Hushed are their pleasant jests, their fraternal railleries, their perpetual gaiety, their merry laugh. But they had lived in charity and died in hope. No man had stronger religious convictions than Fletcher Harper, and a golden future dawned upon him as he left the world.

My memories go back to both his dear city and country homes with a fondness that can only be experienced by one who has felt deeply the inspiring influences of such a comradeship as his generous and affectionate nature made possible—a comradeship, indeed, which, in spite of the years that have elapsed since his passing, still remains among the most vivid and cherished associations of my life.

XXX

In December, 1876, we published serially Black's *Madcap Violet*, and in 1877 *Kilmeny, Daughter of Heth* and *Adventures of a Phaeton*, in our Library Edition of his works.

Black came to visit our country in 1876, and returned at the end of the year. In January, 1877, we wrote to Mrs. Black:

> We are glad to learn that you were pleased with our portrait and sketch of your husband. We Americans liked the original because he *seemed* so modest and *was* so nice! As this line is not for his eye, we should like to know, you know, with Yankee curiosity (and quite confidentially), is he really always so modest and well-behaved? We are certain, however, that he will not be so "nice," if, when he comes to us again, he fails to bring his wife!
>
> We take pleasure in sending you, agreeably to your request, additional copies of the BAZAR containing the portrait—and, just for the fun of the thing, as we say here, and to show you how shocking the same attempt may be when in the hands of your well-meaning countrymen, we mail you a copy of *The Scotsman*, which reached us yesterday, and which contains something very like a caricature of "the noble lord."

I remember a dinner Black gave to T. B. Aldrich in London at the Reform Club, and Aldrich, in a spirit of badinage, made a request for sweet champagne, realizing fully the shock it would give Black, who was a connoisseur of wines, especially champagne; and then he proceeded to deliver a philippic on the ridiculous English fad for

brut wine, which was in his opinion little better than soda-water. Black never forgave Aldrich for what he considered an affront to himself and his guests; but I was sure at the time that Aldrich's idea was merely to start a good-natured discussion, his remarks being impersonal and to me rather humorous. The attempt, however, misfired, and was received in cold silence—something like Mark Twain's speech at a certain Boston banquet, when he essayed a few characteristic remarks regarding certain literary celebrities who were present and whose personalities in Boston were deemed sacred. Mark Twain's observations proved a wet blanket which not only covered him with embarrassment, but also the entire assemblage. I remember Black's telling me afterward that the club was obliged to send out for Aldrich's brand of sweet wine, which was quite irregular and without precedent.

Aldrich was a most companionable and charming fellow, but I do not think that the English people as a rule toned in with his American sense of humor. I had Aldrich at dinner in the Riding Club, New York, one time, and he subsequently wrote me that he had never dined so sumptuously in a stable before.

We gave Black a large dinner at Delmonico's before he sailed, at which were present, among others, Bayard Taylor, Edward Seymour, J. Q. A. Ward, Prof. Henry Drisler, Arthur G. Sedgwick, Charlton T. Lewis, Frederick Macmillan, George Ripley, Parke Godwin, Judge Brady, W. C. Bryant, George Jones, E. C. Stedman, and Charles Nordhoff. Bryant responded to a toast on poetry by saying that, although the novelist had laid society under great obligation, the poet should not be forgotten, since it is to him that we are indebted for some of our most

labor-saving devices. "What," he continued, in his gravest manner, "could be more useful, more winning, more worthy of being remembered than that immortal song,"—here the audience held themselves in breathless silence—"beginning, 'Thirty days hath September'?"

At another dinner given to Black, which I attended—I think it was at the Lotos Club—John Brougham, the veteran actor, presided, and made a delightful address of welcome, and then proposed the health of "our guest, who comes to us with a world-wide reputation, the author of *Lorna Doone*"! Brougham immediately realized that he had made a mistake, and he turned to Joe Hatton, who sat on his other side, for the name of one of Black's novels, but Hatton was so rattled that he could not for a moment recall a single book, and finally gave poor Brougham the title of one of Black's most inconspicuous novels. Black took it all in good nature and eulogized Blackmore in his speech. Edward Marston, the London publisher, later on gave me a dinner while I was in London, at which Black and Blackmore met for the first time, and Black told Blackmore the foregoing incident, but Blackmore took it as a joke and would not believe it possible that it ever actually occurred.

Black was extremely kind to me on many occasions when I visited London. He frequently put me up for temporary membership at the Reform Club, where I always enjoyed meeting men like Sir Wemyss Reid, James Payn, Sir John Robinson, and other congenial members.

Black's chambers, in an old house at the bottom of Buckingham Street, were to me the most fascinating *rendezvous* in London. At the end of the street, flush with Black's dwelling, was, I believe, the only old Thames

water-gate left in London. Peter the Great, during his stay in England, occupied this house, and it was in Black's rooms that Dickens wrote part of *David Copperfield*. The view from the windows was most attractive, looking out on the river over the embankment gardens. These were Black's London quarters up to the time of his death, and often I formed one of a kindred party of friends who not infrequently enjoyed his liberal hospitality way into the small hours of the morning. No one who has been so favored can ever forget the delightful companionship of William Black.

Black was an expert judge of cigars, and the end of his sitting-room was lined with shelves, with curtains drawn across, which I took at first to be bookcases, but which, through his hospitable disposition, I soon found were filled with tier upon tier of cigar-boxes. Black asked me on the occasion of my first visit what year's tobacco crop I preferred, as if offering a vintage wine. This was my first experience of the kind, as our climate is too dry to keep cigars in good condition for a long period, and I told him so. "Well," he said, "I have a box containing two cigars, all that is left of a hundred beauties, now over twelve years old, and we will smoke them, and if you don't tell me that it is as full-flavored and as delicious a cigar as you ever smoked I will anathematize you"—but it was. His wine-closet was under his bed, and it seemed to me to be inexhaustible and to contain fluids of an infinite variety.

Here I used to meet Colin Hunter, Abbey, Alfred Parsons, Osgood, McIlvaine, Boughton, and many other good fellows.

But it was at Black's home, Paston House, Brighton,

when surrounded by his family, that one could enjoy in full all the delights of Black's generous hospitality.

Sir Wemyss Reid, in his *Life of William Black*, says:

> Black's wit and humor were as ready as his shrewd judgment was steady and calm, but it was in his own house that he appeared in the brightest colors. He never shone in mixed society. The presence of strangers too often seemed to chill him or confuse him. If he liked a man or woman he did so with all his heart, and he would wax enthusiastic about the merits of some in whom the outside world had never discovered any special virtue. On the other hand, when he conceived any suspicion of an acquaintance he did not conceal the fact from his friends.

If I were a great novelist I would select Mrs. Black as a noble type of wife, mother, and hostess, and write a sequel to *A Princess of Thule*. Mrs. Harper, my daughter May, and I visited them in their Brighton home, and they received us as if we had been highly valued relatives from whom they had been long parted. No one could have been kinder or more considerate than they all were.

I had greatly admired a painting by Linsley G. Macarthur, which hung in the drawing-room at Paston House, and Black volunteered to secure an example of the artist's work for me when he went to Scotland. Hence the following letter:

GLENLYON LODGE, OBAN, SCOTLAND, *August* 5.

MY DEAR HARPER,—On arriving here I found that my young artist-friend did not happen to have by him any sketch of very blue sea similar to the one you saw at Brighton; and so, instead of commissioning him to paint one, I thought it better to take a sketch he had already done in a lower key—very strong and unconventional, as it seems to me. The picture is larger than the one previously sent to Franklin Square, and it will cost £20; but you are not pledged to that sum, for the simple reason that if you are not wholly and in every sense satisfied with the painting,

I shall be delighted to have it myself, and will pay all charges of transport both ways. Of course you will see that it *is* a sketch, and therefore the spectator should give it some law; but it appears to me excellent and original work—and that it is startlingly characteristic of the west Highlands I can bear witness.

In the same crate, as a kind of protection, I am sending the Highland home-spun stockings, which I beg of you to accept, with my blessing—I hope they may bring you good luck with the salmon. You will probably find the feet too big; but it is better to have them loose, to let the blood circulate freely, when you are standing in cold water.

I hope you all had a pleasant journey over. Kind regards to all your circle. Tell "Brooklyn Joe" that if the Copyright Act works as it ought to work, I'm going to buy Scotland, and he must come over and get a piece—a piece containing a salmon-river. Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM BLACK.

P.S.—When James R. Osgood reaches America, pray calm him down. He's off his head about an article written by the disappointed and driveling old idiot who reviews novels in the London *Times*. Temper James's elation. The voice of the *Times* is no longer, as it used to be, the voice of England.

Knowing Black's passion for salmon-fishing I sent him, on my return to New York, as handsome a split bamboo salmon-rod of American make as I could find, and, in acknowledgment, received the following letter:

GLENLYON LODGE, OBAN, *Sept.* 17, 1891.

MY DEAR HARPER,—I have to send you most grateful thanks for the salmon-rod, which I hear has safely arrived at Brighton; and also for the two books on fishing, which I have read with great interest. Mr. Wells (with whose name I was already quite familiar) will find me a willing convert to his theories, if only they will work out in practice; that is to say, I have not the slightest wish to labor away with the seventeen-foot rod, if a fifteen-and-a-half-foot one will do the work equally well. We will see next spring—in that blessed northern region, which has none of the black flies, mosquitoes, or other of those pests which H. P. W. describes so feelingly. I was exceedingly glad you like the



William Black

picture. It will no doubt surprise some people, for not only is it unconventional in manner, but also it deals with a condition of atmosphere which I have never seen elsewhere than in the west Highlands. The picture is *true*. You may take my word for it—true in color, in light, and in the sharp vividness of the glancing water. There is, perhaps, a trace of Colin Hunter in the treatment; but it is none the worse for that; and it has original qualities of its own. Then the sudden squall of rain on the left of the composition. You may never know, as we have known this summer, how characteristic that is of this country! It has been the wettest, the most incomprehensible season we have ever experienced in the Highlands; my aneroid has been vainly endeavoring to follow the changes of the weather, and now has stopped stock-still in disgust. Has the "Royal and Ancient Game of Golf" been introduced into America? It is a noble pastime, though rather conducive to profane swearing. It is making rapid headway in England—becoming a popular craze, indeed. James First, who carried it with him from Scotland, would be astounded at the number of clubs and associations springing up all over the country. Good-by, and renewed thanks! We are off for the south again at the end of the month. Please give our kindest regards to all your home circle.

Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM BLACK.

The next time I visited Paston House I observed the rod hung up on his study wall, and I asked him how it worked piscatorially. "Why, my dear fellow," he replied, "it is too beautiful to use, besides I doubt if it would bear the weight of an average salmon." "Nonsense," I said, "that is what it is made for; give it a trial." The following season he reluctantly took it with him to Scotland, and finally consented to his daughter's using it one time when they happened to be short of rods. She was lucky enough to kill a large salmon, and Black had more respect in future for what he had considered merely an exquisite toy.

Black used to wear a small gold kettle, inlaid with

Scotch stones, on his watch-chain, and I once asked him what it signified. "Why," he said, "Miss Mary Anderson and Ned Abbey were my guests in the Hebrides, and it so happened that I had a novel in mind at the time in which I proposed to introduce a couple of American characters, and I availed myself of every opportunity to acquire Americanisms from them, in order to give my story an authentic Yankee flavor. When the novel was published I sent a copy to Miss Anderson and in return received this kettle, marked to 'The D. D. B. V. from the Wretch.'" Miss Anderson was called by Black "The Beautiful Wretch," taken from one of his stories, and Miss Anderson had in turn dubbed him "The Double-Dyed Black Villain." The kettle was an allusion to the well-known story of the dominie who won the kettle by telling the biggest lie.

I give another amusing communication I received from Black:

PASTON HOUSE, PASTON PLACE, BRIGHTON, *Dec.* 28.

DEAR HARRY,—Your most kind and friendly letter arrived on Christmas morning; and you may judge how it was welcomed when I tell you that when it had been read by the young people, Mrs. W. B. claimed it as her own private and personal possession. Yes: I think those sentiments are reciprocated by this household and by none more warmly than by myself.

Also the books arrived on Christmas morning—a thousand thanks! I have only had time to glance at the Sicilian volume, the author of which seems to have such a captivating and innocent air of imparting information. One lives and learns. I had never heard before of "Il Conco d'Oro," nor did I ever know that the Italian language permitted of such a phrase. Better late than never. And here is that doddering old Anglophobist, Blank, telling us in the BAZAR that Flora McLean rescued Charles Edward. Such is fame—and the fate of Dr. Johnson's heroine.

The illustrations to the "Tinted Venus" are admirable. I did not know you could have got a man to draw one of the Cary-

atides—just as if she had stepped down from the Porch of the Erectheum, but with more pathetic human life in her face—and place beside her a miserable, forlorn, self-conscious Cockney. I have never met Bernard Partridge: my compliments to him—wherever he be, by land or sea.

And the sincerest regards of all this household to you and yours! Yours ever,

WILLIAM BLACK.

I quote the following newspaper clipping which appeared about this time:

Although in favor of an international copyright from principle, Mr. William Black thinks that if one were established he could not be better off than he has been under the generous treatment given him by his American publishers.

This seems quite in keeping with our intimate and wholly agreeable relations with Black, who expressed his regards as follows in answer to an inquiry from us as to terms for a prospective work of his:

LANGWELL LODGE, LAIRG, N. B., *March* 30.

GENTLEMEN,—It is a very excellent state of affairs when an author has only to reply to his publishers—Do whatever you think best; make any arrangement you please; and fix such terms as you think right. And that is all I have to say in answer to your letter of the 13th instant.

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM BLACK.

On one occasion when I was visiting Black he handed me a letter he had just received from an American publisher offering him better terms than he was paid by us, whatever they might be. I asked him what he intended to do about it. He replied, "Tear it up."

Sir Wemyss Reid says:

Well might Black say that the creations of his pen were real to him. They were, as a matter of fact, more real than the crea-

tures of flesh and blood beside him. This was one of his distinguishing characteristics as a novelist. While he was writing one of these stories of his by which for years he kept great multitudes of men and women, as it were, under a spell, he lived the better part of his life in the imaginary world he had created. It was sometimes with difficulty that he came out of this fairy dreamland to deal with the commonplace realities of every-day existence. For months at a stretch the men and women with whom his soul was in closest contact, and who were most real to him, were these children of his own fancy. He was absorbed in them and in their fortunes, almost to the exclusion of the visible world and its inhabitants. This was the secret of some traits of his character that puzzled, if they did not jar upon, those who knew him but slightly. It accounted for his apparent indifference at times to what was passing around him, for the difficulty with which, at certain seasons, he seemed to arouse himself to the recognition of old acquaintances, for the air of deep abstraction which often distinguished him in crowded assemblies. Everything was changed when his work was done, and its burden no longer weighed upon him. Then he threw himself into the companionship of his friends, with the light-hearted thoroughness of a boy living only for the spirit and the pleasures of the moment. But while his novel was in progress, and he was weaving in his mind the story that he was about to commit to paper, he seemed to be withdrawn into a world of his own, and to be much engrossed with the men and women he saw there.

Black once told me that he attended a dinner given by some London personage to him and his wife, and that he had just offered his arm to the hostess to conduct her to the dining-room, when all of a sudden a vital situation in a novel he had on the stocks began to work itself out, and it was so real and compelling that he would not have interrupted its progress for anything. He was cognizant of the fact that at the table he was inattentive to his attractive partner and that he was indifferently assenting or dissenting to her remarks in an idiotic way; but he felt himself actually helpless for the remainder of the evening. As

soon as he could get away he hurried home and sat writing out the scenes he had passed through. He said that, in a similar way, some of his characters would at times assume the constructive responsibility of a story which he had already carefully planned out, and run it to suit themselves, generally, he admitted, to the advantage of the tale, but sometimes, to his disappointment, they would decide on a tragic finale to a romance which he had intended to have an orange-blossom ending. He added that in his experience stories which terminated sadly were usually more talked about, and consequently made a more lasting impression.

Thackeray was once asked why he made Henry Esmond marry Rachel. "Why, God bless my soul," replied Thackeray, "I didn't make them, they did it themselves." I also recall the fact that Dickens mourned for days over the sad death of Little Nell.

Miss Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetskoy) in several of her recent stories for the MAGAZINE has used many quaint old English words and expressions, the tales being of the Elizabethan period. I asked her how she became so familiar with the jargon of that day, and she replied that she thought it must be due to some pre-existent state, as she had made no study of colloquial peculiarities of that time, and that the expressions and local color came to her as readily as modern English when she was once in the swing of a story. She told me that one word, after it was written down, struck her as meaningless and that she had never heard or seen it before, so out of curiosity she consulted an old dictionary, and not only found the identical word, but the definition was consonant with her use of it.

Alden tells me that in writing *God in His World* he

simply wrote what came to him rapidly and without hesitation on his part. "It had its inception," he went on to say, "as I was returning from a trip to Virginia in 1888, due perhaps to some unusual psychical excitement resulting from the events of my Virginia sojourn. On the night train from Washington I found it impossible to sleep. So, instead of taking a sleeping-berth, I found freedom in the smoking-car, of which I was almost the sole occupant. I felt myself swept forward as by a torrent, a precipitation of the storage of thirty years during which I had been silent, so far as any expression of my intimate thought and feeling was concerned. From that time, at every moment of leisure, and whenever I happened to be with freedom to write—at home, in the living-room, with my family about me, or on a holiday in the mountains or by the sea—I wrote on and on, carried forward by the current, the initial impulse of which never failed me, until in almost exactly a year from the beginning the book came to an end. The current which moved me was not only impulse—it determined expression and the general form."

Charles Rann Kennedy insists that "The Servant in the House" as written by him was inspired, and he brands as sacrilegious certain critical aspersions on the play, when it was so very successfully produced a few years ago in New York.

We began to publish for J. W. De Forest in 1858, and issued a number of his novels. Howells places him in the front rank among our early fiction writers. In 1877 we had a novel of his, *Justine Vane*, in course of preparation in our composing-room, of which William Rich was foreman. The work was not progressing to De Forest's

satisfaction, hence his communication in verse, and our reply.

From J. W. De Forest to H. & B.:

We're getting on by easy stages,—
 Your Mr. Rich and *Justine Vane*,—
We set up weekly fourteen pages;
 We rest, and then set up again.

If nothing happens to our printer,
 (Apparently we have but one);
We hope about the end of winter
 To see the mighty volume done.

NEW HAVEN, *Dec.* 29, 1877.

From H. & B. to J. W. De Forest:

Rest, perturbed spirit, rest,
 Banish petulance and doubt!
For your publishers know best
 When to bring the volume out.

If the book were ready now,
 We should store it in a bin
Till the trade winds stronger blow
 And the brisk March sales begin.

When the Spring thaws come again
 Loosening people's pocket strings,
We shall publish *Justine Vane*,
 And 'twill "go like every dings."

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Jan.* 2, 1878.

Cripps the Carrier, by R. D. Blackmore, was published serially and in book form in 1876. In February Blackmore wrote to Sampson Low in answer to a request we made for his photograph and a sketch of his life:

TEDDINGTON, *Feb.* 19, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR,—Thank you for Mr. Alden's kind and flattering letter. I would gladly do anything I could, but have never sat

to a photographer, and am too unwell to try to write any sort of epitome. How I shall finish *Cripps*, I cannot tell; for I am losing days and days, through a heavy attack of bronchitis, and have slight paralysis of the left side. The Doctor says throw away all work—but how can I do that?

Very truly yours,
R. D. BLACKMORE.

Sampson Low wrote us as follows:

I am sorry that it is not in my power to say or do much that is satisfactory in reply to your note of the 3d inst. I sent it to Blackmore and I inclose you his reply. Mr. Blackmore suffers in health very much; he is very sensitive. He was educated and intended for the law—but his health gave way, and he was informed that he must give it up, and accustom himself to outdoor employment. Having a taste for gardening, he gave himself up to those pursuits, as described by his title-page, *A Market Gardener*. He purchased a small estate in the midst of the Market Gardens west of London, Teddington, and there pursues his healthy avocation. He is very lively in conversation and often satirical, but is very susceptible of the effects in change of weather —he used to be very fond of a game of chess with my late son, Sampson.

Several years later on we wrote Sampson Low, Marston & Co., in relation to our publication of *Perlycross:*

Upon the receipt of your letter of March 26th we at once cabled to our London agents our emphatic protest against the withdrawal of your offer of Mr. Blackmore's *Perlycross*. As we had accepted your offer of the story on the 18th ult. through our London agents, we could not understand why you should have withdrawn the offer without waiting a reasonable time for our reply. Messrs. Osgood & Co. have already informed you of our views in the matter, and we have since been advised by them that the book rights of the story (to secure American copyright) have been arranged for us in accordance with our acceptance of your offered terms. The matter, we are pleased to learn, is now adjusted.

The serial rights in this country are now offered to us, through Messrs. Osgood & Co., but as we have no room for the story at

present, we are reluctantly obliged to forego the privilege of publishing it in any of our periodicals. We are, however, inquiring, by cable, if we shall offer the story elsewhere.

As you were good enough to convey Mr. Blackmore's flattering message to us, we would thank you to express to him our grateful appreciation of his avowed preference for us as his American publishers. It is a real disappointment to us that we are so hampered by our engagements as not to be able to use *Perlycross* serially. We share your admiration of the author, which we know is very great. He has virility and sentiment and humor and learning. His women are admirable, because natural, like our own country-women.

XXXI

WE now come to the strenuous fight made by American authors, publishers, and publicists for international copyright.

It is an interesting fact that the first man in England who had copy-money, that is, a price for the copyright of a literary work, was a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Hammond, and the work was his *Annota on the New Testament.* He was one of the most accomplished scholars of his time. This was two hundred years ago.

November 25, 1878, we wrote Secretary Evarts as follows, advocating a Copyright Treaty between the United States and Great Britain:

THE HONORABLE WM. M. EVARTS, *Secretary of State, etc., etc., Washington, D. C.:*

DEAR SIR,—We see that the subject of International Copyright is again occupying public attention, and it is not unlikely that there may be renewed attempts at legislation to secure such a law.

It does not seem to us, however, that any action originated exclusively either in our country or in any foreign country would ever be likely to result in the establishment of International Copyright. The various bills to accomplish the object which have been proposed from time to time in Congress have conspicuously and, we think, deservedly, failed. The net result of all of them may be found in the report of Senator Lot M. Morrill, in behalf of the joint Library Committee of Senate and House, made February 7, 1873, a copy of which we send you by accompanying mail. The various treaties that have been proposed between our country and England have likewise failed. The

failure of all attempts of the kind, whether legislative or diplomatic, is due, we think, to the fact that all such propositions have originated from one side only, and without the prior joint consultation and intelligent discussion of parties from both countries competent to consider the question.

The last effort at a treaty, we believe, was made by Great Britain in 1870. A draft of the proposed treaty, by direction of Lord Clarendon, was submitted to us by the British Minister to ascertain our views as to whether its provisions would, on the one side, be likely to satisfy American authors and publishers, and, on the other, be acceptable to the people of the United States. A prominent member of the American International Copyright Association, by our invitation, was present when Sir Edward Thornton read to us the draft of the proposed treaty, and it seemed conclusive to us and to the gentleman who was so strenuous an advocate of International Copyright, that the scheme was more in the interests of British publishers than of either British or American authors. The correctness of this view seemed to be admitted by Sir Edward Thornton. And we suppose that it was owing to these palpable defects that the consideration of the proposed treaty was not urged upon our government.

On the occasion referred to, we assured the British Minister that there was no disinclination on the part of the American publishers to pay British authors the same as they do American authors. In our opinion, American publishers simply wish to be assured that they should have the privilege of printing and publishing books of British authors: and we indicated to him the likelihood of the acceptance by the United States of a treaty which should recognize the interests of all parties.

We readily perceive that such a treaty might involve a waiver of the rights of authors,[1] viewing copyright from the purely abstract point of absolute inherent right, instead of a created

[1] An error is sometimes made in considering authors and publishers as having separate interests. Their interests, as a rule, are identical, and cannot be dissevered. Copyright is the mere form of legally enforcing and protecting the exclusive right to publish: but the right and privilege of publishing depends upon the contract between author and publisher, and whether the latter publishes as sole proprietor by assignment from the author, or by paying a royalty to the author, he is in effect the author and acts as his representative. We assume, therefore, that in the consideration of copyright, the author and the publisher are one party, a distinct unit.

right or conferred privilege, as declared in our Act relating to copyrights.[1] But while there might be this possible abandonment of abstract right implied in the obligation of the author or his representative to print and publish in a foreign country, in order to secure copyright in that country, there certainly would be no relinquishment of interests; and if a treaty could be formed to foster and protect the interests of authors and their representatives in all countries, we might very well dispense with the consideration of any abstract question of original and inherent rights of property. Such discussion would be irrelevant to the practical object in view.

Now, as the last proposition for an International Copyright Treaty came from England, it would seem proper that the next proposition looking to such a measure should emanate from the United States, and we make the following suggestion:

That a commission or conference of eighteen American and British citizens, in which the United States and Great Britain shall be equally represented, be appointed respectively by our Secretary of State and by the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who shall be invited jointly to consider and present the details of a treaty to be proposed by the United States to Great Britain. We further suggest that in each country the commission should be composed of three authors, three publishers, and three publicists. Should this commission devise such measures and present such a report jointly to their respective governments as would lead to an International Copyright Treaty between the United States and Great Britain, it would naturally be followed by corresponding treaties with other countries.

In view of the attention we have hitherto bestowed on International Copyright, and, in the absence of International Copyright, of our long-continued and pleasant relations with British authors and publishers, we venture to present these suggestions for your consideration.

Secretary Evarts acknowledged our communication and said that it would be carefully considered. Later on, Curtis wrote to his friend Evarts, setting forth the advan-

[1] An Act for the encouragement of learning by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the author and proprietor of such copies during the times therein mentioned.

tage of a treaty from an author's point of view. He received the following reply:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 8, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. CURTIS,—I have delayed answering your note of the 30th ult. until I should find time to read the copyright report in HARPER which Mr. Harper sent me with the communication from the firm.

I agree with you as to the value and importance of the preliminary reconnaissance proposed. An agreement between the three interests, "publishers, authors, and publicists," on *one* side would go far to assuring a treaty that *might* be accepted. But if you could have the fortunate concurrence of these three interests of the *two* nations, you might consider the treaty already made.

I shall be glad to discuss the subject with you and the Messrs. Harper here or in New York, as may be convenient.

I cannot, in advance, profess either principles or zeal enlisted on the side of International Copyright, but this will make me a more creditable convert.

I agree with you that a successful treaty that worked satisfactorily to authors would redound to the credit of the administration, but woe to the diplomatist that made a treaty that the *irritabile genus* should take offence at after the fact.

But you and some or one of the gentlemen of the great firm whom I have the pleasure of knowing had better *talk* with me on the whole subject.

Yours very truly,

WM. M. EVARTS.

GEO. W. CURTIS, ESQ.

May 12, 1879, we wrote to the London *Times* in answer to an unpleasant and unfair reflection on the form and purport of our suggestion for a treaty:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON *Times:*

SIR,—The impressions of the *Times* of April 18 and 19 contained comments on our recent letter to Secretary Evarts in regard to copyright with England, to which we desire to say a few words in reply, for the purpose of correcting a misapprehension of the scope and design of the scheme proposed in our

letter. The only suggestion which we make is that of an international conference of authors, publishers, and publicists, to agree, if possible, upon an International Copyright Treaty which shall be satisfactory to the people of both countries. The pamphlet prefaced by our letter contains the text of the treaty proposed by Lord Clarendon in 1870, followed by amendments suggested by various parties in this country, and by extracts from the letter of Mr. W. H. Appleton, and from the recent lecture of Mr. George H. Putnam, which serve to show the drift of public opinion in the United States upon this subject. But it was far from our intention to present a basis for the proposed international conference. We desire to have this question debated with entire freedom, without prejudice on either side, and that the conference, should it take place, shall arrive at a settlement which shall commend itself to the hearty concurrence and support of both nations. We do not propose that any one shall go handicapped into this conference; for no decision can be of value which is not the result of a free interchange of views.

We regret, therefore, that the attention of the *Times* should have been diverted from the scheme of a conference to what it is pleased to consider an American *ultimatum* to English authors and publishers. The proposed amendments to the treaty embody, it is true, the views of a majority of American publishers; but they are not presented as a "platform" for the proposed conference. American publishers as a class desire to do full justice to foreign authors; and in suggesting an international copyright conference, we simply propose to render obligatory and legally binding what has been for years a voluntary practice under our "law of trade courtesy." That unwritten law has enabled American publishers to grant to foreign authors many of the benefits which would accrue to them under the operation of a copyright treaty. We are unaware of the existence of any such law of courtesy among English publishers; and if there be one, certainly but few American authors whose works have been republished in England have reaped benefit from it.

Since the publication of our letter to Mr. Evarts we have received the most cordial expression of approval from English authors, who endorse the scheme presented therein as a just and satisfactory means of bringing a long-time controversy to a happy conclusion. We regret, therefore, that the *Times*, claiming to speak for English authors, should have been so ill informed of their real sentiments as to represent them as being hostile to the

plan, and that it should seek to render the scheme of a conference inoperative by ridicule and by impugning the motives of American publishers. The cordial personal relations which have existed between American publishers and British authors are a sufficient answer to stale charges of piracy. As a matter of fact, no British author complains of the republication of his work here; indeed, the aggrieved party is the author who cannot find a publisher in the United States. So far as American publishers are concerned, they can well afford to treat with indifference ill-natured flings at their motives. They proffer a just and honorable measure in the interests of British authors.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

The scope of this movement for a Copyright Treaty was admirably described by our S. S. Conant in an article published at the time in *Macmillan's Magazine*. He said that its aim was to benefit the English author without injury to the American reader or publisher. It was proposed, under carefully detailed conditions, to protect the foreign author as well as the American, upon the understanding that the foreign book should be published in this country. It was a practical proposition that did not involve the abstract question of right, which had already been decided against the author. The conclusion was that the author has but a modified right in a published work, and it is upon this principle that the copyright laws of all countries are founded, although the London *Times* stated that in Mexico the perpetual right of literary property was guaranteed. Without raising the question of absolute and perpetual right, he assumed that every author would gladly welcome the proposed measure as a great gain. Indeed, the leading British authors affirmed this in a paper which was published by Conant in his rejoinder to a reply to his original article in *Macmillan*. The Treaty proposition was so reasonable that

the argument that it did not concede the abstract right was evidently a mere device to divert attention from the real advantage which it proposed to secure to the author.

Matthew Arnold's paper in the *Fortnightly Review* was a brilliant and valuable contribution to the discussion of this subject, and it was especially agreeable because it took the ground upon which some adjustment was practicable. Arnold said emphatically: "The Americans ought not to submit to our absurd system of dear books," and he was also of opinion that they would not. He observed that Americans are not likely "to recognize the English author and publisher as Siamese twins, one of whom is not to be imported without importing the other." Arnold, however, seems to have forgotten that the English proposition for an International Copyright had generally contemplated this twinship. The last treaty, which was offered by Lord Clarendon, was substantially a treaty for the benefit of English publishers, while the great body of the most distinguished English authors had cordially signed a declaration favorable to the American view. "Here," said Arnold, "is where lies the real gist of Conant's contention, and I am, after all, one with him." That was more and more the conclusion of all who, waiving with Professor Huxley and Matthew Arnold, although each for a different reason, the question of "natural right" and "absolute property," cast about to find some common ground of justice and good sense on which to found a scheme which should be equitable for both countries and all interests involved.

In May, 1881, Lord Granville announced to Minister Lowell that the English government would consider a Copyright Treaty upon the general terms which Lowell

had proposed. The concurrence of sentiment between the two countries was very fortunate, and it was one of the chief auguries of success that the proposition made by Secretary Evarts, as the basis of a mutual understanding, was approved by the great majority of American authors and publishers and by the leading authors and publishers in England.

But the effort to secure International Copyright through a treaty failed, and in January, 1884, the Dorsheimer copyright bill was reported favorably to the House.

A letter from Theodore Frelinghuysen, then Secretary of State, to the secretary of the Copyright League showed that the principle of this bill was approved by the Department of State, and would probably have received the President's signature had it passed Congress. The rights of American manufacturers, in the view of Dorsheimer and of the Secretary of State, were protected by the tariff. Public opinion was evidently prepared for sound legislation upon the subject, and although we had sought the same end preferably by treaty, we were nevertheless anxious to see the common object attained in any way which respected all just interests involved.

March 13, 1884, we wrote Henry C. Lea to the effect that:

> Our views upon the question of international copyright are very simple.
>
> While we believe that, under the constitutional provision for promoting the progress of science and useful arts, copyright in their works in this country might be extended to foreign authors to public advantage, we do not believe that the welfare of American readers should be endangered by the manner in which this right is secured to the foreign author. We are therefore of the opinion that works so copyrighted should be printed in this country, chiefly in order that they may not be made inconvenient

and unobtainable, which would be the case if the base of supplies were as remote as London. The Canadians, you are doubtless aware, provide against such a contingency in the copyright arrangements with Great Britain.

We think that the copyright of a foreign work should be obtained in this country in advance of its publication anywhere, and that failure to publish in the United States within six months after the date of publication should terminate United States copyright in the foreign work for which it has been claimed.

We are not protectionists, you know, and therefore we would not prohibit the importation of stereotype or electrotype plates. But on this point, with our experience of the reception, by Protectionists, of the proposed treaty, we can hardly hope for any concurrence of views.

Your practical suggestion, it seems to us, may be profitably brought to the attention alike of the opponents and the promoters of the Dorsheimer bill. Would it not be expedient to give your views further and practical effectiveness by preparing the actual form of an amendment which should embody them? The members of Congress would then have a desirable opportunity to consider the bill in the shape which, when amended, it would actually present. If you have now—or whenever you have—the matter in such shape, will you kindly send us a few copies thereof?

Dorsheimer's bill was smothered in Congress, and Senator Hawley introduced another copyright bill which gave to the foreign author in this country the rights which the laws of his country granted to the American author.

Hawley's bill was eventually abandoned, and the Chace Copyright bill was reported to the Senate in 1886. It differed from the Hawley bill as originally drawn, in requiring manufacture in this country, and in prohibiting the entrance of the foreign printed edition of a book already copyrighted here. The report said:

The time will come when our people will look back upon our failure to recognize the right of the foreign author very much as we view the action of our English ancestors in regard to piracy and privateering.

My cousin, Joseph W. Harper, was very active in the endeavor made by American publishers, such as W. H. Appleton, Henry C. Lea, George Haven Putnam, and Charles Scribner, to secure a suitable international copyright. Joseph W. Harper was chairman of the Publishers Copyright League, and Putnam was then, and still is, the efficient and most industrious and painstaking secretary.

January 23, 1886, Joseph W. Harper wrote to James R. Osgood:

Our position, you will see, is embarrassing: but you will, I am sure, conduct the matter with tact and delicacy. H. & B. don't want to oppose any bill—nor would it be wise in them to advocate any, for such advocacy would be sure to array against it the influence of the doctrinaires—and when the newspapers begin a fight on I. C., legislators are only too glad of the opportunity afforded by such diversity of views to let the matter alone. H. & B. are on record in support of the proposed treaty—and, as I understand it, Mr. Lea's bill (or Senator Chace's) is not inconsistent with most of the provisions of that document, which, though about forgotten, is really still before the State Department. I enclose herewith a pleasant note from Mr. Lea received this morning.

Avoid friction; sand is a poor lubricator.

And on the 26th Osgood writes Henry C. Lea:

Since seeing you on Friday last I have had a talk with Senator Hawley in Washington. I found him in a receptive frame of mind, and I feel very certain that he will not press any bill which omits a suitable recognition of the industrial interests involved in book-making. I cannot express an opinion as to whether he would go so far as to accept the bill of Senator Chace as a suitable substitute for his own bill, for at the time of my interview with him he had not examined it.

Mr. Harper thinks—for reasons which he will himself explain to you—that it would be unwise at the present stage of the proceedings for him to appear before the committee.

From what I hear in New York to-day, I think that the "ab-

stract" element will be largely represented in Washington on Thursday, and things will be lively.

The same day Joseph W. Harper addresses Henry C. Lea:

MY DEAR MR. LEA,—I infer from Senator Mitchell's letter (returned herewith) that neither he nor the chairman of the committee desires the attendance of publishers simultaneously with authors. In his intimation that "the hearing will be extended from day to day to give fair opportunity for all to be heard" there is possibly the suggestion that it might not be regarded as altogether delicate for the author's hired man to appear with his employer.

However this may be, I should be averse to incurring any risk of apparent antagonism to the Hawley bill, and I certainly have no desire to oppose it. Both of us, I suspect, are personally in strong sympathy with its purpose, but recognize, from long experience, the insurmountable difficulties in the way of its passage. We see that Mr. Dorsheimer's bill, with its magnificent send-off, failed by reason of the opposition of the protection element in Congress, while Mr. Chace's bill seems practicable by reason of its conciliation of that important (and at present controlling) element.

I have written you that there are one or two features in the Chace bill which I should be glad to see modified or wholly eliminated, but Mr. Osgood, after his interview with you on Saturday last, tells me that you believe that any attempt at amendment would only endanger the passage of the measure. The prime principle of this measure, as I understand it, is not protection, but simply to amend our copyright statute so as to secure to foreign authors equal rights with American authors.

In February, 1886, the firm addressed a letter to Senator Platt, of Connecticut, who was a most solicitous friend to International Copyright legislation:

THE HONORABLE O. H. PLATT, *etc., etc., U. S. Senate:*

DEAR SIR,—We regret that we cannot conveniently accept your invitation to appear before the patent committee to-morrow to present our views with regard to International Copyright.

It may be proper for us to say, however, that we have already

assured General Hawley of our good wishes for his bill. The amendment which, we understand, he has proposed respecting the printing of the book in this country seems to us expedient.

But should the bill of Senator Chace, also before you, be less likely in your judgment to encounter opposition and be reported by your committee, it would meet our hearty approval as perhaps the most practical form of legislation on the subject now before Congress.

The prime object of the friends of International Copyright, we take it, is to make a *beginning*, and we hope that this may be obtained under your auspices.

In January, 1889, J. W. Harper again writes to Henry C. Lea on the subject of the assistance of the trade-unions:

MY DEAR MR. LEA,—On my return from Lakewood on Tuesday, I found your not very encouraging letter of the 24th inst., and we have since used proper efforts to put the matter squarely before the Typographical Union No. 6 and secure their intelligent co-operation.

Next Monday, I suppose, will determine the fate of our bill, in this Congress.

The passage in 1890 of the International Copyright bill by the House of Representatives was an event of great importance. This was the final success of an intermittent effort of more than fifty years, during which the most eminent American statesmen advocated the measure, and projects by treaty and legislation were carefully discussed. The opposing forces were of various kinds. Chiefly they were the general conviction that literary property is different in kind from other property, and that the law has acknowledged the difference; that the measure would heighten the prices of books, and that it was not for the interest of American printers and publishers. But gradually all the interests involved, from that of the author to the type-setter, approached each other, until by common consent they all united in the bill which passed.

The final adoption by Congress, by a very small margin, of the International Copyright bill was probably as much due to the exertions of the Typographical Union, and kindred associations, as to any other one influence.

In turning from the long and tiresome fight for International Copyright, I recall the pleasant associations of my wedding day, and I give below a transcript of one of my treasured mementos of that felicitous ceremony:

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., *June* 4, 1873.

MY DEAR FRIEND HARRY,—I am sincerely sorry that the serious illness of my brother's wife, who is my neighbor, will keep me from your wedding to-morrow. But you may be sure that I shall think of you and your bride, and pray that your life may be as full of blessings as June is of roses. I do not know her, but from what my friend Mrs. Cranch tells me, I am sure of your happiness: and I am more of hers—for I do know you!

I should say that this was the very moment of the year to be married, if all moments of every season were not the very time. Love, luckily, is of no time, for it is immortal. It makes June and roses all the year round!

An eternal farewell to my dear bachelor and an endless welcome to the married man. And let me hope that your wife will not reject the good wishes of a friend whom she does not know—but who will hasten to repair that fault upon his part.

Always most truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

The two letters from Bancroft to the House follow as a natural sequence to the above festal occasion, for they are also evidences of a union of cordial good-fellowship between author and publisher:

1623 H. STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C., *Feb.* 14, 1876.

MY GOOD FRIENDS,—One always gets more than one's money's worth in buying a book of you. The last HARPER'S MONTHLY is worth three times over what it cost.

Pray send me the book of which you find the title below—*an early copy*—and with the book pray send the bill.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE BANCROFT.

(Macaulay's *Life and Letters*.)

1623 H. STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 4, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I received from you on Monday a copy of your beautifully printed *Life of Macaulay*, which I read with avidity. The man who was called an egoist is found to be the most tender-hearted and unselfish of his land. I willingly own that my thanks are due to a House which through nearly three quarters of a century has taken a leading place among the booksellers of the world; and in all that time has not printed a book which any of its members dying could wish to cancel.

Ever very faithfully yours,
GEO. BANCROFT.

From the great historian it is not an abrupt transition to the eminent explorer, Henry M. Stanley, who left for Africa on his third trip in 1874 and who in 1877 returned with the material for his great work, *Through the Dark Continent*. Stanley had placed his writings entirely in the hands of Sampson Low, Marston & Co., of London. Edward Marston, the active member of the firm, had gained the absolute confidence of Stanley, and our transactions with him were carried on through Marston. In fact, the delicate negotiations we subsequently had with Stanley for his next book owed their success in a great measure to the friendly and judicious intercession of Marston.

Having learned that Hubbard Brothers, of Philadelphia, were about to issue an unauthorized and abortive work, made up of newspaper clippings and the like, and proposed to publish it as containing Stanley's latest travels under the title of *The Achievements of Stanley*, we wrote them in August, 1878:

MESSRS. HUBBARD BROTHERS:

GENTLEMEN,—I am instructed by Messrs. Harper & Brothers to call your attention to the fact that they own the copyrights of Mr. Stanley's new book, *Through the Dark Continent*, covering all the literary matter, maps and engravings therein; and that the use of this material and some of the illustrations in your publication entitled *The Achievements of Stanley* is a violation of their rights.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers will, if necessary, employ legal measures to protect themselves against any such infringement of their copyright; but they trust that a resort to the courts may be averted by the prompt withdrawal of your publication from the market and the proffer of suitable compensation for the injury to their business involved in this illegal use of their property.

Trusting that you will give immediate attention to this matter, I am, gentlemen, Respectfully,

S. S. CONANT, *Editor Harper's Weekly.*

Hubbard Brothers having declined to withdraw their misrepresented volume, we wrote to Stanley, September 5, 1878:

DEAR SIR,—We enclose herewith memorandum of agreement for the publication of *Through the Dark Continent*, which, if it meet your views, please sign immediately and return to us, and we will send you a duplicate with our signature. We should have earlier sent you this memorandum, but we expected that you would return to the United States this summer.

A work is about to be put upon the market which will, we fear, seriously interfere with our sales of *Through the Dark Continent*. We enclose herewith a circular of the work referred to. Subscription agents, we are informed, are actively engaged in taking orders for this work. In order to protect your interests against this pirated book, as well as against the effort to sell in this country imported copies of the Canadian edition, we have instituted legal proceedings. In view of which it will be necessary for us to have your signature to a formal agreement with ourselves as the publishers of *Through the Dark Continent*. You will therefore see the urgent necessity of promptly signing and forwarding to us the memorandum of agreement.

The legal proceedings are necessarily suspended until the receipt of the memorandum of agreement with your signature.

In reply to our communications, Stanley returned the signed contract, but expressed himself as opposed to any suit; in fact, he said that he would rather abandon his copyright than to go into the courts for protection. We then wrote him, December 17, 1878:

DEAR SIR,—We were somewhat surprised on the receipt of your letter of the 24th of September at the indifference evinced by you as to our mutual interest in sustaining the copyright you assigned to us.

We did not reply earlier, however, as our counsel was of the opinion that the Messrs. Hubbard would not contest our claims. Our claims, by the way, are against six of the illustrations used, and not the letterpress, as you inferred.

But the expectation now is that the suit will come to trial, and we accordingly write to advise you of the fact and to say that we shall endeavor to sustain the copyright on *Through the Dark Continent.*

In order to do so, it will probably be necessary to take your testimony under commission, or in some other way. Will you accommodate us in this respect?

It being a matter of vital importance to both of us—copyright protection being one of the foundation stones of our business, and, in your case, payment of royalty and even your right to the £2,000 already advanced, may depend on the maintenance of the copyright which you have guaranteed to us.

We enclose one of our last circulars to agents for your inspection.

It strikes us that a very valuable and intensely exciting boy's book might be compiled from the abundance of material in Volume II. Could you find time to prepare such a book before August, so that we might have it ready for next Christmas, and, if not, would you object to our having such a juvenile made up by some experienced person in this country?

With the compliments of the season, believe us, etc.

To this we received the following reply:

17 MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, *Jan.* 4, 1879.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter seems to have arrived two or three days ago, but as I have been about lecturing, I did not receive it earlier.

I must beg you to believe that I have not been "indifferent" to what has been going on, and with your permission I will explain more fully the course I have been compelled—not chosen—to adopt.

My intention originally was to go to the United States last January and after visiting my friends sit down and write my book; but on reflection, remembering the treatment I had experienced the last time I went to America after the discovery of Livingstone, it appeared to me to be wiser to stay in England, and write my book here where it could be produced cheaper than anywhere else, and let the storm of attack, which I felt was hovering over me in the States, die away before I crossed. But the eagerness with which I pursued my work, weakened as I already was from exposure in Africa, found me on the completion of the book *Through the Dark Continent* so prostrated that I was compelled to abstain from all excitement. I tried Paris, the seaside, Brussels, Holland, and finally Switzerland, where I am happy to say I found myself so far recovered as to be able to hope that at some future time I might begin to pay that close, earnest attention due to the third volume of *Through the Dark Continent*, which would naturally have a more scientific character than the narrative. But while arranging my notes I was besieged by applications from lecturing agents, who held out such flattering inducements to me that after some consideration—wherein I had to resist that natural repugnance I entertained in speaking to such uncharitable and unreflecting publics as had already visited me with too great a censure—I accepted a long lecturing engagement. In the midst of all this your letter came in September, and also your telegrams, to which I replied—not knowing exactly what had been done by rival publishers—that unless they were very serious I did not care to have my name dragged into print for the purpose of contesting what did not seem to me to be "piracy." I requested you to desist from dragging me into trouble for so trivial a matter. But it appeared to me to be only a repetition of what had already occurred in the publication of *How I Found Livingstone*, when there were some half dozen publications under various names, which were exposed in the *Herald*, Dec., 1872. They were merely flimsy publications of letters interleaved here and there with pictures stolen from other travelers' works. The Messrs. Hubbard were one of the offenders then, as they are now.

But beyond deciding upon the fact that there has been a piracy on my last book, I should wish you had sent me a copy of this and

others, that I might see to what extent they had encroached upon rights. I am quite willing to bow to your superior knowledge of your own craft, but then surely—if I were to be troubled also with a lawsuit it would be worth my while to know first whether the "game was worth the candle."

No copyright, however stringent—no law, however severe—will abolish the wrong-doing of bad men. We can protect ourselves by law from the publication of any part of *The Dark Continent*, but we cannot secure to ourselves the right to mention "Stanley's Achievements," or "a full history of," etc., etc. The *Herald* letters were free to all. I went out to Africa with that understanding. My letters were Mr. Bennett's property. My own written book was my own.

I differ with you entirely—but I hope I give no offence—as to where the real injury has been done. That which has been injurious—it seems to me—is the Canadian edition—the reprint of the English publication sold in the United States. This is illegal and a daring attempt to defraud you and myself of our rights, as much as though Sampson Low & Co. had published their books in a cheap form and sent them over to the United States for sale. It is this edition of which I complain. I shall know how to protect myself from any repetition of this again.

We might have avoided this altogether by not giving Sampson Low & Co. the right in Canada. I regret very much that you did not apply earlier for this right, and I regret that I did not know or foresee this evil.

It is now too late for me to act personally in this matter, as I am off again within two weeks from this date. I may not tell you where I am going, as it is not my secret. But I dare say you will know it soon enough. The result of this more important work will be published some day, I suppose, but I hope it will not be exposed to the rapacity of quack publishers, and that my rights will not be infringed upon without my consent. I would thank you to let me know how this can best be done, as it will be probably my last and greatest work. How can we protect ourselves against Canadian editions? How against all greedy publishers as those of whom you complain? A letter from you in time will save much trouble.

You are right in saying that there is good material in Vol. II for a boy's book. There is also good material in life at Mtesa's Court in Vol. I. But how can it be done, for I am bound for a long absence? What right shall I have in it, if another person

than myself wrote it? How would you set about it? An early answer would find me before I quite left the influence of the Post-Office, and I could reply to you in sufficient time to enable you to publish such works by next Christmas. I think the two works would be better than one—yet both be perfectly independent.

I am willing to do anything in reason and on account of this mistake of selling the copyright of "D. C." to Canada. Would you kindly tell me what reduction of royalty would satisfy you, and be justice to myself and you?

I intended to have been on my way to the United States by this time, but unfortunately I am not permitted, though I should dearly have loved to rest for a year or so there.

Thanking you for the season's compliments, and wishing you and your firm all success, I remain,

With much respect, yours very truly,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

We then wrote Stanley as follows:

Our power to obtain redress depends upon you, because they dispute not only your residence and citizenship, but also your authorship of the cuts which they have reprinted. We offer you the opportunity to establish these by your own testimony, but if your personal engagements and arrangements prevent you from fortifying your title, and it fails, so as to involve the failure of our own, derived from you, the result will be that your right to royalty will disappear with your title to copyright, and future arrangements for either abridgments or other compositions will be impractical. Our inquiry was how and where could we obtain your testimony, what would it be, and we hope you will give us satisfactory replies on these points. Otherwise we may be driven to the unwelcome conclusion that you think your title not tenable. If so, it was hardly worth our purchasing.

Are you a citizen of the United States? If not, do you claim to be a *resident* of the United States? Are you the author of the illustrations in your book?

And he replied, February 16, 1879, from the Hotel Meurice, Paris:

To your question, "Are you the author of the illustrations in your book?" I answer that twenty-six of the cuts in my book are photographs which were taken by myself by my own photo-

graphic apparatus, and that two photographs of myself and the photograph of my people were taken by professionals for myself, and the photographs of my people were taken by professionals for myself, that the drawings by pencil were made from complete or incomplete sketches drawn by myself in Africa, that the incomplete sketches which I made were completed by artists for me for money, by which I became the purchaser and the owner.

To your question, "Are you a citizen of the United States?" I answer that I have given the affirmative so often in public and private, that it appears to me that the fact is known all over the world. In my work *How I Found Livingstone*, in chapter "Life in Unyanyembe" I have shadowed that right. I am undoubtedly a citizen of the United States. I travel under American passports and always have. I claim and possess all rights of an American citizen. Wherever I have gone it has been clearly established and proven that I always have with me the emblem of nationality—in civilized countries the passport—in savage countries the flag—of the United States of America, and I have never sought the protection, aid, or counsel of any foreign agent, resident, minister, or consul of any other than the American, conformably with my right as an American citizen. I have never forfeited that right by act that I know of. All legal documents are drawn with me as an American citizen and no other, never has been, and never will be. I have sacrificed honors and distinctions, because I am an American citizen, for having done deeds worthy of honor.

To your question, "Are you a resident of the United States?" I answer—under correction if what I say is not legally correct—that I am a resident of the United States—when at home; but that my multitudinous private pecuniary interests, engagements and other services have taken me of late years into distant parts, notably into savage countries as a traveler wherein I could not by any means claim to be a resident. But that your legal adviser may know the exact truth I beg him to examine my books, *How I Found Livingstone*, *Coomassie and Magdala*, and *Through the Dark Continent*, which are the histories of deeds done under the auspices of the New York *Herald*—the last work being the joint enterprise of the New York *Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph*, but 1877, Dec. 31, I became again the special correspondent of the New York *Herald* and no other, and have continued so to this day, the 12th of February, 1879. My personal property, wearing apparel, and such other personal effects or property as properly belong to one

in my station in life have always been, and are in the city, county and State of New York, in which city, county and State I claim to be a resident when at home.

With the arrangements, or propositions, and other, respecting a boy's book, from the *Dark Continent* I have only to say that as I am unable to write one myself because of my engagements abroad, I have no objection to your doing the best that you can—or with your proposition—and I leave it to you to do my book and myself justice, and I agree to your terms. The three gentlemen you name are eminent writers, and I have no doubt that one of them will be able to meet my views of a boy's book.

I am, gentlemen, Yours very obediently,

HENRY M. STANLEY.

In point of fact, Stanley was not legally a citizen of the United States until May 15, 1885. Before we published *The Congo and the Founding of Its Free State*, Stanley came over by the way of Canada, incognito, and only remained in this country long enough to take out his papers of American citizenship and then returned the same way. While in New York he went up on the Brooklyn Bridge and looked down on our buildings, but did not care to make his presence known.

February 27, 1885, we wrote to Edward Marston as follows in relation to Stanley's *Congo:*

We note that you have arranged with Mr. Stanley to assume control of his book for the American market, you having agreed to pay him one thousand pounds in advance and on account of the royalty to accrue from its sale in this country. And we accept your proposition that we share the speculation with you; assuming, as you suggest, that Mr. Stanley will succeed in placing us in a position to maintain his copyright in this country. That is to say, we will publish the book here on the understanding that Mr. Stanley is to receive a royalty of 10 per cent. on the trade-list (retail) price for all copies sold by us, and that we will pay him on the publication of your edition an advance of five hundred pounds on account of royalty—you paying him at the same time a similar amount.

We received the following communication from the late A. D. F. Randolph. Randolph possessed the sweetest nature, and was probably the best-beloved member of the book trade in New York. He was always an advocate of conciliation in any serious trade complications, and abundantly possessed the confidence and respect of us all. He was a genuinely good man, and may his memory and beneficence long abide with us.

900 BROADWAY, N. Y., *Feb.* 8, 1879.

MY DEAR SIRS,—Every time that I see an announcement of a new number of The Franklin Square Library, I cannot but heave a sigh and ask how long that business is to go on.

Now you make the Library and I don't—and yet while there are doubtless many good reasons in your mind for doing it, I am quite sure that the whole business of selling books is suffering by it. The public has got into its head the idea that books are too dear, and every $2.50 book put into a fifteen-cent pamphlet strengthens that idea amazingly. Then, too, the consumption of books is, after all, very limited, and a reader can for $1.00 get enough to last him for a month.

All this you have, I know, considered—and yet I am so conscious of the evil,—and from my point of view I catch phases which you do not see, that I have thus written; but mainly to say that my chief regret is to be found in the fact that your adoption of the Library has dignified the whole business—given it a respectability it would not otherwise have obtained. My conviction is that the Seaside and Lakeside would have reached the utmost limit of their circulation before this, if the F. S. had not come into the field. This is the point which I desire to press upon your consideration.

Pray pardon my frankness, and believe me,

Ever yours sincerely,

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

To which we replied:

DEAR MR. RANDOLPH,—We are equally conscious with you to the evil referred to in your note respecting the cheap "libraries," but we do not concede that from your point of view you catch phases of the evil which we do not see; nor do we agree with you

that "the Seaside and Lakeside would have reached the utmost limit of their circulation before this if the Franklin Square had not come into the field"—and for this reason:

Under the law of trade courtesy respectable American publishers were able to give handsome remuneration to English authors for early sheets. This remuneration was so stimulated by wholesome competition that, according to the report of the late British copyright commission, it became in some cases greater than it would have been under the monopoly of copyright. Under this system, too, the American publisher avoided undue price for his reprint, fearing it might prove a temptation to irresponsible publishers having no regard for the law of courtesy. Thus the British author was compensated, and the American reader, publisher and bookseller were benefited by the diffusion and sale of good literature at reasonable prices. And the law of trade courtesy was scrupulously observed (except in cases of retaliation) by leading American publishers. The Messrs. Appleton, for instance, in the purchase of early sheets of Disræli's *Lothair* or of books by Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin and Herbert Spencer, and we, in arrangements for George Eliot's *Middlemarch* and Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Macaulay*, felt as safe from the interference of American publishers as if we had the copyright of these books—provided, of course, we published them at reasonable prices.

This was the state of affairs when the Lakeside Library, in violation of the laws binding publishers, began to reprint on us not only novels but books of travel for which liberal pecuniary acknowledgment had been made to the authors. The Lakeside enterprise was followed by the Seaside, and both affairs were nourished by the American News Company, without whose encouragement they would have been short-lived. The issues of these so-called "libraries," meanly printed, from small type, and on inferior paper, were retailed at ten or twenty cents, and doubtless yielded a profit to their publishers. No book likely to be popular was safe for a day from these people aided and abetted by the News Companies. *Daniel Deronda*, for which we had paid £1,700, and had issued in two editions, one of them at a low price, was printed upon us at twenty cents. Burnaby's *Ride to Khiva*, for which we had paid £30, was printed on us at ten cents. Black's *Green Pastures and Piccadilly*, costing us £600, and the novels of Wilkie Collins, for which we paid nearly £6,000, were printed on us at ten and twenty cents each.

Now these Lakeside and Seaside issues were not handicapped by payments to authors or by regard to decency of paper and print. They must, therefore, have yielded a profit. They could not reach, as you claim, "the utmost limit of their circulation" so long as they were profitable. Only when they cease to be profitable will they cease to be issued.

Our idea, therefore, in starting the Franklin Square Library was to stop the profit at least on some of their issues. We determined that they should not share our profits, because we intended that there should be no profit for a division. We began to print on ourselves. We published a cheap edition of Black's *Macleod of Dare* at ten cents retail. To be sure, the Seaside followed us at the same price, but we imagine there was no profit to them in the transaction.

It is proper to observe here that we print no new books in our Franklin Square Library without paying some honorarium to the British author, and we strictly maintain our adherence to the rules of trade courtesy, by abstaining from printing on our neighbors. But it would be better, we think, if all the leading publishers were to start similar "libraries." The first title we had selected for ours was the "Juniper Swamp Library" (we send you a copy herewith) and if the Appletons had followed with the "Spuyten Teyfel," Holt with a "Leisure Owl," Osgood with the "Athenian," Lippincott with a "Fairmount Water Works," the final result would have been an *Usque ad Nauseam* Library, and we should have gone back to original principles.

You may rest assured that we shall do nothing to interfere with the interests of the trade. Nothing of the kind shall ever emanate from Franklin Square, which owes its existence and well-being to its confrères. Our neighbors must take pot-luck with us, however. Temporarily, we are all sufferers by this anomalous condition of affairs.

"The days that are left to come are the wisest witnesses of the future, which," as we sing post-prandially (or post-brandy-ally), "nobody can deny."

With thanks for your kind letter, we remain, etc.

This unfortunate condition in the Trade was applicable mainly to light literature, as important standard works were not so apt to be interfered with.

Harper's Latin Dictionary was the enlargement, com-



pletion, and culmination by the House of all that had gone before in that connection. The *Athenæum* critic, who, I imagine, was as competent as any man in England or America to speak authoritatively upon the subject, in reviewing our Latin Dictionary, said in 1880:

> The improvements are such as to defy quotation, both from their length and their intrinsic character. . . . We can confidently confirm the editors' statement that they have substantially rewritten the work. . . . The etymological notes certainly far surpass in accuracy and fullness anything as yet attempted in any dictionary.

In 1879 we wrote to President Porter, of Yale, the following letter in behalf of Charlton T. Lewis, the leading editor of our Latin Dictionary:

> THE REV. NOAH PORTER, D.D., LL.D., *President of Yale College:*
>
> DEAR SIR,—We venture to suggest that Yale College should confer upon Mr. Charlton T. Lewis, a graduate of the college, the degree of *doctor of laws*, in acknowledgment of his useful and conspicuous services to classical learning, in the editing of the new edition of the Andrews-Freund Latin Dictionary.
>
> We submit herewith the title and publishers' advertisement of this new Lexicon of the Latin language, 2,050 pp., large 8vo. It will be published by us probably in May or June of this year, and simultaneously from duplicate plates at the Clarendon Press by the Oxford University.
>
> Professor Bartholomew Price, in a letter dated Oxford, Dec. 26, '77, wrote to one of our partners, "I have brought before the delegates your offer to them of the sale in Great Britain and Ireland of your new Latin-English Dictionary. The portion of the work which you left with me has been seen by several very competent Latin scholars and lexicographers and has been generally approved. . . . The delegates are willing to undertake the sale of the book on terms to be agreed on . . . so that there should be simultaneous publication in England and America. The dictionary which Mr. Nettleship is preparing for the delegates will not be ready for very many years, even if it should ever be finished."

Again, Feb. 5, 1878, Professor Price wrote:

"A further examination of that portion of your new Latin Dictionary which you have been good enough to send us in proof, confirmed the delegates in the first impression that the work is a great improvement over your former Andrews and also over the Latin dictionaries printed in England of White & Riddle and of Dr. Wm. Smith, and the delegates are ready to accept your proposals for the sale of the same in Great Britain and Ireland: that is, they are prepared to purchase plates and to pay a royalty on all copies sold."

It is a significant fact that when our partner first suggested our Latin Dictionary to the Dean of Christ Church and to the Secretary of the Clarendon Press, he was met with the objection that Professor Nettleship was then engaged on a Latin Dictionary for Oxford—and that subsequently after a careful examination of proofs of Mr. Lewis's work, Mr. Nettleship's projected dictionary should be abandoned and Mr. Lewis's substituted.

We are aware that Yale is very careful in conferring her degrees —but we suggest that in this case there may be abundant reason for conferring upon so scholarly a graduate as Mr. Lewis the degree which, as his publishers, we have the honor, entirely unknown to him, to solicit for him.

We are, dear Sir, very truly and respectfully, etc.

Professor Lewis received his honorary degree of LL.D. not from Yale, but from Harvard in 1903.

In October, 1879, we published the following statement at the head of the editorial page of HARPER'S WEEKLY, the name of the person addressed being withheld:

DEAR SIR,—We have your favor of the 3d inst., criticizing Mr. Curtis's editorials in our WEEKLY. We will pass over your designation of him as "a sore-headed, self-conceited disorganizer in the Republican party." He has been called by harder names; and you will yourself admit that there is no argument in personal invective.

You are opposed to Mr. Curtis's course in protesting against the principal nomination made by the Saratoga Convention. You and thousands of others believe that this action jeopardizes the interests of that party.

We, on the other hand, believe that the Republican party in this State has been placed in a false and exceedingly unfortunate position by the action of the Convention, and that the protest made by our WEEKLY is right and necessary. The nomination of Mr. Cornell was made with the knowledge that it would be offensive to the most intelligent portion of the party. It was the worst possible nomination, and was a defiant challenge to the assertion of personal independence on the part of its outraged opponents.

We accept the challenge. We have also the courage of our opinions and a just pride in the position which our WEEKLY has always taken, against whatever opposition, in the advocacy of right principles against party wrongs—whether those into which the party has drifted, or those which have been imposed upon it by the dictation of its leaders. In its protest against the use of patronage and in its advocacy of civil-service reform, HARPER'S WEEKLY encountered strong opposition, and from the very same class which opposes its present course. As energetically as it has denounced and resisted unwise and unpatriotic practices or measures which have had their origin and support within the Democratic party — confronting Copperheads during the War, the Tweed ring in New York, and, more recently, the inflation fallacy — with equal force and from weightier motives must it contend with the evils that arise within the Republican party, of whose principles it is the most strenuous and inflexible advocate. Only by silence and slavish following of unwise and corrupt policies can any journal purchase peace. If the success of the WEEKLY must depend upon such a sacrifice, we would rather discontinue its publication. We have the same feeling respecting the party: if its success depends upon the surrender of the personal independence of its best friends, it deserves to die.

We believe that in our present course we are faithful to the best interests of the party. It seems to us that it is more important that the party should be reclaimed from a dictatorial leadership that would stultify and demoralize it than that it should succeed under such leadership. Party conventions must learn that by the betrayal of their trusts they incur the chance of defeat and the responsibility therefor. In the Saratoga Convention Mr. Curtis distinctly voted against making Mr. Cornell's nomination unanimous. No other protest was there possible.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

In October we also published in the WEEKLY a letter from George W. Curtis to the Republican Committee of Richmond County, New York:

LENOX, MASS., *9th Oct.*, 1879.

DE WITT STAFFORD, ESQ., *Chairman:*

DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry, as I wrote you some time since, that I am unable to return to the Island before the 15th inst., and that I shall therefore be absent at the reassembling of the County Convention on the 11th. I regret my absence the more as I understand that serious dissatisfaction has been expressed with some recent articles of mine in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Those articles assert the right and the duty of every Republican to scratch the name of any candidate upon the ticket whose election he thinks would be injurious to the Republican cause, with the specific advice to exercise that right at the pending election. This is a principle which I have always openly advocated, for the only effective way that I know in a government like ours to correct and purify the management of parties lies in the independent action of the individual voter upon the nominations recommended to him by a Convention. To question this principle is to assert the doctrine which was stated in its extreme and most odious form in the familiar phrase, "I would vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated." Regular nominations may be the result of intrigue, corruption, and treachery, and as they are but recommendations, the individual voter must be encouraged to judge them for himself, and to disregard them when he is satisfied that they ought not to be supported. Any other doctrine than this seems to me to be unworthy of a party of freemen, and as I have said that it is one which I have always preached, I ought to add that it is one also which I have always practised.

That I was a delegate to the late State Convention does not affect my right or my duty to assert this principle. If it be alleged that a delegate is bound by the action of the Convention if he makes no protest—a proposition which I do not admit—then it is enough to say that I protested in the manner which seemed to me the wisest, by voting against the motion to make the nomination of the Governorship unanimous—a vote which was recognized by the president of the Convention in declaring the motion carried. Of course good faith is always supposed, and, as experience proves,

delegates, for the sake of the party, will usually acquiesce in the decision of the Convention. But the theory of a delegate's duty, as sometimes stated, would imply that when he is over-ruled as a delegate, he is in every case bound as a voter to support what he may think to be injurious to the party and to the public welfare. This seems to me to be neither sound Republican nor American doctrine.

It is with the sincerest regret that I have learned that the recent expression of my views has deeply pained many Republican friends in Richmond County whose good opinion is very dear to me. But those friends, with whom my political association has been so long continued and so cordial, will understand that while I deplore any grave difference of opinion, I can ask the assurance of my Republicanism only from my own conscience. We may honestly differ as to the methods by which the cause is to be advanced, but hitherto, with some natural differences of view, there has been no serious misunderstanding between us. Under existing circumstances, however, there ought to be no misapprehension whatever, and I beg, therefore, through you, respectfully to offer my resignation as chairman of the Convention, that the members may have the opportunity of declaring whether in their judgment the interests of the party can better be promoted by its acceptance.

With great respect, I am very truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Thurlow Weed, whose political counsel was always received with the regard due to long experience, wrote a letter on the subject, in which he said:

Like a majority of the Republicans of the State, I was opposed not only to the nomination of Mr. Cornell, but to the objectionable methods by which his nomination was effected. . . . It is true that personal considerations swayed the Convention. Mr. Cornell was nominated by the enforcement of Senator Conkling, whose reiterated exactions upon his party are becoming onerous and irksome.

Mr. Weed added that Cornell owed his nomination to his removal from the Naval Office "under an absurd and

impracticable scheme of civil-service reform." In other words, it was a protest against administrative reform.

From a large number of congratulatory letters which our communication in the WEEKLY brought forth, I give the following:

CAMBRIDGE, *Oct.* 15, 1879.

GENTLEMEN,—I have just received, and am greatly obliged to you for sending to me, the copy of HARPER'S WEEKLY containing your vigorous and excellent letter concerning the position of the WEEKLY and the action of Mr. Curtis.

The interest of the elections this autumn centers in New York, and the attempt to defeat Cornell in the interest of the Republican party at large is watched abroad with deep concern. It is our sole chance of saving the party from the ruin which overtakes every party that has lost moral convictions and personal independence.

Your letter is a public service. I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. E. NORTON.

PHILADELPHIA, *Oct.* 19, 1879.

J. W. HARPER, ESQ.:

MY DEAR SIR,—I suppose that I am indebted to you for a copy of the WEEKLY containing your letter respecting the position assumed by Mr. Curtis. The letter I had of course seen before, but I am glad to receive it direct from you, as this gives me an excuse for expressing my warm appreciation of the position assumed in it. There is so much subserviency to party among the public at large, and so much truckling to expediency by individuals, that it is most refreshing to meet so manly an assertion of independence. It is a healthy contrast and corrective to much that is debasing in both political and private life, and I trust that it may aid in the much-needed elevation of the tone of both.

With much regard I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

HENRY C. LEA.

BOSTON, *Oct.* 18, 1879.

MY DEAR HARPER,—Some old fellow said that to congratulate a man on having done a good deed was to insult him by intimating

that he might have done a bad one. Without swallowing that maxim whole, I still believe that many worthy acts are left undone in the world from the wholesome dread men have of the well-meant congratulations of their fellow-beings. I "don't know how it is myself," never having done anything to deserve such, but I can conceive of its assuming gigantic proportions as a bore and a nuisance. Hence it is with an apology in my heart, though with praise on my lips, that I venture to refer to your recent letter in support of Mr. Curtis, as a conspicuous example of a good deed done at the right time and in the right way.

Such acts make us proud of our friends who perform them and of the profession which they honor—hang it, there I go as bad as any of them! But I don't mean to do it, and I will take revenge on myself by expressing the belief that even the most abandoned member of the craft—S***n, for instance—might, while reading such a letter, feel a momentary thrill of pride in his calling and withdraw himself for twenty-four hours at least from its baser uses.

Notwithstanding appearances are against me, I expect you to believe me when I write myself

Sincerely your friend,

J. R. OSGOOD.

J. W. HARPER, JR., ESQ.

P.S.—Houghton has looked over my shoulder and says he indorses all the above, except that he doesn't see why I should insert stars in the place where letters naturally belong. Sabe?

P.S. No. 2.—No answer required!

PHILADELPHIA, PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING.

MY DEAR MR. HARPER,—Your letter was manly and just, and we have copied it with Mr. Curtis's, and have given our half-million readers the benefit of the enclosed editorial as well.

We often think and speak of you all, and feel it was a pleasure to have seen as much as we did of you this summer. Some of my good friends were glad to become acquainted with you.

With kind regards to "cousin Fletcher," I am,

Very sincerely your friend,

GEO. W. CHILDS.

J. W. HARPER, ESQ.

My dear friend Bayard Taylor died at his post in Berlin December 19, 1878. I reproduce Aldrich's beautiful

tribute, published in the New York *Tribune*, December 25th:

In other years, lost youth's enchanted years,
Seen now and evermore through blinding tears
And empty longing for what may not be—
The Desert gave him back to us; the Sea
Yielded him up; the icy Norland strand
Lured him not long, nor that soft German air
He loved could keep him. Ever his own land
Fettered his heart and brought him back again.
What sounds are these of farewell and despair
Blown by the winds across the watery main?
What unknown way is this that he has gone,
Our Bayard, in such silence and alone?
What new, strange quest has tempted him once more
To leave us? Vainly, standing by the shore,
We strain our eyes. But patience! . . . when the soft
Spring gales are blowing over Cedarcroft,
Whitening the hawthorn; when the violets bloom
Along the Brandywine, and overhead
The sky is blue as Italy's—he will come!
Ay, he will come! I cannot make him dead.

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Among American men of letters there have been those who were more largely endowed with genius than Bayard Taylor, but there have been very few who have shown as great versatility, or who have accomplished so much really good work in so many widely different departments of letters. As an editor and letter-writer for the press, as an essayist, traveler, novelist, critic, translator, dramatist, and poet, he fills a large and honorable place in our literature.

After receiving his appointment as Minister to Germany, Bayard Taylor wrote to a friend:

It is something so amazing for an *author* to receive that I am more bewildered and embarrassed than proud of the honor. If

you knew how many years I have steadily worked, devoted to a high ideal, which no one seemed to recognize, and sneered at by cheap critics as a mere interloper in literature, you would understand how incredible this change seems to me. The great comfort is this—I was right in my instinct. The world does appreciate earnest endeavor in the end. I have always had faith, and I have learned to overlook opposition, disparagement, misconception of my best work, believing that the day of justification would come. But what now comes to me seems too much. I can only accept it as a balance against me, to be met by still better work in the future.

XXXII

IN December, 1879, we began a juvenile publication entitled HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and published the following prospectus in HARPER'S WEEKLY:

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS,—The ten millions of boys and girls in the United States are to-day a larger and more eager reading public than the world contained a few centuries ago. The noblest future that can be wished for our country is that they shall grow to maturity retaining, in the simplicity of childhood, their love for all that is pure and good. In this age of the press, half of the influences which mould mind and character must be drawn from what they read in hours of recreation. But much of the reading now offered to them is void of intellectual stimulus, much of it appeals to and cultivates a vicious taste, and some of it seems to aim at corrupting the heart. In the belief that this great juvenile public ought to have the best and fittest literature which genius and enterprise can furnish, we shall begin next week the publication of an illustrated weekly journal of amusement and instruction, to be called HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Its aim will be to stimulate and satisfy the intelligent curiosity of boys and girls. To this end its conductors will diligently seek out and set before them whatever in nature, in art, and in human life can gratify the imagination, refine the taste, excite aspiration for lofty character and noble conduct, or fill leisure hours with innocent delight. By attractive serial stories it will maintain the reader's eager interest from week to week, while strengthening his memory. Its beautiful illustrations will add vividness to its descriptions and will cultivate the artistic sense. Its volumes will be enlivened by short stories, poems, sketches, anecdotes, accounts of strange lands, incidents of daring and adventure, in endless variety. The love of the young for wit and humor will be kept in view, and healthful and harmless games of every kind will be described and taught. In short, this journal will

maintain a tone of cheerfulness in harmony with childhood's right to be happy. Vice and crime will not be described, even to be forbidden. As far as possible, the world of corruption and wrong will be left to itself, and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will live wholly in the other world of youthful knowledge, purity, and joy.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

A short time after its appearance HARPER'S WEEKLY announced that the new illustrated weekly for boys and girls had been welcomed with such favor on all sides, and so many copies had been demanded, that there was no doubt that it had "met a felt want," and that upon their side the publishers would fitly recognize the very complimentary reception the public had accorded the youthful journal. They proposed, therefore, to double the size of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and increase the beauty of its appearance by a new and larger type, and by these changes, and by a greater variety of contents and of illustrations than had been possible before, to make the new boys' and girls' weekly still more worthy of the astonishing favor with which it had been received. The publishers promised that they would spare no pains to make it the most entertaining and attractive popular weekly for young readers in the country.

The promise was strictly adhered to, and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE soon became not only the most popular juvenile weekly published, but also the most attractive and intrinsically valuable journal for American boys and girls. C. K. Munroe, who, under the familiar name of Kirk Munroe, has written some of the very best stories for boys ever published in this country, was the first editor. Munroe's books are overflowing with the spirit and the activities which constitute the make-up of whole-

some and vigorous American lads, and his "Florida," "Pacific Coast," and "Mate" series of stories for boys should be in the library of every well-constituted youth in this land.

Our esteemed contemporary, the New York *Evening Post*, whose well-known discrimination and conservatism in literature, as well as in politics, gives increased weight to its expressions of opinion, thus noticed the appearance of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE:

There have been few things in the history of periodical publishing more remarkable, in a quiet way, than the precision and apparent ease with which the publishers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have placed that admirable juvenile journal upon a footing of permanent and wide popularity, gaining for it recognition as a sort of necessity in juvenile life.

The publication of the first fifty-two numbers in a bound volume reminds us that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has existed during only one year, and there is a feeling of surprise, difficult to avoid, in the contemplation of the fact; for so firmly has the little weekly magazine taken hold upon its readers that it already seems to be a sort of institution, a part of the times, a thing existing of necessity in answer to a positive need, a thing so wholly of course that one can scarcely conceive of the time when it was not, although the time was only one short year ago.

The methods by which this success has been won are those which lead most surely and safely to all worthy success. The publishers began by making the YOUNG PEOPLE so thoroughly good and entertaining that it might be trusted to commend itself without horn-blowing or clamorous laudation of any sort, and then they gave it opportunity to win the friends it was so fit to make by sending copies of it for the first thirty weeks to all the subscribers to their other journals. When the responses came in the form of subscriptions, the publishers adopted a unique method of fulfilling the promise made, they doubled the size of the periodical, and have from that time to this given just twice what their subscribers understood that they were to receive. The result of the piling of the small apples on top of the barrel has been to make permanent and enthusiastic the favorable opinion created by the samples shown in asking subscriptions.

It is a proper matter of rejoicing that another wholesome, excellent, and healthfully stimulating periodical for boys and girls has thus been added to the brief list of permanently prosperous journals of that character. The worth of the influence exercised by the two or three juvenile periodicals which constitute the whole of this list is wholly beyond estimate. Their negative influence as substitutes for the pernicious, villainous juvenile reading matter of the news-stands is everywhere obvious; their positive influence as educational agencies and as means of cultivating a taste for good literature and good art is not less certain.

The high character of the Boston *Journal*, and the extent and intelligence of its audience, also gave recognized value to its critical opinions. I give the following extract from an appreciative notice of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE which appeared in that paper:

It is already welcomed every Saturday in thousands of New England homes. Its tone is pure, its articles are always interesting, and its illustrations are superior to anything ever attempted in juvenile literature of its class. While it is intended for the perusal of Bob and Mabel, of Sam and Lucy, we venture to say that it has been the experience of others, as it has been our own, that the older heads of the family find in its pages each week matter not at all beneath their notice on the score of information and general interest.

The YOUNG PEOPLE was at one time on the list of reading for the Chautauqua Circle, and Bishop John H. Vincent, D.D., then editor of the *Sunday-School Journal*, and the founder of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, commended the YOUNG PEOPLE as follows:

It is a noble store-house, well stocked with good things, grave and gay, for the whole household of children, from the wee ones to the boys and girls well on in their teens. Parents can make no mistake in subscribing for the current year—that their little ones may have a yearly round of joy.

Notwithstanding the pressure of public cares and the burden of eighty years, the Right Honorable W. E.

Gladstone found an opportunity to examine and commend HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. In an article by him in the *North American Review* Gladstone said: "It far surpasses all that the enterprise and skill of our publishers have been able to produce." Such commendation was most gratifying, and all the more so because it was entirely spontaneous and unsolicited.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE met with so much favor among the little readers of England that it was found desirable to issue it in their own country, as nearly as possible simultaneously with its appearance here. The English edition was published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

When we terminated the publication of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, it had run from 1879 to 1899, making twenty volumes, a library in itself of juvenile literature. One reason why we determined to discontinue its publication was the fact that we found it necessary to create a new audience for the little weekly every three or four years, as it took about that time for an average subscriber to outgrow the constituency for which it catered.

In December, 1878, I gave the late Edwin A. Abbey a farewell dinner at Delmonico's, and invited, among other guests: Charles S. Reinhart, R. Swain Gifford, Walter Shirlaw, Arthur Quartly, E. C. Stedman, J. Alden Weir, A. B. Frost, Thomas Nast, W. M. Chase, and William R. O'Donovan, to wish him *bon voyage*. We little thought at the time that he was starting on a journey to the Parnassian heights of British art, where he would soon qualify as one of the leading Royal Academicians, a grand example of Yankee grit and merit.

Having accounted for all the guests, I signaled to the head-waiter that we were ready for dinner. He came over to me and whispered in what seemed to me stentorian tones, "Hadn't you better wait until Mr. Abbey arrives?" I had forgotten our Hamlet, who, as he afterward explained, was detained on his way from Brooklyn by some mishap to the elevated railroad.

Several years later I had the pleasure of visiting Abbey while he was residing at Broadway in association with Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Millet, John Sargent, and Alfred Parsons. Mrs. Harper was with me, and a right royal time we had. We were welcomed with such a hearty bonhommie that we were soon made to feel that we were actually a part of that select group of artists, surrounded as they were by an atmosphere of quaint old English village life and good-fellowship—for Broadway was a popular posting station many years ago. Sir Laurence Alma Tadema came down from London and joined the party during our sojourn, and a most important acquisition he proved to be, for his exuberant hilarity kept us on the go all day, and in the evenings he would lead in games and songs and rollicking fun in the big studio.

Henry James has said in reference to Broadway:

> In regard to the implications and explications of this perfection of a village, primarily and to be just, Broadway is, more than any one else, Mr. Frank Millet. Mr. Laurence Hutton discovered, but Mr. Millet appropriated it; its sweetness was wasted till he began to distil and bottle it.

Frank D. Millet, the well-known artist, is also a popular author, an extensive traveler, and an intrepid war correspondent; in short, a New England universal genius, and an all-round pleasant companion—a man one natu-



Edwin A. Abbey



rally turns to if he is in need of good advice or is looking around for a thoroughly trustworthy executor.

It was customary with Frank Millet to make life-sized silhouettes of the heads of their visitors and to hang them around the studio as a frieze, where they proved vastly interesting as a *quasi* guest-book. Mrs. Millet had a charming old-fashioned garden which she nurtured with the care and intelligence of an expert, and which Alfred Parsons, who knows everything worth knowing about English gardens, skilfully laid out. Every evening during our visit, just before sunset, Sargent would produce his easel and a large canvas and set them up in the garden, and Fred. Barnard's children would appear in costume ready to pose for him should the twilight meet Sargent's requirements. Many a time they were out and posing, but the light proved recalcitrant and there would be "nothing doing," much to the disgust of the children. But the painting was finally completed and christened "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose." When exhibited, this picture was rechristened by some Philistine, "Darnation, Silly, Silly, Pose." Nevertheless, it was universally admired at the exhibition of the Royal Academy, and was eventually purchased by the Chantrey Fund.

Before leaving Broadway we visited the Wedgwood family home, which is close by, and were received in a most cordial manner by the representative of the family, who showed us some wonderful specimens of Wedgwood ware. While in the drawing-room I noticed a fine full-length portrait by Gainsborough, and when I admired it, I was told that owing to this painting the family had been "grossly insulted" by some art dealer who came down from London and offered them ten thousand pounds

for it. "As if," my hostess indignantly exclaimed, "I would be willing to sell a family portrait!"

After I left Broadway I received this very appreciative note from Mrs. Wedgwood in acknowledgment of a souvenir I had sent her of our delightful visit:

STANTON COURT, BROADWAY, WORCESTERSHIRE, *Dec.* 21.

DEAR MR. HARPER,—How can I express adequately my appreciation of your very courteous attention—I shall value the gift much and not the least from one who, so little known to me, thought it worth while in his very busy life to pay me so great an honor.

With very best wishes for your happiness and those most dear to you, I must be allowed to subscribe myself

Your grateful friend

M. WEDGWOOD.

Some one has said "a charming story-teller indeed would he be who could write as Abbey draws." Abbey's comprehensive series, "illustrating quaint verses of Herrick's as quaintly as they," were first published in our MAGAZINE. The airy and half-grotesque fancies of that reverend old singer were caught by Abbey with singular felicity, and we gathered them into a volume, forming a most unique and beautiful art book. Abbey's pencil did not miss the tripping daintiness of Herrick's conceits, nor the refined grace of his nobler numbers.

Mr. E. A. Abbey, said the London *Spectator*, is so enamored of Herrick that he has taken the utmost pains to reproduce Devonshire scenery and rural life by studying it, and has made himself master of the Stuart period. His labor has been rewarded with a signal success. It may be questioned if there is any living artist who could have given such sketches, at once faithful and beautiful.

In 1886 Henry James wrote that:

The best work that Mr. Abbey has done is to be found in the succession of illustrations to *She Stoops to Conquer;* here we see his happiest characteristics—and till he does something still more brilliant—may take his full measure. No work in black and white in our time has been more truly artistic, and certainly no success more unqualified.

This was perfectly true at the time, but since then Abbey has completed his illustrations to Shakespeare's plays, and in my opinion they are the acme of comprehensive and skilful black-and-white work.

Alfred Parsons, says Henry James, has an inexhaustible feeling for the country in general, his love for the myriad English flowers is perhaps the fondest part of it. He draws them with a rare perfection, and always—little, definite, delicate, tremulous things as they are—with a certain nobleness.

Parsons's charming work has long been familiar to the readers of our MAGAZINE. Besides his marvelous rendering of English flora and landscape, he has given us the result of a trip he made to Japan, and his drawings and water-colors are a revelation to those who have not had the good fortune to have traveled in the land of chrysanthemums and blossoming fruit trees. While he was painting out-of-doors, the clever Japanese artists would hover around him, enchanted with his work, and several of them came to him and begged to be taught drawing by this master of landscape painting.

Abbey and Parsons illustrated conjointly *Old Songs* and *The Quiet Life*, which first appeared in our MAGAZINE —afterward in most dainty book form.

I visited John Sargent in his London studio later on, and found him stretched out flat on the floor perusing a large, ponderous volume, and he asked me to sit down and listen to a few passages he had just read, as he

thought there was nothing finer in the English language. He had discovered the Revelation of St. John. It seems that he had been approached by some wealthy Dutch amateur to illustrate that portion of the New Testament for an edition de luxe of the Bible which he had in hand; and Sargent thought he would like to see what it was all about before he replied to the offer, and this is how he became so enthusiastic over the wonderful verses he fully appreciated for the first time. This discovery may have influenced him somewhat in the great work he afterward supplied to the Boston Library.

One time I went to Sargent's studio in New York with Laurence Hutton to see his portrait of Edwin Booth, which was almost finished, and which was destined for the Players' Club. We found Sargent much disturbed because he was momentarily expecting a call from Elliott F. Shepard, who had found fault with Sargent's painting of his wife. We saw the portrait in question, which was at one end of the studio, and thought it superb; but Sargent said that Shepard had found fault with the dress and with the arrangement of Mrs. Shepard's hair—because she never had a gown just like it, nor had she ever appeared in a similar *coiffure*—"as if," added Sargent, "he should not pay extra to be shown how the good lady could most becomingly array herself."

The portrait of Booth struck us as exceedingly life-like, and we so reported to the Club. Imagine our surprise when we were told the next day that Sargent had scraped the entire work off the canvas because the pose did not entirely suit him; but I suppose that it is conscientious work of this order which has made him the greatest portrait painter of our time.

We had a fine engraving made of Sargent's portrait of Booth for a frontispiece to our MAGAZINE, and Alden wrote to T. B. Aldrich, May 2, 1890, as follows:

MY DEAR ALDRICH,—I presume you have seen Sargent's portrait of Booth (at the Players). We wish to do it as a frontispiece for our MAGAZINE. Having been much impressed by your recent tribute to Tennyson, I am tempted to ask you for a poem on Booth (a sonnet, if you will) to go with this frontispiece. If you feel inclined toward this, we will wait upon you—so that you need not feel any too urgent exaction as to time. You are such friends with Booth that your tribute in this shape would meet a natural expectation.

I reproduce the exquisite poem which he sent us.

SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF EDWIN BOOTH

At "The Players"

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

That face which no man ever saw
 And from his memory banished quite,
With eyes in which are Hamlet's awe
 And Cardinal Richelieu's subtle light,
Looks from this frame. A master's hand
 Has set the master-player here,
In the fair temple that he planned
 Not for himself. To us most dear
This image of him! "It was thus
 He looked; such pallor touched his cheek;
With that same grace he greeted us—
 Nay, 'tis the man, could it but speak!" . . .
Sad words that shall be said some day—
 Far fall the day! O cruel Time,
Whose breath sweeps mortal things away,
 Spare long this image of his prime,
That others standing in the place
 Where, save as ghosts, we come no more,
May know what sweet majestic face
 The gentle Prince of Players wore!

When Abbey married he moved to Morgan Hall, Fairford, Gloucestershire, and built an enormous studio in which he and Sargent painted their Boston Library decorations.

On one occasion, Mrs. Abbey, who is a most accomplished hostess, had a week-end party to meet Mrs. Harper and myself. I shall never forget the pleasure of that visit. We inspected the artists at their work, played cricket, and rambled over the picturesque country in the daytime, and in the evening meandered through parlor games, which were of a nature to make one feel that he had struck England in the Christmas season with Washington Irving as master of the revels.

Mrs. Abbey is a remarkable woman, very intelligent and resourceful, and in my opinion Ned Abbey owed much of his extraordinary success of late years to her co-operation and guidance. While we were at Morgan Hall she showed us her work-room, which was of no mean proportions, where she directed several girls in the preparation of costumes for Abbey and Sargent in their Boston Library compositions, and her suggestions and original ideas in regard to the costumes were acknowledged by both artists to be of material service to them.

I hope that I shall not in any way offend our most hospitable hostess in giving the following entertaining letter, addressed to Mrs. Harper after a subsequent visit to London:

MORGAN HALL, FAIRFORD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

DEAR MARY,—We were disappointed to have you all go back to New York without coming down to us. Don't let it happen again.

As usual, we are very busy. Ned is doing a stunning picture from "Richard III.," the funeral procession of Henry VI. The

picture is nearly nine feet long. Tadema and Sargent and others who have seen it are delighted with it, and, most enthusiastic, think it the best thing yet. It is all black and red and gold; the dead king, crowned and clothed in armor, is borne by knights on a splendid bier covered with a Gothic pall. From the red canopy borne by the knights wearing the royal tabard hang his shield and innumerable coats of arms. Other knights beside the bier carry huge candles, and the whole is followed by an immense procession of knights in long black cloaks and black hoods lined some with red and some with yellow, and all carrying halberds, the handles of which are covered with red velvet. The "Lady Anne," dressed in splendid armorial garments, covered with a black veil, her six-yards-long black cloak held by children, is in the foreground of the procession close to the bier, and holds out her hand for the ring, which Richard, in a red cloak, his sword in his hand, has induced her to let him put on her finger. I am sure you will like it.

The Boston work goes on apace and will, I think, before long be finished, and thankful I am, for Ned has so many things in his head that he wants to do, that I shall be glad when the great pictures are out of the way, although it has been an intensely interesting thing to live in the midst of this work. I think the last part will be fully up to the first—ahead of it, I hope.

The first scene is where Galahad on his horse meets the "Loathly Damsel" sitting on the edge of a wood with a dead knight in her lap. The next is where he fights the seven knights in front of the "Castle of the Maidens." These maidens—the virtues—hundreds of them, have been shut up in the Castle by the seven knights, brothers, the children of darkness, vices. The garments and armor of the knights are all dark, suited to their character, and Galahad, clothed in red like a child of the Light, is overcoming them. I think this will be fine. The next is the Castle of the Maidens—the "virtues." Here quantities of charming creatures—nineteen feet of them—knowing Galahad for their deliverer, hold out their hands for him to kiss. Of course, this idea of overcoming the vices and setting the virtues free is not in any version of the legend, is simply Ned's interpretation. But I am afraid you are being bored with all these descriptions. Let me see what else I can tell you about our quiet life? Henry James was down with us a couple of days last week. He seems to be writing a long novel. Onslow Ford, R.A., spent last Sunday with us and left us yesterday. He has asked Ned to let

him do a bust of him—and Ned has promised to sit to him in the spring when we are in London.

Anna Tadema comes down for Sunday week, and then Mr. Andrew Gow, R.A., and his sister are coming.

For Tadema's birthday there is to be a surprise. They are getting up a Roman dinner party, couches, etc., and we are all to go clothed in accurate dresses of the period!

We had a surprise this morning in the shape of a telegram from Walter Gay, of Paris, saying that he was coming to lunch with us to-day. He had an engagement at six P. M. in London, so he came all the way down to have an hour with us, arrived at 1.30 and left at 2.30. There is an example of devotion for you to remember when you come again.

I was glad indeed to have your letter. You don't know how we long for news, gossip of what goes on in New York. Do sit down before long and write me a long letter of real gossip. I enclose a note for Mr. Harper. He sent me Gibson's beautiful book on mushrooms.

With love from us both,

Yours affectionately,

GERTRUDE M. ABBEY.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all!

The last time I called on Abbey was at Chelsea Lodge, London, near John Sargent's house, where he painted his picture of King Edward's Coronation. It was a most attractive home, and his studio was large and Abbey-esque in color and appointments. He had coronets and royal robes strewn around in gorgeous profusion. His picture was not quite finished when I saw it, but it struck me as admirable. He told me that the late King and Queen Alexandra had been very gracious and prompt in keeping their appointments for sittings, but that most of the other noble folk had either failed to keep their engagements or proved exasperatingly unpunctual, so that the work dragged along unconscionably. Abbey made his sketches, at the time of the coronation, from

the interior of one of the tombs in Westminster Abbey, looking out through the Gothic bar-tracery. Abbey was so successful with his picture of the coronation of King Edward that he was invited to perform the same service for King George, but was obliged to decline, the condition of his health making it quite impossible.

One time Abbey was good enough to act as a cicerone for Mrs. Harper and myself in a tour of the principal London studios. We first visited Sir Frederic Leighton, and were shown in through a gorgeous Arabian hall decorated with iridescent tiles and soothed by the murmur of a fountain which played in the center. Abbey told us that it was not unusual at a large reception to hear a splash and learn that some innocent stranger had unfortunately backed into the fountain, which was flush with the floor, and had no projection to warn the unsuspicious visitor. In his studio Sir Frederic had a large canvas just started, and he showed us how he first made his composition and then painted nude studies of each figure in the position it was to assume in the finished picture; and these he kept before him while painting the complete work, so that in draping the models he should not lose the correct anatomical drawing of the figure. His method required an enormous amount of care and extra detail work, for the nude sketches were beautifully finished in themselves, and I wondered if he did not tire of his picture before it was finished. Sir Frederic was then the president of the Royal Academy, a courtier by nature, and a prince in appearance, who carried his dignity with an easy grace.

We went then to Sir Laurence Alma Tadema's, and Abbey called up from the hall below to know if we could

ascend his golden stairs—which were a highly polished flight of brass steps leading up to his studio. Tadema invited us to come up, and we found ourselves in a most attractive room, which has been so often described that I will simply call attention to the grand piano designed by him, with decorations by Sir Edward Poynter. The flat surface of the key-cover was faced with parchment, on which were the signatures of many of the prominent pianists of the world, all of whom had performed on the instrument.

His entrance-hall is richly paneled, and each section contains a painting contributed by one of his artist friends, making a valuable collection of contemporary art. Lady Alma Tadema, who is a distinguished painter as well, occupies "the Burgomaster's Room" for a studio, a perfect little Dutch interior. His daughter also has her studio in his house, but she is of a literary turn of mind. Miss Tadema has at times contributed brilliant work to the pages of our MAGAZINE. Sir Laurence is a type of the sturdy Netherlander, having been born in Dronryp.

The American-Englishman, George H. Boughton, N.A. and R.A.—for each country claimed him as citizen or subject—was not only a conspicuous painter, but the writer of many delightful articles and stories for our MAGAZINE, which he illustrated with dainty drawings. He and Abbey, in their *Sketching Rambles in Holland*, gave the MAGAZINE a series of articles which has never been equaled in that field. The charming touches of the descriptive matter were only excelled by the delicate rendering and humor of the illustrations.

When I entered Boughton's London home, I received from the color scheme of the decoration an impression of

the very light blue-green tone he affected in so many of his pictures. One never lost the idea of comfort in Boughton's house; the sofas were made to loll upon, and the chairs to sit in. His studio was just such a room as one could imagine it would be his delight to build—spacious, comfortable, and pleasing to the eye.

Boughton was a most generous and loyal friend. I recall an incident when I was seated next him at a luncheon party and had admired an old cameo ring which he wore around his scarf. He promptly took it off and insisted upon my accepting it. Just before leaving London the last time I saw him, I received a package containing an exquisite bronze knocker which he sent me as a contribution to a country-house, which I had told him Thomas Hastings was building for me at Lawrence, Long Island, and with it came this note:

WEST HOUSE, CAMPDEN HILL ROAD W.

MY DEAR HARPER,—Don't be afraid of the box that comes with this. It only contains a bronze door-knocker (you must catch hold of the limbs of the lady and bang her heels against the door to make any use of it), but it is a very lovely thing, even if you never need to knock with it.

If *I* can't succeed in "raising the House" by any of my pen or pencil work, I hope the bronze beauty will be more useful—if need be.

It is the work of Mr. Harry Bates, A.R.A.

I shall see you to-morrow night, I hope, at "Colin's."

Yours sincerely,

G. H. BOUGHTON.

I also give a reply he sent me in answer to an invitation to dinner:

WEST HOUSE, CAMPDEN HILL ROAD.

MY DEAR HARPER,—Were it not for a haunting suspicion that the thing would be in howling bad taste, I should reply to your

note of invitation on a deeply black-bordered paper, indicating the profound grief I feel at being unable to be with you on the 8th. Alas! also woe is *me!* We are dining at some dear but solemn friends' on that night, and fear me that my thought will be so much with your merry party that my expression—if I have any—will be as solemn as the occasion befits, and any contribution of mine to any fitful gaiety will be Gilbertian in its grimness.

As Jimmie Whistler once wired to excuse his absence from a wedding ceremony, "Sorry I can't come, but *go on with the ceremony* just the same!" So say I to you all.

We are to meet you at the Bigelows' on the 6th, so that will be some comfort. I must get even with Fate in some manner next week.

In the mean time, if you are so far west on Sunday afternoon, we will be at home and delighted to see you.

Yours faithfully,

GEO. H. BOUGHTON.

I close this chapter with the following characteristic and amusing invitation from E. A. Abbey:

DEAR HARRY,—Try to be here on Monday—we have "doins" on and a dinner at the Star and Garter—Richmond, 7.30—with Austin Dobson, Gregory, Madek, Barnard, Willy Paton, Du Maurier, Boughton, Louis Jennings, and several others. Shake up Reinhart. It is time he left that sink of iniquity—greeny gray and chalk[1]—and took up his abode here where men have clumsier fingers but broader brains. My very kindest regards to Mrs. Harper.

Yours always,

NED.

[1] Reinhart was living in Paris at the time.

XXXIII

MORE than once after the death of Fletcher Harper, Sampson Low requested to be relieved of our London agency; but we were reluctant to have him retire, for sentimental as well as business reasons, and we urged him to remain, proposing to send an American assistant, or co-agent, who would assume the burden and arduous responsibility of launching the English edition of our MAGAZINE, which we then contemplated. To this suggestion Mr. Low, who was then over eighty years old, finally assented, and we arranged with R. R. Bowker to go to London to fill this difficult and delicate position. Bowker proved to be an active, diplomatic, and popular representative. He was always a favorite with authoresses, and soon ingratiated himself as well with the leading English authors. His business instincts were keen and trustworthy, as I soon discovered when I went over in 1880 to *visé* the final arrangements for the early publication of our MAGAZINE in London.

The English edition contained the imprint of Sampson Low, Marston & Co., as well as our own, and the periodical at once became popular in England, starting off with a large circulation. John Lillie was the first English editor. In the beginning there was a difference between the two editions in respect to the editorial departments, and it devolved upon Lillie to see that the English material was

promptly supplied, some of which he wrote himself. In 1884 Andrew Lang, the well-known scholar and writer, became editor of the English edition.

As the "Easy Chair" once observed:

> Old magazines, like old people, are privileged to gossip about themselves, and as the oldest of the chief magazines published in this country, we must be sometimes forgiven if we have something to say of our own performances.

In the spirit of this observation, I would modestly point out that the wonderful delicacy and beauty of the illustrations in HARPER'S MAGAZINE received much admiration in Europe, where nothing comparable to them in artistic finish was produced at that time in popular form, and the artists and critics of the Old World were puzzled to account for the fineness of the wood engravings. In a letter to us, written in 1881, the editor of a Paris illustrated paper widely known for the force, dash, and brilliancy of its artistic work asked for information on this point, and especially inquired whether the MAGAZINE illustrations were produced, to quote his own words, "by the ordinary process of engraving on wood and electrotyping, which seems to us inadequate to produce such very fine work, or whether you use some particular way of reduction by photo-engraving." He also desired to know what kind of printing-presses were used, and at what speed they were worked.

This last inquiry was decidedly pertinent, for the delicacy to which the art of wood-engraving had then attained in this country was largely due to the refinement of the art of press-work, both as regards machinery and manipulation, supplemented by paper which was superior for the purpose to any which was manufactured in Europe,

Up to this time a Frenchman would have probably answered with incredulous smile and shrug of the shoulders the insinuation that anything concerning art could be learned from America, but he now acknowledged with frankness that the world was indebted to this country for the best work in wood-engraving and in rapid fine-art printing. As a singular triumph of American press-work it may be mentioned that the first edition of the volume containing Doré's illustrations to "The Ancient Mariner," printed by Harper & Brothers from French electrotype plates, was acknowledged to surpass the French edition in all the qualities that have raised press-work to the grade of a fine art.

From this somewhat self-laudatory disquisition on American printing, I turn to an interesting criticism on the use of the French prefix "de." The "Easy Chair" received in December, 1880, the following note from Wendell Phillips, which it duly printed:

MY DEAR EASY CHAIR,—Will you please call to the notice of American scholars and editors one of our insults to a foreign tongue?

Alexis de Tocqueville is the name of the great French writer and statesman. But the rules of the French language require that when we omit the "Alexis" or the "Monsieur," and give only the family name, it should be simply *Tocqueville*.

There are, in French, a few exceptions to this rule. For instance, names of one syllable, like de Thou retain the "de": and names beginning with a vowel.

Tocqueville is not one of these exceptions. But all American editors insist on the "de." Sumner and you, Mr. Easy Chair, stand stiffly by the "de." Ticknor and Fields put on the back of their volumes, "Memoir and Remains of de Tocqueville," though they had only to open their own page to find Senior, M. de Beaumont, and Cornewall Lewis uniformly calling him "Tocqueville."

The learned Professor Bowen, of Harvard, prints an edition of the *Democracy*, proposing to correct the mistranslations of Reeve, the English editor, and Bowen parades "de Tocqueville" on the back of his volumes, and in his preface, notes, and life luxuriates in the fatal "de."

I do not know an American publication—*Appleton, Allibone, Johnson*—a journal, daily, weekly, or monthly that does not revel in this awkwardness; though once, years ago, I did chance to see one of your weekly journals which astonished me by its correctness in this particular. But the next time I saw a number it had lapsed into the besetting sin.

If, in speaking, you adhere to the rule, and say "Tocqueville," you are sure the next morning to find that in the report of your speech, the careful and judicious editor has inserted the inevitable "de," and made you, in spite of yourself, a French ignoramus.

I am told the *Evening Post* has in its office a list of the words forbidden to any employé. Beg them to add this to the catalogue, and rid the American press of this ridiculous error, or at least make it invent some plausible excuse for thus violating the rules of a friendly nation's language.

Yours,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Professor Bowen replied as follows, and this letter also appeared in the columns of the "Easy Chair":

HARVARD COLLEGE, *Dec.* 6, 1880.

In a letter to the Easy Chair Mr. Wendell Phillips, who is nothing if not critical, blames me for repeatedly writing "de Tocqueville." He asserts that the honorary prefix can be rightfully applied only to proper names which are monosyllabic, as "de Thou," or which begin with a vowel, as "D'Alembert"; but that in all other cases we should write the name either "M. de Tocqueville," or simply "Tocqueville."

The works of "de Maistre"—so lettered on the back—happened to be lying on my table when I first read this statement of the law by Mr. Phillips; and remembering a pleasant chapter about this author by the great French critic of the present century, I took down from my shelves the third volume of Sainte-Beuve's *Port Royal*. Opening it at random, I found the name written "de Maistre" in the nominative case no less than six

times on the first two pages which I happened to see. As Sainte-Beuve was a member of the French Academy, he will probably be admitted to be good authority.

I then took down E. Caro's *L'Idee de Dieu*, and there found him writing "Aussis de Candolle disait-il, etc." As Caro is also one of the forty Academicians, I presume even Mr. Phillips will not sneer at him as a "learned professor."

If English authority is wanting, consult the learned and painfully accurate authority, Hallam, who, in his *Literature of Europe*, writes "de Sacy."

In truth, the frequent use of this honorary prefix has caused it, in many instances, to coalesce with the proper name to which it belongs; and we frequently write "Delaunay" and "Decandolle," but never "Degerando" or "Demaistre."

Mr. Phillips is not too old to learn, and if he will prosecute his studies, I doubt not that he will become a good French critic.

Very truly yours,

FRANCIS BOWEN.

The late John Hay, then Assistant Secretary of State, who was an accomplished linguist, and who had unusual opportunities during his official residence abroad of acquainting himself with the best French customs, wrote to the "Easy Chair" from Washington:

I am surprised. Such use is universal in French. I would not waste time in multiplying examples, but I happened to see this morning, in Adams's *Life of Gallatin*, a singular and striking use of the particle, which I enclose. One could hardly read a more awkward sentence in French, but it shows how conscientiously they stick to the particle in such cases. Gallatin writes: "Une Suissesse qui avait épousé de Lesdernier." And again he insists on this peculiarly awkward retention of the "de": "Parmi eux était un des fils de de Lesdernier."

On the other hand, the "Easy Chair" cited the omission of the particle in the name of Lafayette, who was Marquis de Lafayette, but is always known to us without the honorary prefix, and in the support of the assertion of Phillips, there is Murray's edition of *France Before the*

Revolution, lettered on the back simply "Tocqueville," and the general custom in speaking of Goethe and Humboldt, from both of which names the corresponding German prefix *von* is dropped. It will probably appear that there is no fixed rule upon the subject, and that good usage permits both forms.

George Eliot died December 22, 1880. Her last book, *Impressions of Theophrastus Such*, appeared serially in the BAZAR.

Referring to George Eliot's death, the *Pall Mall Gazette* said (probably through its editor, John Morley) that

> Those who knew her were aware how the best qualities of her work sprang from the reality and depth of her interest in human life. It was this noble concern in the strangely woven destinies of men and women, in the irony of character, in the tragi-comedy of circumstance, which gave to her conversation a nobility and impressiveness which will remain among the cherished memories of all who enjoyed it. It has often been said that her books are deeply tinged with melancholy, and it is true that they are so. One of her most constant thoughts turned on the waste of force in the world.

George Eliot was known as an English novelist of the first rank, a peer of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë, and she has left no woman writer of the same degree of eminence behind her. She possessed extraordinary insight and reasoning power, with a mental training and comprehensive acquirement which, without her imaginative genius, would have made her famous not only among women, but among all contemporaries.

Thackeray died during the Christmas holidays, and the greatest of his literary successors died at the same season of the year. Among all English historical novels

her *Romola* must dispute the first place with *Henry Esmond*, *Hypatia* and *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

The Lady Maud, a serial by the late W. Clark Russell, ran in the BAZAR during 1882. W. Clark Russell, the nautical novelist, was a son of Henry Russell, the composer of the music of "Life on the Ocean Wave"; and his mother was a connection of the Wordsworths, and a youthful associate of Coleridge, Southey, and the Lambs. His best novel, *The Wreck of the "Grosvenor,"* was refused by the English publisher to whom it was first submitted. He spent a number of years at sea, and was afterwards clerk in a stock-broker's office. His heart was entirely in his literary work, and his principal aim was to enlist sympathy for the British seamen. We published his *Wreck of the "Grosvenor,"* and I consider it one of the best sea tales ever written.

Ignatius Donnelly, taking Plato's story for his text, undertook in a work which we issued in 1882, entitled *Atlantis: The Antediluvian World*, to demonstrate that there once existed in the Atlantic, opposite the Straits of Gibraltar, a large island, the remnant of an Atlantic continent, known to the ancient world as Atlantis; that Plato's account of this island is not, as has been long supposed, a fable, but veritable history; that Atlantis was the region where man first rose from a state of barbarism to that of civilization; that it became a mighty nation, from whose overflowings the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, the valleys of the Mississippi and the Amazon, the Pacific coast of Europe and Africa, and the shores of the Baltic, the Black Sea and the Caspian, were populated by civilized nations; that it was the true antediluvian world, the Garden of Eden, and the original of the

various paradisaical spots celebrated in the traditions of ancient nations, representing a universal memory of a great land, where early mankind dwelt for ages in peace and happiness; that the divinities of the ancient Greeks, Phœnicians, Hindoos, and Scandinavians were simply the kings, queens, and heroes of Atlantis, and the acts attributed to them in mythology are a confused recollection of real historical events; that the mythology of Egypt and Peru represented the religion of Atlantis, which was sun-worship; that the oldest colony of Atlantis was Egypt, whose civilization was a reproduction of that of Atlantis; that the Atlanteans were the first workers in bronze and iron; that the Atlantean alphabet was the parent of the Phœnician alphabet, which was also conveyed to the Mayas of Central America; that Atlantis was the original seat of the Aryan family of nations, and also of the Semitic and Turanian races; that by a terrible convulsion of nature it was sunk into the ocean, with nearly all its inhabitants; and finally, that a few persons escaped in ships or on rafts, and carried to other nations the tidings of the catastrophe, which has survived to our own time in the flood and deluge legends of different peoples.

Few popular scientific works have met with a more cordial reception than Ignatius Donnelly's *Atlantis*. It soon reached a large sale in this country, and the work was also a decided success in England. As an illustration of the favorable impression it made on thoughtful minds, I quote the following interesting letter which the author received from W. E. Gladstone:

10 DOWNING ST., WHITEHALL, *March* 11, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you very much for your *Atlantis*, a copy of which you have been so kind as to present to me. Though

much pressed by public affairs, I have contrived to read already an appreciable portion of it, with an interest which makes me very desirous to go through the whole.

I may not be able to accept all your propositions, but I am much disposed to believe in an Atlantis, and I think I can supply you with another case in which traditions have come down into the historic age from periods of time lying far away in the background of preceding ages.

Homer unquestionably (I do not fear to say) believed in a sea-exit from the northern Adriatic, and imagined the north of Europe to be an expanse of water. And this, geology, I believe, assures us that it was, but not within what we have heretofore received as the limit of the memory of man.

Three or four years ago the Duke of Argyle was at Venice, and saw on a fish-stall a fish which he was familiar with on the west coast of Scotland, but which is unknown in the Mediterranean generally. And on further examination he found that that corner of the Adriatic corresponded as to local fish with the Atlantic. This is a curious and perhaps a significant fact.

I am, dear sir, your very faithful and obedient

W. E. GLADSTONE.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY, ESQ., U. S. A.

Our connection with James Payn, the novelist and editor, was very close for many years, and we published a number of his stories serially and in book form. Payn was a man who laid hold of a ludicrous idea, working it up rapidly to a laughable climax; nobody who dips into his volumes can complain of lack of variety, and his high spirits can hardly fail to prove infectious, unless, indeed, his readers are hopelessly depressed. Payn wrote an execrable hand, as bad as Greeley's, and his letters were always passed over to S. S. Conant to ascertain their obscure meaning. Conant wrote Payn January 9, 1882:

MY DEAR PAYN,—As the Champollion of the office, to whom is entrusted the delicate but pleasing duty of deciphering the hieroglyphical characters which appear to be the outward and visible symbol of genius, I translated, etc., etc.

Anne, by Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, ran as a serial in our MAGAZINE, beginning in 1881, and proved a novel of great power and interest.

Miss Woolson's men and women are real. In her hands, character was a growth which did not need to be labeled in order to be comprehended, but revealed itself by admitting us to a sight of the processes of its evolution. Seldom has any biographer traced the personal and mental development of a real individual and the influences that contributed to it with greater minuteness and fidelity to life than they were traced by Miss Woolson in the case of Anne. If we insensibly find ourselves thinking and speaking of Anne as if she were "a being breathing thoughtful breath," it is due to the glamour of Miss Woolson's art, which stamps the impression of reality on incident and character, and invests the persons of her creations with genuine human qualities and attributes.

The London *Academy* said of *Anne*:

> We venture to say that *Anne* is one of the most remarkable works of fiction that have appeared for many years. It is remarkable for its own sake—for animation of plot and character; and it is remarkable as holding a place midway between the old American novel of incident and the modern American novel of analysis.

Anne was Miss Woolson's first novel, and we bought it outright; but, in view of its great popularity, we wrote Miss Woolson February 22, 1882, as follows:

> DEAR MISS WOOLSON,—*Anne* amply confirms Mr. Alden's good opinion of it. In its serial form it has been so satisfactory to us that it becomes our grateful duty to express in some substantial way our appreciation of the story by increasing the amount originally paid for it. In pursuance of this purpose we enclose herewith:

I. An additional one thousand dollars (by draft on our London agent for £204–18–5) and

II. An agreement to pay you royalty on the sales of the story in book form. If this agreement meets your approval, please to sign and return it, and we will send you duplicate with our signature.

We heartily congratulate you on the success of the story, so well deserved, as shown by the cordial reception of it by the press during its appearance in our MAGAZINE. And better than the praise of the press is the appreciative sympathy of thoroughly interested readers in all parts of the country. We hope that we may continue to be the honored means of your communication with these readers, and that your appearance before them may be frequent.

We subsequently published three serials by her in the MAGAZINE, besides a number of short stories and sketches. Her Italian stories were masterpieces in their way, good in the tale they told, and gems in their artistic finish.

The following letter to Miss Woolson from Alden refers to her Southern novel, *Horace Chase:*

July 27, 1892.

DEAR MISS WOOLSON,—I showed Mr. J. Henry Harper your sketch of the new novel, and he agrees with me in thinking it captivating. The husband's attitude to the wife in the final situation does not seem at all impossible, though not so commonplace as to lack nobility. It is probably more just than noble. Mr. Harper suggests as title "For Better, for Worse." How do you like it? It seems to me better than "Horace Chase" or "A Husband" or "Chase, Willoughby & Co." It has also a deep meaning from association with the marriage service of the church.

I will try to give you a large space for your first instalment, but it may be impossible, as Dr. Conan Doyle's will run at the same time, and each part of it will make from 25 to 30 pages.

Yes, I read *A Village Tragedy.* It is a strong story, but over-sad, without relief. Sadness has its place in art. If it is quick, as in the Niobe group, the tragedy needs no justification. The tragedian may sweep the stage through the sharpness of Death before the curtain falls. Death unties all knots, and *is* a

release. But the slow gathering of mephitic vapors about an imprisoned soul—*that* is different and leaves no way out, unless a great light appears, and we are made sure that, after all, there is Hope. This unrelieved pessimism has the same effect upon the reader as is produced by materialism—imprisonment with no escape.

While in London Miss Woolson wrote to a friend:

The other day I met Mrs. Humphry Ward; I mean I was invited to meet her. Although I seldom accept invitations nowadays, I did accept this; I was curious to see this fortunate woman. She looks very much like the portraits: fine eyes, not handsome, but plenty of force. I should say she takes herself and her books with intense seriousness, as very important influences in the world of to-day. There is a pretty story told of her. She fell in love with Ward, and nearly broke her heart about him. For she had no money at all—in England a sine qua non; I mean that money is—and as he had none, his friends were strongly opposed to his saddling himself with such heavy responsibilities young as he was. He was an undergraduate of Brazenose; and, later, a Fellow. Finally he did marry "poor Mary," as people were calling her. And now behold his reward!

Now that I have scribbled this gossip, I seem to remember that I have already written it to your wife! If I have, forgive me. You see one doesn't meet Robert Elsmeres every day. Did I also tell that I had my purse snatched out of my hand upon coming from the opera? I went to town with Clara for one night, and this happened! Such a strange sensation in wrestling with a criminal! He bent back my fingers, one by one. A good deal of money was in the purse, also.

In a letter from Miss Woolson to an old friend, written New-Year's Day, 1894, there were signs of unusual depression. She had completed the arrangements for her new apartments in Venice, after finishing the revision of the proof-sheets of her last novel, *Horace Chase*. There was much suffering among the poor that winter in Italy, and her attention to cases coming within her knowledge drew her out of herself, and into sympathetic activities,

which helped to relieve that loneliness which in times of physical or mental exhaustion settles down upon the most courageous spirit, even when surrounded by friends.

The last letter we received from her was as follows:

VENICE, *Jan.* 17, 1894.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS:

DEAR SIRS,—In the list which I sent you some time ago, with the names of the persons to whom I wished copies of *Horace Chase* to be sent, I do not remember whether I included "F. E. Boot, Esq., 747 Cambridge Street, Cambridge, Mass."

If I did, no matter; if I did not, please forward the copy as above.

This letter is dictated, as I am in bed with influenza.

Truly yours,

C. F. WOOLSON.

It was on January 28th that letters were received in London from Venice giving details of Miss Woolson's death. It was believed that she had almost fully recovered from her attack of influenza, and although her nurse still remained with her, no suspicion was entertained that the illness had unbalanced her mind. About one o'clock in the morning of Friday, January 26th, she sent the nurse into the drawing-room of her apartments on some errand, and it appears that immediately thereafter she threw herself out of her bedroom window, which faced upon the street. No one saw her fall, but two passers-by, seeing a mass of white lying in the roadway, thrust at it with their walking-sticks. This brought a groan from the unconscious woman. The men, badly frightened, cried out, and the nurse ran down and recognized her mistress. Miss Woolson never recovered consciousness, and died before daybreak.

This inclination to throw oneself down from a height

is one of the distressful symptoms which not uncommonly influences a patient recovering from influenza. I remember that once while I was in London a prominent artist, who was out for the first time after a prolonged case of influenza, precipitated himself from the top of a 'bus and broke both his wrists.

In 1883 we wrote Charles Reade:

> We are deeply touched by the loyalty you have maintained toward us, even when offered better terms by others. We appreciate this friendship beyond the power of expression through words or any material consideration. Money can neither purchase nor measure it. But we assure you that the reciprocal sentiment of loyalty to an old and tried friend had not led, and could not lead us to make an arrangement with you for your short stories on any other basis than their real value and our sincere desire to print them.

A Perilous Secret, by Reade, was running in HARPER'S BAZAR when on Good Friday, April 11, 1884, the news flashed across the ocean that the veteran novelist had just breathed his last at his home in London. He had long been an invalid, but the immediate cause of his death was an acute attack of bronchitis. Reade was one of the last remaining relics of the great age of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot, and in him literature lost one of its most intrepid, vigorous, and popular representatives. It was with melancholy feelings that we recalled his presentiment that *A Perilous Secret* might be his last work.

Charles Reade wrote his own epitaph—a sensible procedure in one who could write so well and who possessed so intimate and extended an acquaintance with the abortions of obituary literature, and it is interesting,

though by no means curious, to note that he calls himself "Dramatist, Novelist, and Journalist," giving importance not to the line of work in which he most excelled, but to the line of work in which he most wished to excel. The epitaph is one particularly adapted to touch the popular heart. It is as follows:

Here lie,
by the Side of his Beloved Friend, the Mortal
Remains of
CHARLES READE,
Dramatist, Novelist, and Journalist.
His last Words to Mankind are on this Stone.

I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made nature and me. He created man out of nothing, which nature could not. And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have said or done in this body, but from the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. He has promised His intercession to all who seek it, and He will not break His word; that intercession once granted, cannot be rejected; for He is God, and His merits infinite. "He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins."

XXXIV

In August, 1882, the late William M. Laffan, later to attain such enviable distinction in American journalism, became our representative in London, succeeding Mr. Bowker in that important position.

Laffan was a very remarkable man. He had the quick wit of his Irish ancestry; his writings were illuminating and he was always ready with a felicitous repartee. He was a scholar, and was graduated an M.D., but never practised. When he came to this country he went to Baltimore, where for a time he edited a newspaper, and afterward moved to New York. For a year or two he made a brilliant record as art and dramatic critic for the New York *Sun*, from which position he joined our literary staff. As our agent in London, he was extremely popular, and after his return he held for a while an advisory position in our art department. He left us to assume the business management of the New York *Sun*, and from that time on was the close friend and art confidant of Charles A. Dana, editor and proprietor of the *Sun*, who possessed a very valuable collection of Oriental keramics. On the death of Dana, Laffan became editor and proprietor of the *Sun*. His business sagacity, his infinite art knowledge, his literary acumen, and his natural good nature made him a host of friends, and his recent death was a severe loss to New York journalism.

When he died he was one of the board of directors of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Before leaving for London, he suggested a Christmas number of the WEEKLY, which should emanate from the Tile Club, of which he was a member.

The Tile Club was an organization without an organization. It had twelve members who were indiscriminately Academicians and the reverse, and five others who were musicians. It had no officers, no rules and regulations, and no dues. Its proceedings were of interest as disclosing an aspect of New York student-life to which access is not commonly had. Laffan wrote of the club:

It was formed in 1867, and was named in consequence of a sort of decorative craze that took possession of a number of otherwise worthy artists. A few of them agreed to meet once a week in each other's studios and paint Spanish tiles in vitrifiable colors, the same to be devoted to such decorative uses as occasion might reveal. There was probably some latent expectation of a studio chimney-piece, or a bit of mural decoration, but, at any rate, tiles were painted with unfailing assiduity and variously gratifying results. Each took an evening in turn, supplying the studio, the tiles, the colors, the brushes, the rags, the turpentine, and last, but not least, the pipes and beer, and receiving in turn the tiles that were painted. The idea took amazingly, and the enterprise finally resolved itself into a permanent membership of twelve. Music very naturally came to add to the variety of the evenings, and from among the many musical friends who were glad to drop in for the sake of the pleasant association, and then to contribute thereto, there were five who so identified themselves with its purposes and aspirations that the club adopted them as its property—a condition of agreeable bondage from which they evinced no disposition to escape.

During the winter of 1878–79 the club became conscious of a plethora of tiles. Even the most sanguine member could not convince himself that he should ever become possessed of a sufficient amount of household space to use his decorative material, and a change was decided upon. Plaques were substituted for tiles, and a more liberal method of treatment was adopted, and

when the winter arrived, every member was heavily long of keramics. It is more than suspected that good-natured friends received several peculiar Christmas presents about this time.

In the summer of 1878 the club made an excursion to Long Island, of which it published an entertaining account written by two of its members who were addicted to literature, and embellished with new and interesting sketches by the different members. An amazing amount of artistic material was gained among the picturesque hamlets and wild beaches of the island, and numbers of artists have since gone there to spend the summer in the study of Long Island landscape, of which many pleasant examples have from time to time enriched the pages of our MAGAZINE. The excursion of 1879 was a more serious affair. A canal-boat was chartered for three weeks, amply supplied with good things in the charge of an excellent cook and his assistants, and the Tile Club embarked and went off up the Hudson as far as Troy, thence northward, by way of the Northern Canal, to Lake Champlain. There never was such an expedition before, or that from every point of view was so thoroughly enjoyable. Nothing could have been more delightful than the experiences that it conferred, and the club furnished an account which duly appeared in the *Century Magazine*.

HARPER'S CHRISTMAS, 1882, the work of the Tile Club and its friends, was admitted to be the most attractive Christmas paper ever issued. It consisted of thirty-two pages of reading matter and illustrations, and a supplement presenting a double-page engraving of Vedder's powerful drawing—the head of the youthful Samson. The page was twice the size of that of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and the paper was of extra weight and of the finest quality. The cover, designed by Vedder, was printed on delicately tinted paper. George W. Curtis, W. D. Howells, Edmund C. Stedman, Thomas B. Aldrich, Thomas Hardy, Mark Twain, and F. D. Millet contributed the letterpress, and the illustrations were made by R. Swain Gifford, C. S. Reinhart. E. A. Abbey,





George H. Boughton, Alfred Parsons, Arthur Quartley, William M. Chase, J. Alden Weir, F. Hopkinson Smith, Frank D. Millet, and Elihu Vedder.

The London *Times*, in a notice of HARPER'S CHRISTMAS, paid a high tribute to the genius of the artists, both illustrators and engravers, whose work appeared in that publication. It said:

> The workmanship is really beyond praise. The labor expended in producing these prints is amazing. Such is the delicacy of the work that it imitates the freedom and subtle shades of a chalk drawing, and seems at times almost to reach the power of color.... No English illustrated paper has, so far as we know, produced engravings of such remarkable excellence as are to be found here.

While on the subject of our WEEKLY I introduce a letter written to me by Curtis in November, 1882:

> MY DEAR HARRY,—Will you allow me to elaborate a little what I said yesterday at our pleasant lunch about the pictures in the WEEKLY?
>
> As I said, in an illustrated political paper the pictures express opinions as well as the articles. But if every week the pictures say one thing and the articles another, the paper as a paper has no opinions. One person expresses one view of a subject in an article, and another expresses a different view of the same subject in a picture. The result is that the paper is quoted against itself. If, for instance, the articles support the citizens' movement and the pictures support Tammany, the WEEKLY would be for and against both. Or if the articles sustain reform and the pictures oppose it, the paper could not be claimed as friendly to reform, because it would be felt that no paper would itself obstruct a cause in which it is interested. I think that the WEEKLY was never so powerful as when it opposed the Tweed Ring and the Greeley nomination, and the reason was that its force was undivided. The pictures did not neutralize the text. I do not think that, in the eye of the public, they are any more contributions, in the ordinary sense, than the articles.
>
> So, specifically, in regard to Mr. Blaine. The pictures, like the articles, must be considered in reference to the whole situation.

I should think it very inexpedient at this time to attack or ridicule him, and for two reasons. Because such a course would aid and delight his opponents, who are also the enemies of the principles advocated in the WEEKLY, and because he is the leader of an immense body of Republicans who are friendly to us and whom we do not wish unnecessarily to alienate.

I think that Mr. Putnam expressed to you a very general feeling of wonder, and one which I hear constantly expressed, at the evident discord in the WEEKLY. Yet the difficulty, it seems to me, could be very easily arranged. If the WEEKLY, without regard to the editor of its politics or to the political artist, is to speak its opinions and take its position in the editorial articles, then the pictures should be judged by the simple test of their accord with those articles. If they are not harmonious, then, however good they may be, they should not appear. I state this as a general and sound principle of the conduct of the paper, and without the slightest reference to Mr. Nast or to myself, and I know that you will so understand it. Of course I do not mean that any artist should draw pictures to help what he disapproves, but only that he should not throw the great force of the pictures against the course of the paper. My feeling would be the same if it were decided that the pictures should speak the views of the paper. In that case the articles ought to accord with them. The paper should not be on two sides or have two faces, and it should never give any kind of comfort to those whom it opposes.

These are my views of the true policy of the paper, as far as the political articles and pictures are concerned. In its political part it ought to be a unit. I don't mean merely Republican as against Democrat, but, in the great Republican schism, consistent upon its own side.

This is an unpardonably long note, but as it treats of something in which we are both interested, I hope that you will forgive the length and believe me always

Most truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Curtis refers in his letter, first of all, to the powerful stand the WEEKLY took in the Tweed Ring fight, and I think that it will be generally conceded that Nast bore the brunt of that campaign, and that his cartoons were more effective with Tweed's supporters than the edi-

torials. He also refers to the Greeley nomination, and again in that campaign Nast's caricatures of Greeley were terribly severe, and the fact that he made the Democratic candidate ridiculous went far toward compassing his defeat. When Greeley ran for the Presidency he had the support of a number of prominent Independent Republicans; likewise, when Cleveland was the Democratic presidential nominee, he received the independent support of both parties, and in both cases we unfortunately alienated a number of our Republican friends. Nast's arraignment of Blaine undoubtedly contributed largely to his defeat.

As I remember it, in my conversation with Curtis referred to in his letter, the question primarily at issue was as to what stand Nast would take in the Cleveland-Folger gubernatorial contest.

Nast had sent us a comic which we published, representing himself with his coat off and crayon in hand, ready for a fight, facing the earthworks of Tammany Hall with the legend, "What! surrender without a fight and give them a walkover? Not much!"

Curtis did not know to what extent Nast proposed to go in his adherence to the Republican party; as a matter of fact, Nast treated Cleveland throughout the campaign with the greatest respect, as he expected, with his wonderful intuitive political insight, that he would be obliged to endorse Cleveland in the approaching presidential contest. In his first important cartoon he represented Cleveland in a white garment reaching down to his feet, with a paper crown on his head, standing before a pier-glass, with Tammany Hall and Irving Hall on either side, adjusting wings on him. His title for this cartoon

was "The New Angelic Flying-machine (Patent applied for)," and underneath, for the legend, Grover Cleveland (as head Angel), saying, "Be careful in adjusting the wings, see that *they do not clash.*"

Nast carried Cleveland through the campaign in this angelic make-up, and in another front-page cartoon represented John Kelly as the Boss Sachem of Tammany Hall, with very tiny wings on his shoulders, and entitled the picture "Deep Diplomacy," with the legend underneath: "John Kelly—I'll let them have their way *before* election, but *I* am Boss *afterward*, and don't you forget it." It is not without interest to note that as a detail of this same cartoon, Nast depicted Cleveland in a small sketch hanging upon the wall, showing him suspended in the air, wearing his wings and crown, and pointing to the White House, which the artist has labeled "1884." This prediction, made in 1882 by Nast, was eventually fulfilled, although Cleveland was not yet elected Governor, and had not even been mentioned as a possible presidential candidate.

XXXV

AND now we come to the Cleveland-Blaine presidential campaign. In the opinion of the WEEKLY, Grover Cleveland was not in the ordinary sense a politician. He was an honest man of strong nature and convictions, honestly seeking to do his duty, and he was largely supported by the Independents on account of the enemies he had made among the worst element of his party. On the other hand, the WEEKLY had strongly and consistently protested against the nomination of Blaine. The WEEKLY editorials had pointed out that his nomination would divide the party and would debase it by committing it to the old creed of spoil and high tariff; and that, furthermore, a campaign under Blaine must necessarily become one of explanation and defence. The WEEKLY said:

> The campaign of this year will be one in which the personality of candidates will be more vigorously scrutinized than ever, because there is no great supreme issue of national peril or national policy which will engross the attention of the people, and this scrutiny invites defeat.

Curtis went to the Republican National Convention in Chicago as a delegate, and before the nomination of Blaine was made we received a communication from George Jones, of the New York *Times*, informing us that if Blaine was nominated he would not have the support of the *Times*, and requesting us, should we entertain the

same views in regard to the policy of the WEEKLY, to notify Curtis of the fact. We replied that since Curtis had gone to the convention in his private capacity as a delegate, we thought it would be indelicate, if not impertinent, on our part to attempt to influence his vote in the convention, but that we would not support the Republican ticket with Blaine at its head.

The convention proved to be an exceptionally exciting affair, and Nast, who went as a spectator, told me afterward that when Blaine's name came up for nomination, and just before the vote was taken, there was a general call for Curtis to take the platform and express his views. Nast said—and Nast was not, I regret to say, an enthusiastic admirer of Curtis—that if Curtis had gone up on the platform at this juncture and made one of his ringing extemporaneous speeches, he believed that Blaine's nomination might have been defeated, and that, in his opinion, it was quite possible that Curtis himself might have been nominated. This was probably a crucial point in Curtis's political career, and it has always seemed to me a tragedy in his life that he failed to respond to those complimentary and earnest calls for him to speak and express his views before the assembled convention. Curtis subsequently made the mistake of serving on the nominating committee for the vice-presidential candidate; and the fact that he had actively participated in completing the ticket after Blaine's nomination, made his final opposition to the candidates a subject of violent criticism by many Republicans, and provided material for a vigorous attack on him for his lack of consistency by the stalwarts of the party.

Curtis felt keenly the accusation brought against him

of personal bad-faith in taking part in a convention and then refusing to accept its candidate. His conscience was entirely clear, but he knew that many who had respected and trusted him and followed his leadership, many whom he believed to be as sincere as he was himself, and even some old and cherished friends, could not excuse his action in the matter; and the knowledge was exceedingly hard for him to bear. He wrote in an open letter to one of these critics, "No honorable man in a convention, or out of it, would allow a majority to bind him to a course which he morally disapproved."

Curtis returned from the convention in company with young Theodore Roosevelt, and they discussed the situation thoroughly on their trip to New York and came to the conclusion that it would be very difficult to consistently support Blaine. Roosevelt, however, had a conference afterward with Senator Lodge and eventually fell in line behind Blaine. Curtis came to our office and found that we were unanimously opposed to the support of Blaine, and with a hearty good-will he trained his editorial guns on the "Plumed Knight" of Mulligan letter fame. His work was as effective and deadly as any fight he ever conducted in the WEEKLY.

The Independent Republicans and Democrats, called during the campaign Pharisees and Mugwumps, met at my house in Madison Avenue on June 17th, at eight o'clock, in response to a circular letter which had been sent out to about one hundred and fifty of the most important Independents. The invitation was private and personal, and read to this effect:

You are invited to take part in the consultation in regard to the action necessitated by the resolutions of the Republican Convention.

As the consultation is private, you are asked to hand this card to the attendant at the door, signing it on the back.

As a result of this call, the attendance was numerous and enthusiastic, and the large rooms were crowded with prominent representatives of both parties, who came from Chicago, St. Louis, and other Western cities, as well as from New England and Philadelphia. Carl Schurz was actively present and had prepared resolutions condemning the Republican nominee, concluding with the significant intimation that "we look with solicitude to the coming nomination of the Democratic party. They have the proper men. We hope they will put them before the people." The conference was very impressive.

Colonel Higginson opened the meeting and proposed George William Curtis as chairman. The gathering proved so successful that it was finally moved and carried that we should meet again within a few days and secure larger accommodations, and the place selected was the private theater of the Union League Club, a large hall, which was crowded at the next meeting. Cleveland was nominated on this occasion as the Independent presidential candidate. This nomination was subsequently endorsed by the Democratic National Convention.

The following explanation was published in the WEEKLY of June 28, 1884:

THE POSITION OF HARPER'S WEEKLY

We have received a number of communications asking whether HARPER'S WEEKLY, in opposing the election of Mr. Blaine, is not guilty of a breach of faith toward those who have subscribed to it as a Republican Journal.

There is a short and rapid conclusion to this question. HARPER'S WEEKLY has never been a party organ. It holds to

fundamental Republican principles, and supports the political organization which best represents them; but it has always and emphatically declared its independence of party. It opposed the election of Mr. Cornell in 1879, and condemned the methods of Judge Folger in 1882; and we think that those who have observed the course of the paper can hardly fail to concede that it has never been controlled by the dictation of party machinery.

So far back as 1879 HARPER'S WEEKLY published at the head of its editorial columns a letter signed by the publishers in which this position is clearly asserted. In that letter they said:

"We have a just pride in the position which our WEEKLY has always taken against whatever opposition, in the advocacy of right principles against party wrongs, whether wrongs into which the party has drifted, or wrongs which have been imposed upon it by the dictation of its leaders. . . . It seems to us that it is more important that the party should be reclaimed from a dictatorial leadership that would stultify and demoralize it than that it should succeed under such leadership."

This appeared in the WEEKLY for October 25, 1879. In its prospectus for 1882, published conspicuously at the close of the previous year, the WEEKLY reiterated its declaration of independence as follows:

"HARPER'S WEEKLY disclaims all party allegiance, and maintains a wholly independent position toward men and parties. It accords a hearty support to the Republican party, convinced that the leading principles and general policy of that organization tend to promote the peace and prosperity of the whole country, irrespective of sections; the purity of elections; the maintenance of public credit; and the general elevation of politics and of the government service. But, refusing to be bound to any political 'machine,' HARPER'S WEEKLY reserves the right to dissent, warn, and condemn, whenever occasion for such action may arise."

The prospectus of the WEEKLY for 1884, published in 1883, again asserts its allegiance to principles as against party in these words:

"In the field of politics it (the WEEKLY) holds country above party; and while it upholds the grand fundamental principles of the Republican party, it maintains its right to criticize and dissent."

That the editorial teaching of the paper has been in full accord with these declarations will, we think, be admitted by the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and that its present position is the logical result of the views of duty which it has sought to inculcate must also, we think, be apparent. We freely concede the honesty and patriotism of many Republicans who adhere to the ticket nominated at Chicago; but we must be faithful to our own convictions of political duty, and shall not desist from the expression of them in our columns, trusting that in the end our friends of an opposite way of thinking may be brought to the conclusions which the WEEKLY endeavors by pen and pencil to impress upon the minds of its readers.

So far, then, from betraying the confidence of its readers, HARPER'S WEEKLY pursues an entirely consistent course in opposing a candidate whom it believes to be the representative of all that is destructive of Republican principles. Had it failed to oppose the election of Mr. Blaine, as it strenuously opposed his nomination, it would have been guilty of a most serious "breach of faith," would have stultified its whole record as an independent political journal, and would have justly forfeited the confidence of the public.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

The WEEKLY also added, editorially:

The argument that in an election it is not a man but a party that is supported, and that the Democratic party is less to be trusted than the Republican, is futile at a time when the Republican party has nominated a candidate whom a great body of the most conspicuous Republicans cannot support, and the Democratic party has nominated a candidate whom a great body of the most venal Democrats practically bolt. Distrust of the Democratic party springs from the conduct of the very Democrats who madly oppose Grover Cleveland because they know they cannot use him. The mere party argument is vain also because no honorable man will be whipped in to vote for a candidate whom he believed to be personally disqualified for the Presidency on the ground that a party ought to be sustained. No honest Republican would sustain his party for such a reason, and the honest Republicans who propose to vote for Mr. Blaine will do so because they do not believe, as the protesting Republicans do believe, that he made his official action subserve a per-

sonal advantage. Nothing is more hopeless than an attempt to persuade such Republicans to sustain their party by voting for an unworthy candidate. Should they help to reward such a candidate by conferring upon him the highest official honor in the world, they could not reasonably expect the nomination of a worthier candidate at the next election, and they could not consistently oppose the election of any candidate whom their party might elect. The time to defeat unfit nominations is when they are made, not next time. The nomination of Grover Cleveland is due not so much to the preference of his party as to the general demand of the country for a candidacy which stands for precisely the qualities and services which are associated with his name.

Curtis wrote Nast at this time.

DEAR NAST,—I am sincerely glad to know that you are better, or, what is better still, quite well, and that we are to go into the old, and ever new, fight again side by side.

With every good wish, I am

Very truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Nast's work during the campaign was of a kind to make Blaine wince. He attacked the "Plumed Knight" in his most vulnerable parts and made him ridiculous. Curtis and Nast became the victims of newspaper violence, and all the Blaine organs in the land took occasion in almost every issue to point out their iniquity and to prophesy their imminent degradation and downfall. The abusive letters received by the House could be counted by the thousands, some correspondents going so far as to declare that they would never purchase another periodical or book with our imprint. We calculated, when we decided to oppose the Blaine ticket, that it would probably cost the House about a hundred thousand dollars in business losses; but, in reality, that figure was largely exceeded.

The feeling among the old staunch Republicans, who had passed through the terrible strain of the Civil War, was most bitter against the election of any Democrat to the Presidency. Many of them honestly feared that if Cleveland should be elected the South would again be back in the saddle, and we should have another civil war. But as it turned out, Cleveland's election did more to bring the country together, to break down party prejudices, and to restore universal confidence, than anything that had occurred since the days when the slavery agitation began.

However American citizens may differ upon cardinal principles of public policy, it is monstrous to think that nearly half the population of our country should continue to be regarded as dangerous enemies of the United States. The longer this unnatural condition of affairs was allowed to exist, so much longer would the harmonious stability of our government be deferred. No situation could be imagined which would have been more conducive to such a change than the election of Cleveland, which was made possible by the action of the conscientious and independent members of both parties, and that fact was clearly comprehended by Mr. Cleveland.

The Cleveland-Blaine campaign was acrimonious, bitter, and personal to the last degree. The following terse and vigorous letter was received by the president of the New York Stock Exchange Cleveland Club the day previous to the great Cleveland demonstration of the 9th of October:

DEAR SIR,—Although I retired from active business some five years ago, I have not yet sold my seat in the New York Stock Exchange. The substantial reward for having held the seat so

many years I am about to reap to-day, inasmuch as it enables me—a life-long but disgusted Republican—to join your Cleveland and Hendricks Club. In the name of pure politics it is to be hoped that the good, sound, honest sense of the American nation will prevent so indelible a disgrace as the election of Mr. Blaine from being fastened upon the country.

DE WITT J. SELIGMAN.

The election of Cleveland placed in the Presidential Chair a man whose public career had made him known as a thoroughly courageous, honest, and independent magistrate. He was a Democrat whose party affiliations were but slightly considered in the general confidence of the public in his integrity and public spirit. The election of Cleveland was most noteworthy in the character of the votes which the Republicans lost and the Democrats gained. The Cleveland slogan of the campaign was, "We love him for the enemies he has made," referring to the hide-bound, irreconcilable, make-or-break members of both parties.

Mrs. Harper and I were visiting the Huttons at Princeton some time after Cleveland's second administration, and Laurence Hutton prevailed upon Cleveland, who was physically indisposed at the time, to meet us at his house at dinner. Cleveland made Larry Hutton promise to confine his dinner party to the six, including, of course, Mrs. Hutton and Mrs. Cleveland. I had only met Cleveland casually once or twice, and had never realized up to then what a delightful dinner companion he could be when he felt himself free of restraint and untrammeled by the weight of a formal function.

His conversation was not only enlightening on many public questions which he discussed freely, but it was even vivacious and punctuated with *jeux d'ésprit*, and

yet he had the reputation of being ponderous and dogmatic in his general intercourse. After dinner I was favored with his company all alone for over an hour in Hutton's library, and he detailed to me the why and wherefore of his Venezuelan message. He said that he considered it the most important and, to him, satisfactory act during his incumbency of the White House. The situation in Venezuela, he informed me, had been a festering sore of long duration when he came into office, and he felt sure that it required heroic treatment to prevent it from finally developing into a serious complication between the United States and Great Britain. He was therefore compelled to adopt such measures as would unceremoniously and even rudely arouse Lord Salisbury from his lethargy to an early consideration of the condition of affairs in that country, especially as the government had thus far been repeatedly unsuccessful through the conventional courtesies of official diplomacy.

Davis Rich Dewey says in *The American Nation* series of histories:

> Apparently Lord Salisbury, the British Foreign and Prime Minister, did not even then realize[1] that the United States took more than a sentimental interest in the fortunes of Venezuela, or that it was serious in its insistence upon the application of the Monroe Doctrine to the present dispute.

At this juncture the United States proposed and Great Britain declined to submit the controversy to arbitration. Thereupon Cleveland sent in his message to Congress, which proved to be a bolt out of the blue sky.

> Instead of a time-worn curiosity, the Monroe Doctrine was a sharp-edged tool ready for immediate use.

[1] After Olney's remarkable despatch of July 20, 1895.

Cleveland then asked Congress to authorize the appointment of a special commission to determine the true divisional line between the two countries, which the House passed without debate. Assurance was given that the investigation of the Commission would be hostile to no one, and, to the surprise of many, Great Britain agreed to aid the Commission in their work. The British government now showed a willingness to accept the earlier request of the United States that the boundary be determined by an international tribunal, and in January, 1897, a treaty was signed by Secretary Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote providing for arbitration.

Cleveland told me that the disturbance in Wall Street, resulting from his message to Congress, had not been anticipated by him nor by any member of his Cabinet, and he acknowledged that this feature of the affair was an oversight on his part which should have been provided against. The fact that this mistake was made was subsequently confirmed in a conversation I had on the subject with John G. Carlisle, Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury.

In 1902, on the night of Woodrow Wilson's inauguration as president of Princeton University, Laurence Hutton gave a notable dinner at his home, there being present ex-President Cleveland, ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed, Mark Twain, E. C. Benedict, Col. George Harvey, R. W. Gilder, C. W. Armour, Samuel Elliott, and myself. Cleveland sat at one end of the table and Reed at the other.

I now quote from Gilder's description of the dinner:

> As we went out, there was every prospect of an amusing, story-telling evening. But as the evening went on and there was no general talk, I thought, Well, this is another case of too many lions—one kills the other. After a while, however,

Mr. Elliott spoke up in a "general" voice, asking a serious question about the labor situation, suggested by the violent acts of members of trades unions in connection with the great coal strike. Then there began a conversation on the subject in which all but two or three took part. Mark Twain's talk was partly humorous extravagance and partly conviction; Reed's was most serious. In fact, it was an illuminative discussion, some inclining to find reasons for the laborers, and others principally impressed by the outrages committed by them. Toward the end, Mr. Benedict gave some interesting points in his own experience with workmen.

Finally Mr. Hutton, beginning with a statement that he was "a Cleveland-Reed Republicrat," declared that there was a trustee of Princeton University present, and as we had heard from Mr. Reed, he thought we ought now to hear from Mr. Cleveland. The ex-President and trustee had made only a single remark, and that not important, during the debate. While it was going on he had sat most of the time silent and a part of the time with drooped eyelids, a bit sleepy, perhaps, and no one could tell whether or not he was interested in the give-and-take that was going on. When Hutton tried to call him out, no one knew whether or not he would care just then to give his views on the burning subject.

But quite suddenly Cleveland drew himself up in his chair and began one of the most eloquent and impressive deliverances I have ever heard from him. I was reminded of his look at his second inauguration. His eyes glowed with emotion; his expression was most earnest. He spoke with the fire of intense conviction. He began by saying that he did not know whether he had "any understanding at all" in a debate where some had hinted at a dark future for the American people, possibly a return to monarchy. "What," he said, "is to become of the influence of our universities, our churches, our better press, and of the good men scattered throughout our community! America has been often threatened, but the results, for instance, of the last presidential election show that the people as a whole could not be deceived. In these labor troubles there are wrongs on both sides; but have we made no advance? Look at the situation at this very moment, when a commission appointed by the President of the United States is sitting to decide the points at issue. Is not this a sign of progress? Let us wait. Do not let us despair. Let us see what will come of this commission. I

cannot lose faith in the ultimate right action of the American people."

And more in this same strain. I could not help thinking this: The only man now living (1902) who has been *elected* to the Presidency of the Republic is moved before our eyes to the defence of what is, in a peculiar sense, "his own people."

The little assembly listened with the keenest attention and the most profound respect. A new and solemn mood fell upon every one. There was nothing more to be said. The party broke up, and every one went home under an impression of cheerfulness as to the future of our country.

The first time I met Gilder, the late editor of the *Century*, was on a Fourth Avenue car on my way home from business one afternoon. A drunken man had boarded the car and was making himself very obnoxious, when I called on the conductor to put him off. The intoxicated rowdy then turned his attention exclusively to me, and during the fracas a gentleman handed me his card and said he was obliged to get off the car, but that if I should need the services of a witness, he should be pleased to accommodate me at any time. He was the only passenger who offered any assistance, and yet he was of slight build, a poet in appearance as well as in fact. I recalled the incident at our dinner-table that evening, and then bethought me of the card which was handed to me and which I had not as yet read. I had it brought from my overcoat pocket, where I had carefully deposited it, and read aloud the name Richard Watson Gilder. I have never forgotten that chivalric act on his part.

I recall a popular English novelist, who was an able exponent of the practical effect of British politics in the family circle, who died in December, 1882. I refer to Anthony Trollope, whose story, "The Two Heroines



of Plumplington," was at this time running in our BAZAR.

The universal expression of kindly regret at his death showed not only the instinctive regard for the story-teller, but a special feeling for the professional man of letters who devoted himself to the entertainment of his time. There is a great difference between the Grub Street hack of the eighteenth century and the methodical man of letters of to-day. Indeed, it is only with the modern development of the newspaper and the magazine —that is, of cheap literature—that authorship may be said to have become a lucrative profession. It has its prizes, as Thackeray used to say, like all other professions, and its moderate rewards of diligence. The prizes are the renown which attends the revelation of genius with the consequent pecuniary rewards, and the regular literary business connections which the conditions of modern literature offer. The immense demand for novels has produced a supply, and it is the business of certain writers to issue two or three volumes a year. Trollope is said to have produced some fifty novels in less than thirty years, beside his work in the Post-Office, and occasional volumes upon different topics.

If we take one of the most prosperous and famous of English authors, Charles Dickens, for example, we find that he was a methodical professional man of letters. He went into his study at a certain hour, as a lawyer goes to his office, and he passed a definite part of the day there writing. Even if his pen did not glide rapidly along the page, he still kept his place and fulfilled his time. Yet no man had less the purpose of entering upon a professional literary career. Few youths who become professional

authors will become Dickenses; and many a youth who believes himself to be a Dickens will yet find it impossible to become a professional author.

The "Easy Chair" sagely remarked:

> The professional author, as distinguished from the few literary masters of any epoch, is the result of natural selection. Trollope began early to write acceptable stories, and he never lost his hold of a large body of readers. But diligent and methodical writer as he was, devoting a certain number of hours to his task every day, he held for many years some post in a public office. He knew how precarious is the dependence upon a public demand for the particular literary work that one person supplies, unless it be a work of routine, or unless it be that of an acknowledged master. His advice, or that of Dickens, would doubtless have been the same. It would have been that the youth should not resolve to become a professional man of letters, but that, feeling the impulse to write, he should test not only its power but its attractions for others. If he should discover that he could write what the world wished to read, he would naturally become as Trollope was—a professional man of letters. But even Dickens, if the *Sketches* had failed, if *Pickwick* could not have found a publisher—in a word, plausible suggestion!—if Dickens had not been Dickens, he would have been only such a professional man of letters as every clever reporter is.
>
> Having proved his power, Trollope devoted himself to his task of story-telling with unwearying constancy. He photographed certain aspects of the English social life of his time, and certain familiar characters, with humorous and graphic fidelity. They were not touched, indeed, with that light of creative imagination which admits them to the company of the immortal figures of song and story, but the historians will see in them the social England of the latter half of the nineteenth century, and be grateful to the shrewd eye and patient hand that did him so great a service.

Early in 1883 Harper & Brothers offered a prize for the best illustration of a Christmas hymn, specifying certain conditions under which the competition should be entered, it being designed that the sum awarded to the successful



contestant should be used to aid in the further prosecution of his study of art. The first prize, $3,000, was to be awarded to the best original drawing appropriate to Christmas and suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and three additional prizes of $500 each were to be awarded such other drawings as might be deemed suitable for use in HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

On August 6, 1883, the Committee formally reported to Harper & Brothers that they had carefully examined each one of the three hundred and thirty-eight drawings submitted, and had unanimously agreed that they were not justified, under the conditions of the competition, in awarding any prize.

April 28, 1884, the firm addressed the Art Committee as follows:

MESSRS. R. SWAIN GIFFORD,
F. D. MILLET &
CHARLES PARSONS,
Art Competition Committee:

DEAR SIRS,—We enclose herewith our check for five thousand dollars, and in accordance with your kind offer of the 18th inst., we hereby appoint you trustees of the amount, to be known as the "Harper Art Scholarship Fund," the interest thereof to be used at your discretion for the encouragement of art students not over thirty years of age in the prosecution of art study.

We should like it to be understood that should any of you retire from this trust, or for any reason cease to administer the same, his place shall be filled by the remaining trustee or trustees, subject to the approval of Harper & Brothers.

This the Committee duly acknowledged, agreeing to the terms proposed. This offer was made in view of an opportunity that had presented itself to render available the sum originally allotted by us for the competition.

About a year before, the late Julius Hallgarten had placed in the hands of two trustees the sum of $5,000, the interest of which was to be devoted to the assistance of deserving art students. The trustees decided to devote the income of this fund to the support of American students of art in the foreign schools, and had been taking the preliminary steps toward the establishment of a European art scholarship, but all definite action had been postponed until the time when the income should have sufficiently increased to warrant the beginning of the experiment. The trustees of the Harper fund gladly joined the Hallgarten trustees to promote the common purpose, and a joint meeting of the trustees resolved to combine the interest accruing from the respective funds for the two years, the same to be applied to the sending of a deserving art student abroad; and that the method of choosing the jury to select the holder of the scholarship should be by artists' suffrage.

It was decided that the competition for the first scholarship should take place the next December. The trustees of the Hallgarten fund were Felix Adler, Augustus St. Gaudens, J. C. Beckwith, and T. W. Dewing; and the trustees of the Harper fund were R. Swain Gifford, F. D. Millet, Charles Parsons, Frederick S. Church, and Charles W. Truslow.

The Harper-Hallgarten Fund inaugurated the first art scholarship instituted in this country. It was presented to E. L. Major at the rooms of the Art Students' League on the 7th of January, 1885, in the presence of an assemblage of artists and their friends. Interesting addresses were made by Prof. Felix Adler, F. D. Millet, J. Carroll Beckwith, and W. J. Stillman. If ever there was an in-

vigorating art atmosphere, it pervaded the pleasant rooms on that occasion. Major received warm congratulations, especially from the trustees and the jury of the fund, who were seated upon the platform, and from the associates of both sexes in the Art Students' League. He left at once for a two years' sojourn in Paris and other foreign capitals.

Poe's poetical masterpiece, *The Raven*, elaborately illustrated by Doré, was the most attractive art-book published by us for the holiday season of 1883. Gustave Doré's attention had already frequently been directed to *The Raven* as a subject for pictorial treatment, and when our proposition reached him, suggesting this poem for his consideration and offering him thirty thousand francs for drawings for a companion volume to the *Ancient Mariner*, which had been illustrated by him, we found Doré in a receptive mood.

Before he began the drawings I called on him at his studio in Paris, where he was at work on his statue of Alexandre Dumas, and when I approached the subject of the illustrations to *The Raven*, he replied in a jocular way that there was nothing in the poem but "Nevermore, Nevermore." He added that he considered it most difficult for pictorial interpretation, and that it would be necessary for him to largely paraphrase the text and fortify the material with conceptions of his own imagination, and that it would further require a clear understanding of the general sense of the poem, which he took to be the enigma of Death and the hallucination of the inconsolable soul.

After some talk, he asked me how long I expected to remain in Paris. I told him only a few days, as I was on

my way to Switzerland with my family, and should be gone a couple of months or so. Doré exclaimed, "That is fine; I shall have them all finished by the time you return." Sure enough, when I got back to Paris and again visited him, the drawings were all completed and hung in a line around his studio wall. Some of them were a little too Frenchy in their accessories, especially in the matter of furniture, and this I pointed out to him, and he very willingly made the slight changes desired. With these exceptions the drawings were entirely satisfactory and were, in fact, fine examples of Doré's remarkable work in black and white.

Poe's genius found its counterpart in that of Doré. Both were similarly endowed with active and daring, but rather erratic and unconfined, imagination. Both reveled in the weird, the grotesque, the gloomy, the shadowy, and their conceptions were more or less morbid. Both were extravagant and melodramatic, but, none the less, each was habitually companioned by grand and poetic fancies bearing the stamp of genuine originality. Possessing these qualities in common, it is not remarkable that Doré was attracted by Poe's *Raven*, and while strictly conforming to the prevalent spirit and general tendencies of Poe's conception, Doré not infrequently added to or materially enlarged its weird fantasies by pursuing them further on affiliated lines. It is an interesting fact, and one which imparts a peculiar value to the volume, that this was Doré's last work. The poetic "nevermore" proved a prophetic refrain to the brooding painter.

I recall an anecdote which John Kendrick Bangs related to me in regard to Poe. He told me that late one

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evening on their way home from a club dinner, his father, Francis N. Bangs, the brilliant lawyer, who was for years our legal adviser and friend, and my cousin, "Joe Brooklyn," saw a man clinging to a lamp-post. His hat had rolled into the street, and Francis Bangs politely picked it up and handed it to the limp gentleman, who thanked him profusely, and said that they might probably like to know the name of the man indebted to them for so much courtesy, and he then solemnly introduced himself as Mr. Edgar Allan Poe. Bangs replied that it was a curious coincidence, as his name was Tay and his friend's Toe. Poe immediately observed that they were well met, for together they made a potato, and, bowing very low, continued his uncertain perambulations.

XXXVI

JAMES R. OSGOOD, the popular and ubiquitous publisher, began his chosen career in 1855, in the Boston house of Ticknor & Fields, as confidential clerk, which position he held until the death of William D. Ticknor in 1864, when he became a partner. In 1868 H. M. Ticknor withdrew from the firm, and the title of the house was changed to Fields, Osgood & Co., and it so remained until 1870, when James T. Fields retired and Osgood became the head of the house and the firm's name was changed to James R. Osgood & Co. In 1878 he joined the house of H. O. Houghton & Co., and the title of the firm was changed to Houghton, Osgood & Co. In 1880 Osgood withdrew from this firm and formed a new partnership with E. L. Osgood, T. B. Ticknor, and J. H. Ammon, under the title of James R. Osgood & Co. In 1885 Osgood made an assignment and accepted an offer from us to become our representative in London, which position was to have been filled by Edward Seymour, of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., if it had not been for his untimely death in the prime of life, just as he had made his mark as one of our leading publishers. Seymour was a most agreeable and estimable gentleman and an indefatigable worker, whose loss was keenly felt by the Trade generally and by a large circle of friends.

Osgood was no stranger in London, and his familiarity

with American authors and American publications made him the best man available for the position.

On Easter Monday, April 26, 1886, we gave Osgood a grand farewell dinner at Delmonico's, the menu for which was very cleverly illustrated by Thomas Nast. The obverse side represented Osgood in a big ulster, with hat and stick in hand, and on opening the flaps of his overcoat he was disclosed standing, making a speech, with the bill-of-fare printed on his shirt-front. On the reverse side, entitled the Last Toast, Osgood was shown from a rear view, slightly shaky on his feet, and saying, "I would like to see any artist draw me under the table," and on his back was a placard on which was printed "A category of certain nourishment imparted to James R. Osgood by various gentlemen who desire thereby to mitigate and assuage to themselves the emotion with which they view his approaching departure for an inferior country." The guests' names were given, apparently, in Latin: for example, Howells was Guglielmus Decimus; Abbey, Edwinius Ambrosius; Smith, Franciscus Hopkinsoniensus, etc.

Osgood's introduction to London was a formal affair in one way, but the formality of the reception tendered him soon assumed a delightful aspect of freedom at an elaborate dinner which followed, both functions having been due to the courteous attention of E. A. Abbey, who had invited a most alluring coterie of friends to meet him. Osgood was presented as the English representative of our House, and the speeches addressed to him and the good-fellowship shown him were a fair indication of the general interest in the publishing house he represented, and a promising omen for the young firm

he was soon to found, which, I regret to say, was of only too short duration.

When the International Copyright bill passed, Osgood promptly seized the opportunity to establish a house in London, and with our co-operation the firm of James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. began its existence at 45 Albemarle Street, assuming our agency and the publication of the English edition of our MAGAZINE.

Clarence W. McIlvaine was graduated by Princeton in 1885, where he left a fine record for scholarship, after which he came to us for some years, occupying a position in our literary department, during which time, among other valuable suggestions, he originated the Odd Number Series, a novel conceit, thoughtfully and ably carried out, which proved very successful in its day. When Osgood decided to form an independent house in London we agreed with his proposition, provided he would accept McIlvaine as a partner, and in this respect he was only too glad to accommodate us. McIlvaine was conspicuously happy in the make-up of the publications of the young firm, and their title-pages and covers always testified to his good taste and admirable typographical judgment.

In 1891 the London *Times* said:

> If the American firm which has established itself in Albemarle Street goes on as it has begun, it will prove a formidable rival to English purveyors of fiction.

The new firm made steady progress in London, and before long included in their list of publications the names of some of the most popular authors, such, for instance, as those of Black and Hardy in England, and a long list of prominent American authors, which they

had secured through their connections with leading houses on this side. Their Library Edition of Thomas Hardy's novels was not only most attractive in its make-up, but also gave evidence that the house had set a standard for themselves which would not fall short of the best obtainable in the field of English literature.

I repeat simply the universal verdict I found current in London when I say that the firm made the happiest impression in all business and social relations; and I was assured that it would be difficult to find men who were better qualified to represent the House of Harper, and to cement still closer their pleasant relations with English authors and publishers.

While I was in London in July, 1888, Osgood was elected a member of the "Reform Club," and Black wrote me as follows:

DEAR MR. HARPER,—Osgood says you thought of sending some little paragraph about his election at the Reform Club to the WEEKLY—which I think would interest his many friends in America. Well, then, if you do that, I suppose the only thing to be mentioned is that he is one of the only two Americans ever elected to the Club—Henry James being the other. But many Americans have enjoyed the hospitality of the Club—some for the period of a month, some for a year; both of these compliments having been paid to J. R. O. before he was elected a permanent member.

I hope you and your family are all well—and that we may see you all down at Brighton when next you come over.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BLACK.

Soon afterward McIlvaine was also elected a member of the Reform Club. This is one of the most distinguished clubs of London, and it is a marked compliment for a foreigner to be included in its membership.

It was a sad misfortune that Osgood should die so soon after he had established his London business. He had worked hard and faithfully and was about to settle down comfortably to enjoy his well-earned relaxation when *finis* was recorded below his life's work, and the volume of his wide experience and invaluable services as a publisher was closed forever.

From the numerous tokens of appreciation and sympathy sent to his partner, Clarence W. McIlvaine, after Osgood's death, I select but one letter which was written by the well-known author, Quiller-Couch.

FOWEY, CORNWALL, *July* 18, 1892.

. . . I cannot tell you what a shock it was. Osgood was one of the first acquaintances I made on coming to London, and I can never forget his kindness and sympathy for a mere boy who had no possible claim on his regards. He was not only a good fellow to the core, but I think the pleasantest and straightest man I've ever done business with. But what's the use of saying this when everybody who came to do business with him remained a personal friend? There is something particularly sad in his death at a time when he was well on the road to a big success, and, I suppose, to realize the great aim of his life.

But some of the success he certainly touched, in the splendid list of books turned out in the last years of his life, and the most respected reputation ever won, in all probability, by a publishing house. Still, it's as a good man, a wise adviser that his friends will remember him; and I trust never to forget that he gave me a helping hand when I most needed it.

If all the men to whom he had shown kindness were to say so at once, there would be a pretty big shout in the land. . . .

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

Osgood was buried in London, and among the mourners were the numerous friends who had so joyously welcomed him at Abbey's dinner in June, 1886; they gathered around his new-made grave and marveled at the many



warm friendships he had formed and the important business structure he had reared in six short years.

W. D. Howells said of Osgood:

> He was as generous as he was adventurous; he had a mind quick to conceive and prompt to execute; he carried into business the whole sympathies of a poet and the ardor of an idealist. A word from you sufficed for his swift intelligence; a word from him was a pledge which he felt bound to fulfil.

His capable and esteemed young partner continued the English business until it was finally absorbed by the home concern, when McIlvaine became, and still remains, a vice-president of Harper & Brothers, in charge of the London branch of the House.

I must not omit to mention the loss of a popular contributor to our periodicals who passed away a few years before Osgood. Col. William A. Seaver, an associate of the House for many years, died very suddenly in January, 1883, of pneumonia. He was a man of ready humor, observant and affable, and his death was widely regretted. In 1868 Colonel Seaver was placed in charge of the "Editor's Drawer" of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, a post for which he was well qualified by his acquaintance with men, his position in society, and his rare aptitude as a *raconteur*.

The *Hour*, in an obituary notice, said:

> On Monday last the flags at half-mast on some of the well-known club-houses of this city conveyed to the members the sad news of the sudden death of their associate William A. Seaver. The genial gentleman and good companion will be missed and mourned on both sides of the Atlantic. Wilkie Collins, Edmund Yates, Henry Irving, and a host of literary men will join William M. Evarts, Judge Brady, and scores of others eminent on the bench, at the bar, in the pulpit, as well as in the journalistic

profession here, in doing honor to his memory. His friends, who were legion, will join in a common and sincere lament that "a fellow of infinite jest" has gone over to the silent majority. Like Charles Lamb, Seaver loved the cheerful world to which he had become fondly accustomed, and for those who knew him intimately to think of him as dead is to reflect how much enjoyment of life had disappeared. By his colaborers in Franklin Square Colonel Seaver will be always most kindly remembered.

Sir Francis Seymour Haden, the English artist and author, used to tell how when he was a boy he would save his money until he had twenty-five or fifty dollars, and then, having bought an exquisite engraving, would sit up all night with it. But in his later years he sat up with etchings instead.

Sir Francis came to our office while he was in New York, and I remember him as a most fascinating talker and a typical English gentleman of fine presence. I asked him to write and illustrate an article for our MAGAZINE, and he suggested several subjects to me, and we finally settled on a small portion of the Doone country, which he said he had discovered. After he left I explained the proposed article to Alden, and he informed me that he had the previous day accepted a story on the same lines; accordingly I immediately notified Haden of the fact. In reply he strongly expressed his doubts that the contribution was identical with his discovery, and asked to see the manuscript, which I forthwith sent him. After reading it he expressed his surprise, but admitted that it was just what he had in mind to write, and he offered to illustrate the article we had submitted to him, in which suggestion we were very pleased to acquiesce.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in a number of his *Portfolio*, published during 1883, gave an interesting notice of a



book by William Hamilton Gibson, an American artist and author, which we had just published. He said:

> We have seldom come across a more delightful book in its way than *Highways and Byways of New England*, by William H. Gibson. As the title indicates, the letterpress is descriptive of rural life and scenery; a love of nature that is Wordsworthian in its reverence, the close and patient observation of an artist, the peculiar humors of a genial American in the study of men and things—these are qualities that give quite individual freshness and vigor to Mr. Gibson's account of his wanderings, sketch-book in hand, up hill and down dale. The contents of the sketch-book furnish the illustrations to the book, most of them accurate and exceedingly careful and intricate studies of foreground material, or of groups of plants and flowers, or insects and birds, with also some general landscape subjects. The skill with which these notes and studies have been reproduced by the wood-engravers is beyond praise. The varied tone, the imitative interpretation of the artist's touch, the intelligent following of his delicate effects of light and dainty drawing of form, make these among the most beautiful examples of the American school of wood-engraving which we have seen.

Gibson's first work appeared in our MAGAZINE for August, 1878. Gibson was a most earnest and assiduous worker, and a true lover of nature. As illustrator, painter, and author he made a deep impression in his day, and it would be hard to say whether his pen was mightier than his pencil, or vice versa.

Gibson was surpassed by only a few of our poets in his passion for nature and in the fidelity with which he pictured her sweetest surprises and poetic nooks and crannies. His cunning hand and nimble pen laid bare many of her delightful near-at-home haunts to the joy of a host of amateur artists and nature-lovers. His pencil was always unerring in its grace and refinement, and his bound volumes are portfolios richly filled with the beautiful and picturesque. Gibson was a devotee who left

his impress on contemporary artists devoted to the reproduction of the delicate and exquisite in nature through the medium of black-and-white interpretation. The publications of such works as *Highways and Byways* and Abbey's *She Stoops to Conquer* were memorable events in the history of American art and of American printing.

I suppose that one of our greatest artists in the field of diplomatic affairs was John Hay, and as an instance of his astuteness in business matters I give the following communication:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR MR. HARPER,—The author of the *Bread-Winners* requests me to ask you whether there may be a shilling or so coming to him by way of copyright. If there is anything, and you will send it to me, I will see that he gets it. He seems a well-meaning person, with a large and interesting family.

Hoping the year has brought you much to be thankful for,

I am yours sincerely,

JOHN HAY.

Few stories published of late years have excited more general attention than *The Bread-Winners*. The popularity of the tale was widely attested by the verdict of those who read it as it appeared serially in *The Century*, and the literary skill of the work is undeniable. It is an interest of portraiture rather than of plot, and the story is social in the usual sense rather than that which the title suggests. It is not a polemical novel, and does not deal primarily with the question of bread-winning, although the social relations of "labor and capital" are involved in the tale. It is a thoroughly American novel, and reveals the practised eye of wide experience. It is works of this standard which show that the genius for American story-telling is already well developed among us.

William H. McElroy published the following amusing

article on the question of the authorship of *The Bread-Winners:*

THAT MYSTERY

The Rev. Dr. Mendenhall has announced that he is the author of *The Bread-Winners.—News Item*, Tuesday.

Mr. Watson Gilder, the editor of *The Century*, in which *The Bread-Winners* first appeared, states that the Rev. Dr. Mendenhall did not write the book.—*News Item*, Wednesday.

Mr. J. Henry Harper, of Harper & Brothers, the firm that published *The Bread-Winners* in book form, asserts that Dr. Mendenhall is not the author.—*News Item*, Thursday.

The Mayor of Cleveland declines to be interviewed in reference to the authorship of *The Bread-Winners.—News Item*, Friday.

The Rev. Dr. Mendenhall declares that he never said that he wrote *The Bread-Winners.—News Item*, Saturday.

Who wrote *The Bread-Winners?*
Pray tell us, John Hay,
Your silence has led sinners
Pranks knavish to play;
With greed quite infernal
Your laurels they'd seize,
Confound them, O Colonel,
Speak, Colonel, do please!
But Hay, says he,
His eyes a-blinkin',
"Suppose we talk
Of Abraham Lincoln?"

O, you Watson Gilder,
For Truth's sake confess,
Your conduct has filled her
With deepest distress;
By you who first printed
The Bread-Winners tale,
Be its author plain hinted,
Speak, Gilder, don't fail!
But G., says he,
With puckering lip,
"Suppose we talk
Of the prevalent grip?"

O, J. Henry Harper,
 Enlighten us pray,
Confound every carper
 By pointing at Hay;
You certainly know, sir,
 The secret unfold,
O, tell us sub rosa;
 Come, Harper, speak bold.
 But H., says he,
 In tones that thrill,
 "Suppose we talk
 Of the Copyright Bill?"

O, Cleveland (Ohio),
 Great history's muse,
The lute-playing Clio,
 For knowledge she sues;
O, beautiful city,
 Drive darkness away,
On Clio have pity,
 Unmask Colonel Hay!
 But C., says she,
 With coolest nerve,
 "Didst never hear
 Of the Western reserve?"

The Bread-Winners in due course was claimed by several individuals. The author was known only to R. W. Gilder, my cousin, Joseph W. Harper, and myself, and all correspondence was carried on through one of these three custodians of the secret and the anonymity of authorship was successfully preserved.

My uncle, Fletcher Harper, while traveling abroad, called one day at his banker's in Rome and was introduced by him to a gentleman who professed to be the author of *The Bread-Winners*. On his return to New York my uncle told me that he had met the author, and when I asked his name I found it to be that of a well-

known New Yorker, but not the author of *The Bread-Winners*. My uncle was, of course, much surprised when I acquainted him with the fact, and thought that I must be in error, as the gentleman had so represented himself extensively in Rome. Of late years the authorship has been generally surmised, but with the consent of his widow, I now acknowledge that the late John Hay was the author of *The Bread-Winners*.

Pursuant to the following communication I made a most important and valued acquaintance:

THE ATHENÆUM, PALL MALL, S. W.,
Wednesday, June 5, '83.

MY DEAR MR. HARPER,—Yes—they told me you were out—I should be pleased to see you here, but as I am not quite sure of being in, perhaps it will be safer for me to call on you about five, as before. My wife has not yet come up to town, to a place of our own as usual, which is why I have no address but this.

Yours truly,
T. HARDY.

If I should miss you again to-day, do call on me here between 11 and 12 to-morrow.

The first time I met Thomas Hardy he called on me in accordance with the above note, and suggested that we should take a stroll together. We turned out of Albemarle Street and wandered along Piccadilly to Hyde Park, where we sat down on a bench, and Hardy took a roll of paper from his pocket and began to read off a list of titles, from which he wished to select one for his forthcoming novel, and honored me by requesting my practical advice in regard to the most suitable and striking one. They all impressed me as admirable, but finally they were resolved down to what we agreed was the

best. I think it was *The Return of the Native*. Hardy was always particular about the titles of his novels, and it seems to me that no author has ever been more happy in the christening of his stories. I always found Hardy an exceedingly courteous and sociable companion, and extremely modest withal for a man so pre-eminent among English authors. As any one of his readers will bear witness, Hardy thoroughly knows his England, socially, picturesquely, and architecturally. His strong character-studies and his wonderful appreciation of English scenery and floral life make his society always most agreeable, and a country walk with him is a treat indeed.

Hardy told me that his first conception of Tess was derived from a glimpse he had of a comely country lass sitting in the tail end of a cart which rumbled past him as he was strolling along the road. Her pretty face was so sad and appealing as it slowly disappeared from view that it haunted him many a day, and he evolved from this transient vision the story which has become an English classic.

After our serialization of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, in HARPER'S BAZAR, Hardy offered us a new story he had in hand for publication in our MAGAZINE. We wrote to him, saying that we should be delighted to have another serial from his pen to run in our MONTHLY, but that for obvious reasons we must first be assured that it would be in every respect suitable for a family magazine. Hardy replied that it would be a tale that could not offend the most fastidious maiden; so we began *Jude the Obscure*. It had not progressed far in Hardy's hands, before he informed us that he was distressed to say the development of the story was carrying him into unexpected fields and

he was afraid to predict its future trend. With the keenest sense of the awkwardness of the situation, he promptly and magnanimously proposed that we should either cancel our agreement with him and discontinue the story, or make any changes in the serial form which we might deem desirable. Alden accordingly wrote to Hardy:

Aug. 29, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. HARDY,—We received your obliging telegram, and now we have your letter of the 19th. You are right. My objections are based on a purism (not mine, but our readers'), which is undoubtedly more rigid here than in England. Our rule is that the MAGAZINE must contain nothing which could not be read aloud in any family circle. To this we are pledged. You will see for yourself our difficulty, and we fully appreciate the annoyance you must feel at being called upon to modify work conscientiously done, and which is best as it left your hands, from an artist's point of view. I assure you that I felt properly ashamed for every word of protest I had to write to you about the second instalment of "The Simpletons." In the portraiture of the situation there was an artistic excellence surpassing anything I have seen in the fiction of to-day. In some of the greatest French novels there is shown as much frankness, but not the same honesty and restraint. I delighted in your pictures of a life that still kept to its animal plane—in the piggery, pig-chasing, and even in the pig-killing, in the native cunning of Arabella's girl companions, and even in the native artfulness of Arabella herself as she pursues her seductive scheme; all of which is emphasized by contrast with your hero's aspiration; and no one could help feeling the pathos of this broken aspiration.

It is a pity that you should touch a word of the story, but you have been very good to lend yourself so kindly and so promptly to our need, when the task is in itself so ungraceful.

I did not much deprecate the pig-killing scene, and my objection was based upon the indignation shown by many of our readers because of a recent sketch by Owen Wister, exposing most frankly the cruelty to animals in our Western ranches.

When you have a moment of leisure I wish you would let me have some points about your personal life—such as could serve for a brief article I am to prepare for HARPER'S WEEKLY, to appear with your portrait a little before the publication of "The

Simpletons." The article will deal mainly with your work, but I should like to give it just a touch of personal reality.

"The Simpletons," afterward "Hearts Insurgent," as it appeared in the MAGAZINE, was published by us in its original form as a book with the title *Jude the Obscure*. In view of our protest Hardy, without any expression of iritation, rewrote one of the chapters, and we made some modifications as the story ran through the MAGAZINE; but it was not discontinued, as, in the opinion of the most conservative judges we consulted, it was not considered unavailable for magazine use. *Jude* is not meat for babes—it is a most powerful novel, true to nature, and Hardy's many admirers regret only too acutely the fact that the great and popular author has determined to conclude his series of novels with that work —novels which will be famous as long as English fiction rules.

John Oliver Hobbs said of *Jude:*

That ranks in my mind with Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." Its greatness goes beyond literature and challenges comparison with all works of amazing genius.

Hardy has always been an ultra-sensitive and conscientious writer, and some of the brutal and ignorant attacks made on *Jude* discouraged and disgusted him.

He wrote us December 24, 1895, as follows:

MAX GATE, NEAR DORCHESTER.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS:

DEAR SIRS,—I have just received the form of agreement forwarded by you. As some of its clauses are new to me, our previous agreements having been brief ones by letter, I will consider it a little before returning it.

I write for the moment on another question respecting *Jude*. I am much surprised, and I may say distressed, by the nature of the attack on it in the N. Y. *World*, which has just come into my hands. This is the only American notice of the novel I have yet seen, except Mr. Howells's in the WEEKLY. I do not know how far the *World* is representative of American feeling and opinion. But it is so much against my wish to offend the tastes of the American public, or to thrust any book of mine upon readers there, that if it should be in your own judgment advisable, please withdraw the novel.

You will probably know that it has been received here with about equal voices for and against—somewhat as was *Tess* received. All sensible readers here see at least that the intention of the book is honest and good. I myself thought it was somewhat overburdened with the interests of morality.

I have also received the application for the production of the play of *Tess* in America. I fear I may not be able to give an answer so soon as asked for, but I will let you know as soon as possible. Though if *Jude* is much assailed over there, it would perhaps be better to let the play question rest a while.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS HARDY.

To which we replied as follows:

Jan. 6, 1896.

DEAR MR. HARDY,—The Messrs. Harper have your letter of December 24, 1895, and they have shown me what you say respecting the N. Y. *World's* notice of *Jude*.

I am sorry that the writer of this notice chose to give such form to his review, and I am sure that my regret would be shared by American critics generally. You are, of course, aware of the fact that you have made a bold innovation in fiction, and it cannot be wholly a surprise to you that a large number of your readers are unprepared to go all your way with you in full sympathy. But your artistic impulse is so strong and so urgent that you doubtless have failed to fully measure the revolt against accidental features of your treatment. The notice in the *World*, though not a fair presentation, is yet to some extent representative of the revolt.

After all, the novel stands as the strongest of your works. As a book it is not invasive; the reader is not such by compulsion—it is his choice to buy or to pass.

I do not think that there is anything in the situation to lead you to postpone the proposed play of *Tess*. If it is a good play it will stand on its merits.

Wishing you every success and a Happy New Year, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

H. M. ALDEN.

I received the following kind suggestion from Hardy, of which I duly availed myself:

1, ARUNDEL TERRACE, TRINITY ROAD, UPPER TOOTINGS, S. W.,
MONDAY EVENING.

DEAR MR. HARPER,—I have just received a note from Mr. Du Maurier, in which he suggests that, instead of our meeting and dining at my club, you and I come and lunch with him—one of his reasons being that he wants me to see the grouping of his drawing for the story before he finishes it off. He is going away after this week, and asks us to come to-morrow, or Wednesday, or Thursday. To-morrow would suit him best.

I will therefore call for you to-morrow at 12—with the view of our going together—*unless* you send me a telegram on receipt of this, saying that you would prefer Wednesday or Thursday.

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS HARDY.

I ought to have said before that Mr. Du Maurier will be glad to make your acquaintance.

When we entered George du Maurier's cheerful home I found the walls of the entrance-hall covered with his original drawings of illustrations which had appeared in *Punch;* and he afterward told me that he thought they would be as good a legacy as he could leave his family, for they would probably be more valuable after he was gone. Right across the hall lay his famous dog Chang, who was pictured in so many of his *Punch* comics, and we were obliged to climb over him to effect an entrance. Du Maurier's family received us with the most cordial hospitality, and after the introductions we were ushered into

the dining-room. The editor of *Punch*—I think it was Tom Taylor—had recently died, and that afternoon a successor was to be chosen, which accounted for Du Maurier's nervousness, which was quite apparent as we sat down to luncheon. The names of several available candidates came up and were discussed, and finally Hardy asked what chance F. C. Burnand had. "None at all," replied Du Maurier, "for he is a Roman Catholic, and every one is aware of the emphatic stand *Punch* has always taken against Romanism." But notwithstanding that, Burnand was elected editor, as we heard the next day. I have always thought that Du Maurier would have made a most competent editor, and I am sure that he must have considered himself a possible candidate.

Henry James said of Du Maurier:

> He has interpreted for us for so many years the social life of England that the interpretation has become the text itself. We have accepted his types, his categories, his conclusions, his sympathies, and his ironies. It is not given to all the world to thread the mazes of London society, and for the great body of the disinherited, the vast majority of the Anglo-Saxon public, Mr. Du Maurier's representation is the thing represented. Is the effect of it to nip in the bud any remote yearning for personal participation? I feel tempted to say yes, when I think of the follies, the flatnesses, the affectations and stupidities which his teeming pencil has made so vivid. But that vision immediately merges itself in another—a panorama of tall, pleasant, beautiful people placed in becoming attitudes in charming gardens, in luxurious rooms, so that I can scarcely tell which is the more definite, the impression satiric or the impression plastic.

At one time Du Maurier described most minutely his plot of *Trilby* to James, and offered him the story if he thought it worth telling. Du Maurier told me that James was favorably impressed with the tale as he nar-



rated it, and assured him that if he would write it out in the natural way in which he had recounted it, he would surely make a success of it.

Du Maurier began to furnish us with full-page comics for the "Drawer" of our MAGAZINE in May, 1888.

His amusing pictures of people in London society were not caricatures, but, as Du Maurier assured me, faithful representations of the ridiculous side of life as he saw it. Bishops and flunkies, he admitted, were his favorite types for illustration, and many of the absurd situations which he has depicted were actual occurrences. The gowns and bonnets which he drew were true to the fashions of the times, and were largely copied from those worn by his wife and daughters. Du Maurier lived on the top of a hill, at the edge of Hampstead Heath, in a house full of works of art. A little grandson and his dogs, who often appeared in his pictures, were among his companions. Amid these home-like surroundings this man, who pictured fun for the English-reading public for over thirty years, led an ideal home life.

Du Maurier was born in Paris, but was fetched away from there while still young, and in due time was put to work in the laboratory of University College, in London, to learn to be a chemist. But he gave promise of being so bad a chemist, and showed such an incorrigible propensity to draw pictures, that he was sent back to Paris again to study art, which he did in the same academy with Poynter and Whistler. Later he went to Antwerp, where he had Alma Tadema for a fellow-student. When Leech died, Du Maurier was appointed to his seat at the round table in the office of *Punch*. He obeyed the summons and carved his monogram on the board between those of the

bosom friends Thackeray and Leech. His talent in devising the legends for his drawings was uniformly happy, and in this respect he was unsurpassed by any man who ever drew for *Punch*. They were not always so concise as Leech's, but for truth of expression, felicitous colloquialism, and, above all, for foreign accent, he was a master.

The first story we published for George du Maurier was *Peter Ibbetson*, bringing it out both serially and in book form. It did not prove very successful, although thought by many of his critics to represent his best work.

Du Maurier wrote it first in English and then translated it into French, with which language he was equally familiar, and then back again into English, so as to make sure of the literary finish, of which he was extremely fastidious. I expressed my astonishment once at the extraordinary facility with which he wrote, and he replied:

> Not at all, my boy; I have been writing short chapters of society romances for years. Why, the letterpress which accompanies my work in *Punch* requires more study and attention than the drawings themselves, and in that way I have passed through a most laborious school of training in English diction.

Then *Trilby* came along, and we also bought that outright for serial use and book form and dramatic rights as well for this country. I doubt if a serial novel ever made such a tremendous and immediate popular hit. It was talked of everywhere and on all occasions; numerous articles of merchandise were named after it; one saw Trilby this and Trilby that everywhere. As the novel drew near its conclusion in the MAGAZINE, we received a most pathetic letter from an afflicted mother telling

us that her daughter was desperately ill and would probably survive but a few weeks, and that she was anxious to see the final chapters of *Trilby* before she died. We sent her the last instalment, and before its appearance in our MAGAZINE the young woman had passed through the portals of earthly fiction to the great realities of the unknown.

The commercial success of *Trilby* was so unexpected that we gave Du Maurier, in addition to the sum we had agreed to pay him, a royalty on the sales in book form and the bulk of the American dramatic rights, which provisions brought him a very large additional sum of money.

William D. Howells says:

> Du Maurier was not a censor of morals, but of manners, which indeed are or ought to be the flower of morals, but not their root, and the deflection from the straight line in the destiny of his creations must not be too seriously regarded. I take it that the very highest fiction is that which treats itself as fact, and never once allows itself to be otherwise. This is the kind that the reader may well hold to the strictest accountability in all respects. But there is another kind capable of expressing an engaging beauty, and bewitchingly portraying many phases of life which come smiling to you or (in vulgar keeping) nudging you, and asking you to a game of make-believe. I do not object to that kind either, but I should not judge it on such high grounds as the other. I think it reached its perfect effect in Du Maurier's hands, and that this novelist, who wrote no fiction till nigh sixty, is the greatest master in that sort who ever lived, and I do not forget either Sterne or Thackeray when I say so. . . . We shall be the lonelier and poorer hereafter for the silence which is to be where George du Maurier might have been.

When it came to his third novel, *The Martian*, we made an arrangement with him for serial and book form, and sent him an agreement which was duly signed and completed. This novel contained incidents in his own life;

one remarkable peculiarity, he told me, had been inherent in him from childhood, the fact that he "felt the North," unless, he continued, he had been too convivial the night before.

Some weeks after the signing of his contract I happened to be in London, and Du Maurier dined with me. After dinner he asked if I would not come and see him in the morning, which I did. I found him in a very serious mood; he was subject to terrible depressions when it seemed imminent to him that he would lose the sight in his normal eye, he being already blind in the other. This affliction at first led to his taking up writing, because, as he informed me, one could dictate if blind, whereas drawing would be impossible. If Du Maurier had not been haunted by this menace to his eyesight he would never have written a novel. Although he felt confident that if he lived he would realize more by adhering to our existing agreement for his new book, still he thought that in his uncertain condition he would prefer a sum down for all American rights in his story. I then inquired as to the nature of the proposed novel, and he replied that he had two in mind, *The Martian*—somewhat on the order of *Peter Ibbetson*—and a novel of London Society. I tried to make him promise to write the society book first, as, from every point of view, it appeared to me more desirable; and he assured me that he would do so if possible. I then agreed to lay his new proposition before the firm on my return home, and the result was that we paid him his price, which was a very large one, for all rights in *The Martian*. A prominent New York collector at this time bought through us the original manuscript and drawings of *Trilby*.

One of the greatest English exponents of the stage, both as actor and manager, was the late Sir Henry Irving. There was no doubt of the impression produced upon his first appearance in this country; it was that of a consummate master of his art, with a trained and resolute ability to overcome even natural obstacles, and which extorted an almost protesting admiration. The effect of his acting upon his New York audience was most forcible, and this was rather remarkable, as it was achieved in a melodrama of accumulating horrors, "The Bells," in which the whole weight and interest of the play were sustained by him personally.

When Irving was in this country (I think it was during his second visit) he met Helen Keller at Laurence Hutton's house, and became much interested in this marvelously talented young woman. She talked with him on the subject of Hamlet, and appeared so conversant with the play that he asked her if she would not like to come and see him impersonate the part. She accepted his invitation with enthusiasm, and he sent her tickets for a box, and when Irving stepped on the stage he was pleased to see her with her almost equally talented companion, Miss Sullivan.

I would call the attention of those who are not acquainted with Miss Keller, and have not heard of her extraordinary triumph over physical deficiencies which would seem almost insurmountable, to the fact that she is blind, deaf and dumb; but through the medium of her faithful and competent instructress, and her own invincible will, she appears to the casual observer to be possessed of all her faculties. To a stranger meeting her for the first time she seems almost normal.

After the second act Irving sent word to her that he should like to have her come on the stage if she was so inclined, and when she arrived he showed her around and explained the stage-setting. She ran her hands gently over his costume and seemed to be much pleased with his make-up. As she was leaving to return to her box, Irving thought that he ought to give her some little memento of the occasion. He realized that in his costume as Hamlet there was nothing he could readily spare, but as it was his custom to put on his eye-glasses as soon as the curtain went down, he took them off and handed them to her. In the middle of the next act he suddenly recalled the fact that Miss Keller was blind, and he told me that it almost broke him up when he thought of the *faux pas* he had made.

I remember dining at Hutton's one evening, Irving being present, when the talk turned to a discussion of the Baconian theory, and Irving was asked for his opinion. He said that the controversy had never interested him, as it struck him as utterly absurd; but he was reminded of an incident which occurred when he took his troupe to Stratford for the opening of the Shakespeare Memorial Theater. They held a reception during the afternoon, and among the callers was a very old man who approached him with difficulty and solemnly shook hands. On the spur of the moment, for want of something better to say, he asked the feeble villager what he thought of the Baconian theory. His reply was that to his mind there was nothing in it, and the reason he gave for his conviction was the fact that there were a number of local terms and words used by Shakespeare with which Bacon could not have been familiar. For example, he cited a word, which

I am sorry to say I have forgotten, having the significance of a manger or some stable fixture. Irving said that he could not recall the word, and when told the play in which it appeared and the character employing it, he informed the old man that he had played the part many a time, but was quite unfamiliar with the expression. On his return to London, however, he promptly looked up the play, and, sure enough, he found the word the old man had indicated. On consulting a concordance he discovered that it was a local term used only in that neighborhood, and Irving concluded with the remark that, in his opinion, the man's comment was a plausible refutation of the Baconian theory.

I received the following letter from Irving in acknowledgment of two proofs I sent him, one of his portrait, and one of Sargent's masterful painting of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth:

BREVOORT HOUSE, *Oct.* 29, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your great courtesy in sending me proofs of Miss Ellen Terry's picture and mine own.

They are genuine works of art, and she was delighted, as I was, with them.

They are without doubt the very best engravings that I have ever seen done. Believe me

Very truly yours,

HENRY IRVING.

The painting of Ellen Terry is one of Sargent's most successful portraitures. She stands at full length, holding a crown in both hands above her head, in the act of crowning herself; and her expression is almost indescribable. There is fear, ambition, hate, and satisfaction in her face, and I was told that at one time, while she was posing, she suddenly dropped the crown, burst into

tears, and hurriedly left the studio. The great actress was overcome, as for the time she actually lived the terrible part.

Irving told me that Whistler once asked him if he would sit to him for his portrait, and he was so complimented by the request that he promised him all the time he required. When Irving went to Whistler for his last sitting, he informed the artist that he was delighted with the portrait, but that, being a man of moderate means, he probably would not be able to pay him his price for the painting. He added that he was so eager to possess it that if Whistler would name a moderate amount he would make an effort to meet his views. When, at Whistler's request, Irving mentioned the sum he was prepared to pay, Whistler promptly declined it. Some years afterward Irving was in an antique shop in London, and, while awaiting his change for some purchase he had made, he carelessly ran over a stack of unframed canvases which were piled against the wall. To his surprise, he found the Whistler portrait, and succeeded in acquiring it from the shopkeeper at a price considerably less than that which he had originally offered Whistler.

I remember going with Sargent and Abbey and a few other artists and literary friends, under the kind auspices of William M. Laffan, to visit the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore. The late William T. Walters was the only American owner in his day of an extensive private art gallery who gave periodical receptions of national and social interest; and I venture the assertion that the presence of his gallery is of more commercial value to Baltimore than her citizens generally appreciate. What he did to preserve the fame of the French sculptor Barye

is more than any private Frenchman ever attempted; and he gave to his native city a reputation of importance in many foreign palaces and studios.

Years ago, about the time of the completion of the first ocean steamship, George A. Lucas, having just graduated from the Yale law school, made his maiden trip to Europe on board a side-wheeler, with the idea of taking a vacation before he began his practice of law. Lucas was a very intimate friend of Walters, and after he settled down in Paris he became interested in all branches of art, and was practically Walters's representative and art purchaser in that city. He became so expert that in late years he has been considered the final authority whenever any serious question has arisen as to the authenticity of one of the Barbizon school of pictures. Lucas never returned to this country, and when I met him abroad he owned a beautiful country-place on the Seine and a handsome apartment in Paris full of art treasures. He was a paternal friend to Theodore Child, who was for some time our agent in Paris.

Since William T. Walters's death his son has completed a most beautiful museum in Baltimore for his art collection, which he has greatly increased and diversified, so that to-day it stands, I am told, second only in this country to that of the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

In 1885 we published *The Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden*, edited by John Bigelow, and received the following acknowledgment from Tilden for the volumes of the work which we had sent him:

GRAYSTONE, YONKERS, N. Y., *Sept.* 7, 1885.

GENTLEMEN,—I duly received the advance copy of the *Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden.* I am pleased with the

appearance of the two volumes. Their typographical execution does credit to the publishers.

Very truly yours,

S. J. TILDEN.

Last May, when I attended the opening of the New Public Library of New York and heard John Bigelow, as president, deliver his oration, it seemed to me that in consolidating the three great libraries — the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden — as they are now housed in one of the finest structures in this country, John Bigelow had accomplished his crowning act of usefulness to his native city. For, although he will be long remembered as author, journalist, statesman, and diplomat, his persistence and ingenuity in bringing about the combination and organization of the New York Library will outlive any other benefaction to his fellow-citizens conferred by him during his long and honorable career.

The following amusing letter to Black requires no explanation, except that Abbey had experienced some contretemps in our art department:

FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y., *Dec.* 26, 1884.

MY DEAR BLACK,—Yours of the 10th inst. reached me Christmas Eve. What you said about Abbey naturally pained me and clouded my Christmas-Day festivities. On the whole, however, I was glad to get your letter, for it is an additional proof of your thoughtful personal interest and wise judgment in matters affecting your Franklin Square friends. And you give me the opportunity of saying, which I do very heartily and sincerely, that my partners and I thoroughly appreciate Abbey, not only for what he has done for us and for his fidelity to us and our interests, but more broadly for what he has done as an American for Art. With us, and, we believe, with all our countrymen, he is *facile princeps*, and we are proud of him. Beyond all, we have that honored affection for him which is too secure to be seriously interrupted by any temporary misunderstandings on his part. Finally, I declare most emphatically, and Abbey, I think, will

promptly admit the correctness of the declaration, that during the whole course of our friendship from his boyhood he has never asked H. & B. to do anything for him which they have not cheerfully done. This is alike creditable to him and to H. & B.

You say that "he is seriously hurt and vexed with us." Now to-day my cousin Harry and I looked into the matter, in the light of his last letter to Parsons. We cannot say that he has not had cause for chagrin; but we were wholly ignorant of his vexation until the receipt of your letter on Christmas Eve. And why, remembering our friendship and surely counting upon the affectionate regard for him of our whole firm, individually and collectively, why should he not have written a frank personal note to the firm, or to any of its members, saying:

"My dear Mr. Jo or Harry or John W.
or My dear Franklin Square friends:

I think that I have been shabbily treated, for the following reasons: a b c x y z, etc., and I want you to look into it, and put matters straight. Your friend Abbey."

We are not, thanks be to praise, kings or presidents or "them emp'rors and jukes and things" who are above taking a personal hand in affairs—and in all emergencies we prefer to act for ourselves instead of trusting to others, especially in cases where personal friendship is endangered. Our House never goes back on its friends, and if business should involve this, or require it, we would be much happier out of business. But our business has grown to be inconveniently large, and some of us who are no longer colts are getting (at least I am) a little stiff in the knees and "over for'ard" as it were; and perhaps we are apt to imagine that things are going right unless we hear to the contrary; whereas they may be going wrong in some way that could be easily righted if we could hear directly from our friends of their grievances. I mean no reflection on Alden or Conant or Parsons or Laffan, whom it is our duty and pleasure to sustain against outsiders — but in some things our experience is greater than theirs, and our judgment more mature. Besides, Abbey is not an outsider, but one of us.

And so, as you are "second" in this delicate matter for Abbey, and as we can't conveniently send over by this steamer our friend Sir Lucius O'Trigger Laffan to represent us, and as our friend Mr. Sampson Low, ætat 86, is too old to act and

might catch cold in the morning dew, and as Mr. O'Phayre is a man of peace and a Methodist, will you not act as our second also? Take a long-handled bottle of Rudesheimer and a long cigar and a long chat to settle the matter according to the code, and when you have any affair of the kind to settle here you may count upon my acting as your second.

My family and my partners join me in kindest Christmas greetings to you and Mrs. Black, and I am always,

Most faithfully yours,

J. W. HARPER, Jr.

The next letter was called forth by a caustic communication from Black, inveighing against Alden for some innocent and friendly suggestions he had written to Black in the usual course of business. It is hardly necessary to say that Black's reply was entirely pacific.

562 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., *Dec.* 15, 1885.

MY DEAR BLACK,—You are generally right—but this time you're wrong, I think, and I am sure that you have misjudged my friend Alden. Until the receipt of your letter this morning he was not conscious of having offended you. He is incapable of gratuitously offending any one—certainly not one of the literary class with whom he is in thorough sympathy. He has just shown me that "business letter" of yours which I have been awaiting with interest and curiosity, and which, owing to illness and absence from the office, he received only this morning. He has also shown me his reply.

As to that unfortunate allusion to Howells's story (which I have not yet read), can you not, after all, look upon it as merely a passing comment from one friend to another in accounting for the popularity of a story, which, as I understand it, he attributed wholly to its humor? And did he not intimate, or expressly declare, that in that line you could be even more successful?

No—Alden occupies no pulpit, he never preaches, and he's not an *ex cathedra* sort of a chap—and that's why we like him and authors like him. Ask our friend Abbey, and doubtless he will tell you that you have misunderstood Alden—though I wouldn't by any means say that he may not have given you some cause for chagrin.

But as to your taking your hat and saying "good-bye and

God bless you" in this peremptory way, and at this season, too, it's quite impossible, you know! Certainly, I admit, there are plenty of hospitable doors open to you in this big country; but with your warm Scotch nature you must feel that we have been loyal to you, and that you will hardly find elsewhere firmer friendship than here in Franklin Square. And just a little whisper, my dear Black—those other doors may open into overheated mansions, where there are chilling draughts, and where, instead of your having, as at present, only a suspicion of a stiff neck, you would catch your death of cold, and be so knocked up that you could never go in a canal-barge.

So pray let me take your hat and tell your coachman to drive away—and we will throw on a fresh log, and light fresh cigars all around, and replenish the kettle, and sit down and make a night of it, as we see the old year out. Accept the hearty Christmas greetings for you and yours from all in Franklin Square, including my unfortunate but dearly loved friend Alden, and believe me,

Faithfully yours,

J. W. HARPER, Jr.

XXXVII

In 1886 Laurence Hutton became one of our readers, and we sent him the following memorandum:

My attention has just been called to a passage in a letter written some time ago by a member of the firm regarding points to be kept in view by H. & B.'s readers. It will be a cue for you, and I send you a copy of it:

"I hope they will be sound on novels and not *too easy*. Stupidity and vulgarity, I think, they will quickly recognize—and I hope they will keep their eyes open to detect the atheistic or agnostic element which nowadays pervades so many stories. We should be wicked if we knowingly disseminated such books—and we should be unmindful of the traditions of our House if we did not carefully seek to exclude from all our periodicals, etc., any form of literature, however brilliant, which either openly attacks or merely sneers at the Christian religion."

Any one who was privileged to count Hutton as his friend knew what an all-round, attractive fellow he was. It was my good fortune to be intimate with him and an *habitué* of his delightful and hospitable home in Thirty-fourth Street. Here one would meet the choicest souls in literature, art, and the dramatic profession; and Laurence and his wife had the rare faculty of drawing people out and making them appear to the best advantage, so that a dull time was rarely set down against one of his social gatherings. One festive occasion I attended in his city home was a birthday dinner given to Henry Irving, when the master-stroke of a rare evening was a large cake with

a miniature statue in sugar of Irving as Thomas à Becket on the summit, which had been executed by the now celebrated restaurateur Sherry, whom I remember not so many years ago as a simple caterer. Irving was delighted with the artistic finish of the statuette, and when Mrs. Hutton informed him that Sherry was in the pantry, awaiting the reception given to his *chef-d'œuvre*, Irving and Miss Ellen Terry both got up and went into the pantry to thank and congratulate him.

At another dinner Augustus St. Gaudens was telling us how he had begun his career by engraving cameos, when all of a sudden Hutton arose and hurried up-stairs and brought down with him a brooch that had belonged to his mother, on which was carved the head of his father, and submitted it to St. Gaudens as the finest work in that line he had ever seen. St. Gaudens looked at it and then remarked that it was one of his own early productions, showing Laurence where he had signed it, thereby greatly increasing its intrinsic value.

I shall never forget a fancy-dress surprise party we gave the Huttons just before they left their home in New York and moved to their new house, "Peep o' Day," in Princeton. When we entered the drawing-room we were indeed a triumphal procession of writers, painters, and miscellanarians. I went as Franklin; George Riggs made a most ludicrous Paderewski; Gilder, a picturesque success as Shakespeare, and Clarence Buel was very clever in his make-up. The house was almost denuded of furniture and hangings, as the Huttons departed the next day for Princeton.

Hutton's *Literary Landmarks* of various European cities, and his *American Stage, Edwin Booth*, and *Talks*

in a Library were all popular works, and the intensely human side of this delightfully human man was charmingly revealed in his little volume *A Boy and Four Dogs*.

In 1886 the late John H. Inman, a devoted and enterprising friend of American industries, invited us to send an editorial party through the Southern States to investigate the great changes and improvements which had been made in that section of the country since the Civil War. The itinerary was from New York to Washington, thence to Danville, Asheville, Spartanburg, Atlanta, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Nashville, and Montgomery to New Orleans, then returning by way of Memphis and Louisville, where the party might leave for home or extend the trip, if deemed advisable. After some persuasion we succeeded in inducing Charles Dudley Warner to head the party. Warner told me that he was reluctant to go, as there would necessarily be much entertaining, and the speech-making must naturally devolve upon him, who, according to his own opinion, was not a ready speaker. When he returned he told me that his early speeches were a veritable affliction to him, even keeping him awake nights, but that finally he resolved to dispense with the folly of all nervous apprehensions and to speak without special preparation, an experiment which proved so successful that from that time on as long as he lived he seldom bothered to prepare himself for what he would say when called upon for a speech, with the result that he became one of the most eagerly sought-for after-dinner speakers of his time.

Accompanying Warner were William A. Harper, Kirk Munroe, and the artists Charles Graham, John Durkin, and Horace Bradley. They were received everywhere

with a courtesy and hospitality which can never be forgotten by us. The object of the visit was to see the "new South," to observe the social, industrial, and educational improvements in progress, and to faithfully report the same by pen and pencil. The party were cordially welcomed by the mayors of the several cities they passed through, by boards of trade and industrial corporations, and prominent citizens generally. In New Orleans Charles Gayarré, the historian of Louisiana, at a pleasant meeting of the municipal authorities and other citizens, made an eloquent and admirable speech of welcome, exhaling the most generous national spirit blended with a laudable local pride. The members of the party visited, under the best auspices, the schools and colleges and mines and factories and plantations, seeing the various processes of many industries, and obtaining specific and valuable information of every kind, and they returned with the profound conviction that the impulse of a new and healthy life had permeated the whole frame and activity of those States, which has unquestionably made our common national life stronger and better.

The results of the observations and the conclusions of "the Harper party" appeared in the Harper periodicals. Political differences and the friction of races were found to be yielding to the beneficent touch of healthy industrial enterprise and a fresh prosperity. Warner performed a truly patriotic service in recording his judgment of the social situation in the Southern States, for he made the excursion at much inconvenience to himself; and his wise and judicious views, as expressed in his articles, were in harmony with those of all thoughtful observers throughout the land. We were glad that this little "voyage of

discovery in the South," as it was gaily and happily called by Charles Gayarré, resulted, as I have no doubt it did, in welding more closely together interests and ties into a common welfare which knew no South and no North, but only one land, confirming the lines of Goethe,

> North and South and every land
> Rest within his peaceful hand.

In this essay in the field of literature Warner proved to be a realist, whose quest was truth, first in his facts and second in the exploitation of them. This was perhaps inevitable from his having something to say in regard to the recuperation of this section of our country at a time when the revival of business was of material importance to all Americans.

His next essay in the field of travel was made through the medium of a romance of our summer resorts, which literary form he managed with the skill of a master. He called it *Their Pilgrimage*, and his associate on the trip was the equally brilliant artist C. S. Reinhart, and the result was a harmonious serial of delightful experiences which ran through the MAGAZINE. The artist was as faithful as the author, and the book which resulted from this happy association was one of rare excellence in a kind of which the examples are few and the difficulties many. To keep a pleasant story current through the study of conditions which form the groundwork of the design and not to let it stagnate in levels of comment or the descriptions of the landscape and the spectators—to know when to drop the narrative and when to take it up —was the difficult task demanded of Warner in this prospect of the places where our *haut ton* congregate in

summer. The graceful story was simple and easy in the perusal, but it must have been a labor full of bewildering problems to the author and to the artist.

After the remarkable success derived from the Southern trip and *Their Pilgrimage* we suggested to Warner a journey through the West, with William D. Howells to accompany him. Unfortunately, Howells found it impossible to leave home at the time and so Warner went alone, traveling through the States to California and returning by the Canadian Pacific railroad. At first the idea did not strongly appeal to Warner. He observed to me that he feared the crudity of the West was such that he could not find in it the necessary stimulus or incentive to inspire him to produce the sort of thing that we desired from his pen; but upon his return a great change had come over him and the task that he had felt unsuited either to his powers or to his taste now filled him with a genuine enthusiasm. I happened to be sitting at my desk in the office on his arrival, and he slapped me warmly on the back in greeting, and began, "Harry, I was entirely mistaken; a man has not actually lived until he has been over our Western country. Switzerland is not in it with some of the wonderful scenery I have seen, and the people I have met were, as a rule, charming, especially the young women. All the girls seemed to be devoted to some special branch of study with which they were conversant, and about which they were able to talk, and talk intelligently, completely eclipsing the young men I came in contact with in their capabilities in social intercourse. And the homes I visited were most attractive, free of any of the bourgeois atmosphere which I expected to encounter, and, to my amaze-

ment, filled with *articles de virtu* until it seemed to me that all the choicest possessions of our Eastern art dealers and booksellers had found their resting-place in Western mansions."

The March number of our MAGAZINE for 1888 contained Warner's first paper on the "Great West," and a more characteristic and inspiring American story was never more delightfully told. As a description of the growth and development which has made the Northwest a miracle of progress and prosperity it is unparalleled, and it reminds the reader that the unprecedentedly rapid advance of this section of the country is not an old story of past achievement, but is daily more surprising than ever. Warner had the happy gift of noting the most interesting and significant facts, and compelling statistics to illuminate instead of confuse his narrative. The series was continued in several numbers, and proved to be one of the most valuable contributions to magazine literature and to the popular knowledge of the granary of America. The charm of Warner as a traveler was not unknown, but in these pastures new it was as fresh and captivating as the noble region itself.

For some time Warner supplied the introductory essays to the "Editor's Drawer" in the MAGAZINE—a series of pleasant surprises from month to month—and in 1889 we began a novel by him entitled *A Little Journey in the World*, a study of American life, which was a deeper but not less enjoyable revelation of his power in an entirely new field. This was followed by other serial novels by him.

Warner had been discussing with me for some time a good title for a novel he had in hand, and one day he

came into the office and said: "Harry, a few nights ago I dreamt a splendid title for my story, in fact it was so good that it woke me up. I was on the point of getting up and making a note of it, but I thought it would be time enough in the morning and went to sleep again, and now I find it impossible to recall it. The title exactly suited the novel, and I shall never find as good a one again." Curiously enough he was never able to remember his dream title.

Brander Matthews said of Warner in 1894:

It is characteristic of Mr. Warner's modesty that even now, when he has come to his reward, when he has made a hit as a humorist, when he has been welcomed as a writer of travels, when he has won a place for himself in the front rank of essayists, when he has appeared as a novelist, that he is wont to speak of himself not as a man of letters, but as a journalist. . . . Born in Massachusetts in 1829, graduating from Hamilton in 1851, he lived on the frontier for a year or two, then studied law at the University of Pennsylvania. . . . He practised law in Chicago until 1860, when he went to Hartford to take charge of a paper. . . . And from many opening essaylets prepared for the "Editor's Drawer" of HARPER'S MONTHLY Mr. Warner has twice made selections, which now fill two pretty little volumes of Harper's American Essayists, *As We Were Saying* and *As We Go*. . . . In *Their Pilgrimage* Mr. Warner showed that he had a firm grasp of the essential facts of American life and character; in *A Little Journey in the World* he revealed that he had also mastered the art of fiction, and was able to fix the reader's attention, not on the scenery and the chorus which had amused us in the earlier book, but on the study of the men and women, and on the influence of these characters one on the other. He had turned from the externals to the internals.

I received the following characteristic letter from Warner in 1892:

HARTFORD.

MY DEAR MR. HARPER,—Thank you for the paper in the *National Review*. It is suggestive in many things, but seems to be written

by a swashbuckler who has no very logical conception of his subject. The assumption of a wish on the part of authors for a State control of Literature is simply ridiculous. And all his talk of "establishments" applies to England, and not to this country.

Curiously enough I had just written for my last Study something on a topic he touches, the excellence of newspaper and magazine writing, and the crowding out of books by more ephemeral publications.

I could say something as to his idea of the Authors Society and some of the topics he refers to, if it seems best when you and I talk it over.

But the paper is very crude, and seems animated by the desire to make a startling review article. Is it true, as he says, that the Society has found the publishers to be honest? If so, I wish they could put the screws on C. and Company. They have treated some unprotected (women) authors very badly.

I should like to talk with you on this topic when next I am down.

I do not see in this moment any attempt to make the least antagonism between honest authors and honest publishers. The writer's talk about State control is all rot.

Yours ever,

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Warner was for so many years a familiar figure in so large a world that the news of his death, in 1900, came unkindly and with a pang into thousands of American homes. For fifteen years Warner was a frequent and valuable contributor to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and his death left a vacancy in our group of authors which was very difficult to fill. In 1894 Warner had succeeded Howells as writer of the "Editor's Study," which he conducted until 1898. There was a distinction and simplicity in Warner's literary style, and delightful humor in his turns of thought and speech; but though he wrote with a light touch, he thought gravely and ably into the heart of serious subjects. The world is better

and happier for such lives as Warner's, and it is a pity there are not more such men to lighten and quicken "Life's Little Journey."

The sudden death by heart-disease of my father-in-law, Col. Richard March Hoe, at Florence, Italy, in June, 1886, bereft the world of one of the foremost inventors of the age, and New York of one of its leading and most highly respected citizens. Colonel Hoe was the head of the great firm of R. Hoe & Co., manufacturers of printing-presses. The history of this house, originally established by his father, and carried on from one success to another by his father's sons, is the history of the evolution of the art of printing not only in America but throughout the civilized world. Prior to the invention of the presses which bear the name of Hoe, the machinery by which the uses of the "type" are made manifest on paper was indeed slow-running, and, in the light of the development of to-day, very crude. It was the Hoes who gave to the world, in 1847, the first rotary press ever known, and later the marvelous Web Perfecting Printing-machines, with which the press-rooms of many of the leading newspapers of the United States and Europe are provided, and which, from an endless roll or web of paper, print, cut, and fold twenty-four thousand eight-page papers in an hour. The honor of having devised and invented this almost human machine, which has made the cheap newspaper a possibility and completely revolutionized the world of printing, belongs to Col. Richard M. Hoe. Although many years ago the business which he had inherited from his father had made him a wealthy man, abundantly able, had he seen fit, to retire from its active management, Colonel Hoe to the day of his death was the actual head of the great manu-

facturing house, giving his time and inventive brain abundantly to the development of the business.

Robert Hoe, the founder of the house, came to this country from England when a young man. He was born at Hose, Leicestershire, England, in 1784, and it was early in the nineteenth century that, with Matthew and Peter Smith, he began the making of printing-presses in New York, their shop being in the middle of the block bounded by Maiden Lane, Pine, William, and Pearl Streets. At the age of twenty Robert Hoe married a daughter of Matthew Smith, by whom he had three sons and six daughters. The eldest son was Richard March Hoe, who was born in New York, September 12, 1812. In 1823 the death of both Matthew and Peter Smith left Robert Hoe in control of the growing business, which was shortly removed to the site afterward occupied by a branch of the Hoe business on Gold Street. As the sons grew toward manhood they were taken into the works, and when, in 1832, failing health compelled the retirement of the founder of the house, the business passed into the hands of Richard M. Hoe and Matthew Smith, the latter being a son of the first partner of the senior Hoe.

Richard M. Hoe inherited his father's skill as a mechanician and he also developed rare inventive ability. The business under his management prospered apace. Invention after invention followed rapidly from his fertile mind, and building after building was taken possession of by his growing works, until to-day the Hoe printing-press manufactory covers more than an entire block fronting on Grand Street on the east side of the town, and employs upward of a thousand workmen. The attitude of Colonel

Hoe toward those in his employ may properly be held up as a model. Nearly fifty years ago he established an evening school for the apprentices in the manufactory, where free instruction was given in those branches likely to be of most practical service in properly developing their minds. For years he gave this school his personal attention, and up to the day of his death was deeply interested in its conduct, firmly believing, as has been said, that "the diffusion of knowledge among the working-classes makes the man a better mechanic and the mechanic a better man."

Personally Richard M. Hoe was a man of exceptionally cheerful temperament and gentle ways. He was devoted to his life-work, but at the same time was essentially domestic. His name is ranked with those of Fulton, Whitney, and Morse; he may indeed be styled the modern Faust; such an impetus has the art of printing received from his marvelous inventions that he has almost created it anew. Their branch house in London is an extensive establishment, and the Colonel spent much of his time abroad. He was almost as much at home in London as he was in New York, where he was often mistaken for John Bright, whom he resembled very closely in appearance.

Our London agent, Sampson Low, died April 16, 1886. He was born November 18, 1797, and was the only son of a publisher of the same name, who died in the year 1800, when his son was only three years old. It was in Lamb's Conduit Street, that Mr. Low first made the acquaintance of the late Fletcher Harper, about the year 1846, and was appointed agent for Harper & Brothers, and from that period until the day of his death it is not too much to

say that our interests in England were absolutely identified with his own. The annual visits of one or another of the Harper family were always occasions of mutual pleasure. He worked for the House with a degree of earnestness, single-mindedness, and intelligence which has, perhaps, rarely been met with in a business agent, and which was warmly recognized by the four brothers and their descendants. In January, 1865, he was joined in partnership by Edward Marston, and twelve years afterward occurred the first great sorrow of his life—the death of his much-beloved eldest son. Sampson Low tried most unselfishly, and succeeded most conspicuously, in doing good in his day and generation, and the venerable publisher was ever highly respected by his British fellow-publishers. It is almost superfluous to say that a character such as that of Sampson Low, so courteous, so kind, and so thoughtful of the good and the interests of those with whom he was surrounded, at home or in business, caused him to be beloved and honored by all who knew him, and by none so much as by those with whom he was most closely and intimately connected.

Low's distinguished partner, Edward Marston, was also intimately associated with the House, and we are indebted to him for many a business courtesy and personal counsel which proved of much value to us.

I hope that I shall not be called to account by the writer in giving the following manly, straightforward acknowledgment of an editorial mistake in a very interesting letter to Miss Amélie Rives written by Alden:

My dear Miss Rives,—In an editorial experience of more than twenty years there have been only two cases in which I have regretted the non-acceptance of a contribution upon seeing it

in print in another magazine. One of these was that of a strong New England story by Rose Terry Cooke, declined by me and afterward published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "Elder Strong's Controversy with Providence," I believe, was the title. I read it carefully, but it seemed to me that the New England character sketch had been overdone, and I gave the preference therefore to sketches of a more novel character. But I made a mistake, the strength of the sketch in whatever field should have determined my decision in its favor.

The other—a recent case—was that of your "Farrier's Lass of Piping Peawood," just published in *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is the most striking illustration of an editor's fallibility that has ever confronted me. The mistake was not the result of careless reading or of any lack of appreciation. I submitted myself to the story and its strength and beauty conquered me. But I reasoned, hesitated, and was lost. The very strength of its appeal to my individual appreciation became an argument against its acceptance. I exaggerated the difficulties in the way of a general appreciation of such work; I knew that a select few would read and appreciate it. But it seemed to me that in a magazine like ours it would not get a careful reading, that most readers would be discouraged at the outset by the unfamiliar old-time manner and speech and throw it aside. As editor of the *Atlantic* I should have had no such hesitation.

But I was wrong, and I wish to confess to you before any comment of the story appears. I am sure now—as I ought to have been when considering the manuscript—that the prestige of genius will conquer all the difficulties upon which I laid undue stress. Slowly, perhaps, but surely the story will win its way to general appreciation. I can see now the fatuity of my reasoning, the fallacy of my doubts. I should have had a boldness equal to my personal appreciation of the merits of your work. I stand convicted of a kind of cowardice before the general verdict shall have confirmed my self-condemnation.

The editorial habit leads naturally to over-caution. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand the caution is wise. I am sorry that in the thousandth case it proves to have been so unwise—sorry for myself, though glad for you. An editor too readily reasons from precedents, and when the unprecedented is presented to his mind he is likely at first to be bewildered. If I had had more time—as I should have had if you had sent me the story yourself—I should have finally ac-

cepted it—a courageous reaction would have set in, but Mr. Smith came upon me while I was considering objections, and I gave these too much weight.

Your work is entirely new, and all judgments concerning it based on precedents must be at fault. A few years ago Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* presented a somewhat similar case—in this feature, that it was without precedent. It at first so completely bewildered criticism that a long time elapsed before it was fully appreciated in England or was thought worthy of reprinting in America. Now it is recognized as the greatest romance in modern literature—standing entirely alone. If you have the courage of your own genius—*i. e.*, courage to follow its leadings as Abbey has done in art—you will take a place in literature hitherto accorded to no woman. With so much admiration mingled with my regret for the loss of your "Farrier's Lass," believe me as ever, etc.

Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* first became popular in this country. It fairly went begging for some time until 1874, when we published it at the earnest and persistent solicitation of my cousin, Margaret Durbin Harper, now Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley. Marston, the English publisher of the novel, told me that it hung fire for some time with them, until the engagement of the Marquis of Lorne to Princess Louise was announced, and then it began to sell. In some unaccountable way, Marston said, the English public apparently associated the title with the name of the Marquis, and so began to read the book.

R. D. Blackmore was better known among his neighbors at Teddington on the Thames as a fruit man than as a novelist. The fact that he was a successful market-gardener explains the wonderful knowledge he displayed in *Kit and Kitty* of the plagues and profits of a fruit-raiser's business. The pictures of Corney Orchardson's gardening experiences were evidently drawn from life *con amore*.

The following letter from Edwin A. Abbey shows the serious way he always approached any art subject:

ARTS CLUB, HANOVER SQUARE, *Nov.* 21, 1887.

Personal.

DEAR HARRY,—I'd no idea I'd been making myself so disagreeable. I, curiously enough, had just had a hauling over the coals, from another quarter entirely—for "picking at small things"—and never praising any effort whatever. I think I must be getting old or something—I'm bound to say that I do not find the average person doing his or her level best every time—and I do not believe that incompetence should be encouraged—but there—I've said enough—and will now say that I have seen the sheets of the January MAGAZINE and think it the best number I've seen for many a day. I recognize the difficulty of finding an engraver clever enough—or rather with enough knowledge of modeling to enable him to engrave sculpture well—but they do exist, and I fancy that some of the examples of French sculpture you have reproduced in process would have been the better for having been engraved.

Am I not right in thinking—that I see all about—in these directions—the direction I specially have been guilty of criticising—a falling off of interest, or inability in carrying the arts of which I know anything, on, still further toward that millennium of perfection of which we dream? The faculty of knowing—after a thing has been carried on a long way toward perfection—just what it is that is going to make it better still—is given to few, but that is not a reason why the wheels should be reversed. Most of the very best and greatest work has been unconsciously arrived at—by the worker—and I believe that few of the producers of masterpieces—I fancy none, could say just how the result had been achieved. Still, it is *the* thing to study and discover, or try to discover, isn't it?

I think I may say that I try pretty hard myself in my own line—with extremely varying results—but the confidence Harper & Brothers have in my ability, as expressed in Mr. Alden's last letter to me, touched me deeply. I doubt whether another worker in the same field has ever had an equal opportunity given him to do his best—and I hope you will have no reason to regret this confidence.

Child's letter is delightful and encouraging to a degree. If I am only well, and unburdened of mind as to other things, I

should dig away straight off at all sorts of big things. I have so many good and appreciative friends that I hate to go on year after year, not *quite* doing the thing they think I am going to do. But I hope I'm not very old yet, and I am trying to drop the habits of time and brain wasting into which I had carelessly drifted. Although I could wish I had not lamed my right wrist and my left ankle before this desire for a virtuous life had set in. Two beautiful racquet courts and two quite as fine real tennis courts have just been added to the Queen's Club—but they are not for me—*yet.*

Thank you much for your letter, and for sweetening it with Child's.

My kindest regards to you all.

NED.

In 1887 Abbey began work on his illustrations to Shakespeare's plays, and we wrote Andrew Lang requesting him to supply the letterpress to accompany the drawings:

DEAR MR. LANG,—Mr. Abbey seems to have entered upon the work of illustrating Shakespeare with much enthusiasm. He is now, I presume, in Italy preparing for his work on "The Merchant of Venice." We were pleased to know that you feel disposed to co-operate with our scheme for the publication of Mr. Abbey's drawings in our MAGAZINE.

In the MAGAZINE the letterpress furnished by you would be adaptive in two respects. The amount of the letterpress for each comedy would need to be as nearly as possible equal in space to that occupied by the pictures as printed. That is, if Mr. Abbey furnishes five full-page engravings, there would need to be at least five pages of letterpress to cover these pictures, and to this would be added as much as might be required to cover any smaller pictures furnished by Mr. Abbey. It is almost certain, however, that one of the full-page pictures would be selected to serve as a frontispiece to the Number, in the case of each comedy, and allowance may be made for this; *i. e.*, one page less of letterpress than above indicated would answer. The essential point is that there should be enough letterpress to prevent the necessity of two full-page pictures facing each other.

Abbey's work on Shakespeare is of superior excellence. I doubt if any artist ever devoted more study and research to such a series of pictorial interpretation. He was not content to supply the smallest detail in a drawing unless he had satisfactory authority; it might be the hinge of a door, or the paraphernalia of one of the important figures—all must be looked up and verified by research; and the incidental labor thereby devolving on Abbey was gigantic. Of the execution it is hardly necessary to speak; merely to say that it is Abbey's best black-and-white work is to pronounce it perfect from an art point of view; but it is more than that—it is a literary *tour de force* as well, worthy of Henry James's extraordinary analytical discernment.

The two letters which follow, from Alden, relate to Abbey's work on *The Comedies of Shakespeare:*

Sept. 9, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. CURTIS,—We have published five instalments of Abbey's illustrations of Shakespeare's Comedies; and yet the newspaper critics do not seem to know the quality of this new art; and I suspect that our readers—many of them—have fixed ideas, derived from stage representations, of Shakespeare's characters, and Abbey is moving from a center so far away from their own that he seems to them eccentric, and to put their eyes out of focus.

Our artist stands in need of a Prospero who will cast a circle of enchantment about our readers, and so anoint their eyes that they may see true and from a new center. You know the secret of the charm, and a good word from you for Abbey in the WEEKLY would bring thousands of readers out of the dusty field of conventional judgment into the pure, fresh light of "Nature's common day." I know that in good time the right word would come from you, without this reminder; only, if you saw all the meaningless undiscriminating criticism which is so abundant, you would feel the urgency of the present moment, as I do, and make haste to don your wizard's robe for speedy work at this enchantment.

I suppose Sinclair wrote you about the Christmas "Easy

Chair"—which is now all that is lacking to fill up the contents of the best Christmas number we have made. Sinclair is having his holiday.

April 26, 1894.

DEAR MR. LANG,—We have instructed our London agents, Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., to pay for your comment on "The Taming of the Shrew." Now there remains only "Midsummer Night's Dream" to complete the series, and we hope to have this at your earliest convenience, as we think of placing it in our next Christmas number.

In reading your comments I have often wondered at the excellent brick-making, for which it must have been difficult to find the straw. You have succeeded in exploding many of the generally accepted fallacies concerning Shakespeare's dramatic work. It has been an interesting series—these comments of yours, and I congratulate you upon the success with which you have managed it.

Abbey was fond of good literature, above all poetry and history, especially old legendary lore, and historical subjects were his favorite themes in painting. He repudiated the "literary" *motif*, but the responsiveness of his mind to literary influences was the essence of his inspiration.

The Comedies of Shakespeare, illustrated by Abbey, were published by us in four sumptuous volumes in 1895. The Philadelphia *Ledger* echoed a universal opinion when it referred to Abbey, in a review of the work, as having "spoken the last word on the illustrations of those fine old Comedies." Abbey fortunately completed his illustrations for Shakespeare's other plays, and the complete work will ere long be brought out by us, and must prove a glorious memorial to Abbey's genius.

The Spectator said of Abbey:

He was the romancer, the ballad-maker; he could call up a world either of past history or of romance, and clothe it with an infinite variety of shapes, appropriate and beautiful. His knowledge was just; he had the scholar's instinct and a wide appreciation of the art of the past.

THE HOUSE OF HARPER

On the publication of the English edition of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1887, the correspondent of the New York *Times* cabled his paper as follows:

Mark Twain's burlesque letter to the Queen in the Christmas HARPER has taken well in London. In the clubs last night I found men reading it aloud in groups, all shouting with laughter. The *Evening Globe* printed it entire yesterday, and is said to have sold several thousand extra copies.

I take pleasure in reproducing this amusing and characteristic letter:

A PETITION TO THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

HARTFORD, *Nov.* 6, 1887.

MADAM,—You will remember that last May Mr. Edward Bright, the clerk of the Inland Revenue Office, wrote me about a tax which he said was due from me to the government on books of mine published in London—that is to say, an income tax on the royalties. I do not know Mr. Bright, and it is embarrassing to me to correspond with strangers, for I was raised in the country and have always lived there, the early part in Marion County, Missouri, before the war, and this part in Hartford County, Connecticut, near Bloomfield and about eight miles this side of Farmington, though some call it nine, which it is impossible to be, for I have walked it many and many a time considerably under three hours, and General Hawley says he has done it in two and a quarter, which is not likely; so it seemed best that I write your Majesty. It is true that I do not know your Majesty personally, but I have met the Lord Mayor, and if the rest of your family are like him, it is but just that it should be named royal; and likewise plain that in a family matter like this, I cannot better forward my case than to frankly carry it to the head of the family itself. I have also met the Prince of Wales once in the fall of 1873, but it was not in any familiar way, but in a quite informal way, being casual, and was, of course, a surprise to us both. It was in Oxford Street, just where you come out of Oxford into Regent Circus, and just as he turned up one side of the circle at the head of a procession, I went down the other side on the top of an omnibus. He will remember me on account of a gray coat with flap-pockets that I wore, as I

was the only person on the omnibus that had on that kind of a coat; I remember him, of course, as easy as I would a comet. He looked quite proud and satisfied, but that is not to be wondered at, he has a good situation. And once I called on your Majesty, but you were out.

But that is no matter, it happens with everybody. However, I have wandered a little away from what I started to write about. It was this way. Young Bright wrote my London publishers, Chatto and Windus—their place is the one on the left as you come down Piccadilly, about a block and a half above where the minstrel show is—he wrote to them that he wanted them to pay income tax on the royalties of some foreign authors —namely, "Miss de La Ramé (Ouida), Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. Francis Bret Harte, and Mr. Mark Twain." Well, Mr. Chatto diverted him from the other authors, and tried to divert him from me, but in this case he failed. And not only that, but he sent me a printed document that the more you study the more it undermines you; and so, while in that condition, and really not responsible for my acts, I wrote Mr. Chatto to pay the tax and charge it to me. Of course my idea was that it was for only one year, and that the tax would be only about one per cent. or along there somewhere, but last night I met Professor Sloane of Princeton—you may not know him, but you have probably seen him every now and then, for he goes to England a good deal, a large man and very handsome and absorbed in thought, and if you have noticed such a man on platforms after the train is gone, that is the one, he generally gets left, like all those specialists and other scholars who know everything but how to apply it—and he said it was a back tax for *three* years, and not one per cent., but two and a half!

That gave what had seemed a little matter a new aspect. I then began to study the printed document again, to see if I could find anything in it that might modify my case, and I had what seems to me quite promising success. For instance, it opens thus—polite and courteous, the way those English government documents always are—I do not say that to hear myself talk, it is just the fact, and it is a credit:

"To Mr. Mark Twain: IN PURSUANCE of the Acts of Parliament for granting to Her Majesty Duties and profits," etc.

I had not noticed that before. My idea had been that it was for the government, and so I wrote to the government; but now I saw that it was a private matter, and that the proceeds went

to yourself, not to the government. I would always rather treat with principals, and I am right glad I noticed that clause. With a principal, one can always get at a fair and right understanding, whether it is about potatoes, or continents, or any of those things, or something entirely different; for the size or nature of the thing does not affect the fact; whereas, as a rule, a subordinate is more or less troublesome to satisfy. And yet this is not against them, but the other way. They have their duties to do, and must be harnessed to rules, and not allowed any discretion. Why, if your Majesty should equip young Bright with discretion —I mean his own discretion—it is an even guess that he would discretion you out of house and home in two or three years. He would not *mean* to get the family into straits, but that would be the upshot, just the same. Now then, with Bright out of the way, this is not going to be any Irish question; it is going to be settled pleasantly and satisfactorily for all of us, and when it is finished your Majesty is going to stand with the American people just as you have stood for fifty years, and surely no monarch can require better than that of an alien nation. They do not all pay a British income tax, but most of them will in time, for we have shoals of new authors coming along every year; and of the population of your Canada, upward of four-fifths are wealthy Americans, and more going there all the time.

Well, another thing which I noticed in the Document was an item about "Deductions." I will come to that presently, your Majesty. And another thing was this: that Authors are not mentioned in the Document at all. No, we have Quarries, Mines, Iron Works, Salt Springs, Alum Mines, Water Works, Canals, Docks, Drains, Levels, Fishings, Fairs, Tolls, Bridges, Ferries, and so-forth and so-forth and so-on—well, as much as a yard or a yard and a half of them, I should think—anyway a very large quantity or number. I read along—down, and down, and down the list, further, and further, and further, and as I approached the bottom my hopes began to rise higher and higher, because I saw that everything in England, *that* far, was taxed by name and in detail, except perhaps the family, and maybe Parliament, and yet still no mention of Authors. Apparently they were going to be overlooked. And sure enough they were! My heart gave a great bound. But I was too soon. There was a footnote in Mr. Bright's hand, which said: "You are taxed under Schedule D, section 14." I turned to that place and found these three things: "Trades, Offices, Gas Works."

Of course, after a moment's reflection, hope came up again, and then certainly: Mr. Bright was in error, and clear off the track; for Authorship is not a Trade, it is an inspiration; Authorship does not keep an Office, its habitation is all out under the sky, and everywhere where the winds are blowing and the sun is shining and the creatures of God are free. Now then, since I have no Trade and keep no Office, I am not taxable under Schedule D, section 14. Your Majesty sees that; so I will go on to that other thing that I spoke of, the "deductions"—deductions from my tax which I may get allowed, under conditions. Mr. Bright says all deductions to be claimed by me must be restricted to the provisions made in Paragraph No. 8, entitled "Wear and Tear of Machinery or Plant." This is curious, and shows how far he has gotten away on his wrong course after he has got started wrong: for Offices and Trades do not have Plant, they do not have machinery, such a thing was never heard of; and, moreover, they do not wear and tear. You see that, your Majesty, and that is true. Here is the Paragraph No. 8:

Amount claimed as a deduction for diminished value by reason of Wear and Tear, where the Machinery or Plant belongs to the Person or Company carrying on the Concern, or is let to such Person or Company, so that the Lessee is bound to maintain and deliver over the same in good condition:

Amount £.....

There it is—the very words.

I could answer Mr. Bright thus:

It is my pride to say that my Brain is my Plant; and I do not claim any deduction for diminished value by reason of Wear and Tear, for the reason that it does not wear and tear, but stays sound and whole all the time. Yes, I could say to him, my Brain is my Plant, my Skull is my Workshop, my Hand is my Machinery, and I am the Person carrying on the Concern; it is not leased to anybody, so there is no Lessee bound to maintain and deliver over the same in good condition. There, I do not wish in any way to overrate this argument and answer, dashed off just so, and not a word of it altered from the way I first wrote it, your Majesty, but indeed it does seem to pulverize that young fellow, you can see that yourself. But that is all I say, I stop there; I never pursue a person after I have got him down.

Having thus shown your Majesty that I am not taxable, but am the victim of an error of a clerk who mistakes the nature of my commerce, it only remains for me to beg that you will of

your justice annul my letter that I spoke of, so that my publisher can keep back that tax-money which, in the confusion and aberration caused by the Document, I ordered him to pay. You will not miss the sum, but this is a hard year for Authors; and as for lectures, I do not suppose your Majesty ever saw such a dull season.

With always great, and ever increasing respect, I beg to sign myself your Majesty's servant to command,

MARK TWAIN.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, LONDON.

One summer Clemens visited me for a few days at my country-place, Lawrence, Long Island. He was, of course, a most entertaining and delightful guest, but I could not induce him to go out of the house during his visit, excepting to walk on the piazza; and the assiduity with which he applied himself to billiards and tobacco was a revelation to me. I must have walked miles around and around that billiard-table during his stay, he ever fresh and cheery, while I followed, listless and weary from my perambulations. Nevertheless, we were all *désolé* when he left us. Before he departed he kindly wrote in our Visitor's Book:

Mark Twain (born Clemens), August 3, 1894. It is human beings that make climate.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calender.*

On one occasion, when he was lunching with me, I asked him what he would like to drink, and he inquired the time of day. Looking at my watch, I replied, "Twenty minutes to twelve." "Well," he said, "if that is the case, I will take coffee." I expressed my surprise at his desire to know the hour before deciding, and he then informed me that if he took a cup of coffee after the noon hour it would keep him awake for two nights. "Supposing I had given you the wrong time?" I sug-

gested. "In that case," he replied, "it would probably have no ill effect. It is, of course, an hallucination which influences my mind; but the idea or idiosyncrasy, or whatever you wish to call it, works out its devilish purpose and punishes me if I knowingly disobey its rigid ukase."

Among other Clemenesque experiences, he told me that one morning, at his home in Hartford, when he came down to breakfast, arriving before his wife, he noticed a bulky envelope decorated with foreign stamps on her plate, and, although it was quite contrary to his custom, his curiosity overcame him and he opened the letter. Imagine his astonishment when he found that it was a detailed account of his own death and burial. It seems that Mark Twain had for some time been greatly annoyed by impostors, both here and abroad, who personated him on the lecture platform and gave readings from his works. The individual in question had been fraudulently representing him in Australia, and had made a marked success of his readings, thereby accumulating a goodly income. While he was in Sydney the pretender was taken very ill, and the Governor-General, being a man of generous impulse, had him taken to his official residence, where, after a short illness, he died. In pursuance of his hospitable consideration the Governor-General arranged for an impressive funeral worthy of the celebrated author he had succored, assuming his guest to be the veritable Mark Twain. While the mournful procession was in progress an intimate friend of the Clemens family happened to arrive on the scene, and, learning on inquiry that the cortège was in honor of the great author, he promptly joined the mourners and remained with them

until the last rites were performed, and then proceeded to indite a full account of the ceremony to Mrs. Clemens. Mark Twain said that the description was so touching and pathetic that he was moved to tears, and he assured me that the first place of interest he visited when he went to Sydney was the grave of Mark Twain, where he found a suitable tombstone appropriately inscribed.

Clemens once told me that he made the mistake of his life when he neglected in the early stages of his authorship to assume two *noms de plume;* one for his humorous stories, and one for his more serious work, of which he was especially proud in his declining years. The following anecdote, told by the "Old Reporter" of the New York *Times*, illustrates this delinquency on his part:

During an interview, Clemens remarked: "When I wrote *The Prince and the Pauper* I flattered myself that it was a serious work. It was my maiden effort in that direction. Up to that time I had been content to grind out books of Mark Twain humor, but this was to be entirely different. To my way of thinking it was perfectly serious, just as it was intended to be. I had spent months in preparing for the work, giving the most careful study to the period in which the little Prince and his Pauper double were to live.

"Well, in due course of time the book came out. To me it was a crucial point in my life. My anxiety over its reception at the hands of the literary critics was so great that I couldn't sleep or eat. It will not be hard to imagine my chagrin, then, when they came out with yards of slush in which they called this, my first serious work, my masterpiece of humor—said it was just about the funniest thing that had ever come off a press.

"Mind you, this was not the verdict of one or two or three of these literary know-it-alls—it was unanimous. When I had learned the fool opinions of the American critics I turned for consolation to those in England and on the Continent. I felt sure they would see the true worth of the book instead of haggling over the occasional flashes of fun in it. Yes, from them I might reasonably expect to get a better verdict.

"But not a bit of it. By the time I had been assaulted and battered in seven or eight languages by this literary riffraff I gave it up and decided that there was no remedy for their kind of mania. The only satisfaction I have ever had out of it is in holding that I was right and they were all wrong. I have never altered that opinion.

"Crushing as this disappointment was, I finally decided that I would not give up the fight. I didn't want to go down to my grave and leave a literary tombstone built out of nothing more lasting than a string of books of humor. Down deep in my heart I wanted Mark Twain to stand for something more immortal than that. I longed to be the author of a book that the critics would call more than mere humor.

"With this inspiration I cast about for the subject and my *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* was the result. Throughout all the months I was engaged on this work I was filled with the one thought—it was to be the means of winning me a new place in the world of letters. Before the Harpers began the serial publication of the story an idea struck me hard—the name Mark Twain was the trouble. The critics were certain to see nothing but humor in the story if it came out with that fateful name tagged to it.

"Convinced of this, I called on the Harpers and gave them my views of the case. We wrangled over it for hours, but in the end I had my way and they consented reluctantly to publish the story anonymously.

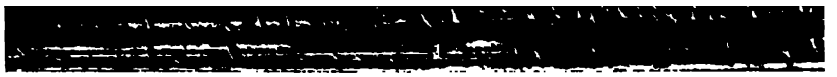
"Well, pretty much everybody is familiar with what followed. I got the verdict. The critics nearly worried themselves into nervous prostration, and maybe I didn't get my revenge! I let them speculate and chatter for nearly two years as to the authorship of the *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* before I printed a card in Harper's informing them that Mark Twain had written it.

"And did any of these literary highbrows suggest in all their ravings that it was a book of humor? Well, I guess not! Mark Twain at last stood for something more than mere tomfoolery."

One reason Mark Twain gave me for insisting upon his anonymity in connection with "Joan of Arc" was the fact that the public had generally formed the opinion that his pseudonym stood only for humorous entertainment, so that a historical romance, like "Joan of Arc,"



Mark Twain



to which he had given years of study and research, would be an imposition on his audience if issued over his usual literary signature.

July 20, 1894, Alden wrote Clemens as follows in regard to the serial, "Joan of Arc":

MY DEAR CLEMENS,—I have read the manuscript you left with me. From the first it put me under a spell, and held me there to the end. It seems to me a masterpiece in this field of writing. I feel sure of one thing, however, if it is to be published in serial form, the story should be completed. You have raised one-half of the arch and have left it suspended in mid-air. You have told the story of a success, and have abandoned it at the culminant point of triumph. It is as if the story of the Saviour stopped with his entry into Jerusalem amid the hosannas of the children. Now, it is the other and descending side of the arch which gives the full disclosure of the character.

Now, how much space would you need to complete the story in the same manner as you have told the tale up to the raising of the siege of Orleans? Of course, the campaign on the Loire may be very brief; but the story of the martyrdom must have free atmosphere and ample sky.

I agree with you that it would be better to withhold your name from the serial—at least for a few numbers. What rate of payment would you expect?

In relation to Mark Twain's anonymity in the publication of his "Joan of Arc" in serial form he wrote me as follows:

VANCOUVER, *Aug.* 17, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. HARPER,—I hope you will put my name to the "Joan of Arc" now, for all that I wanted to accomplish by withholding it has been accomplished. Before making this request I have weighed the matter thoughtfully and am convinced that a longer delay may be a disadvantage. I wish to be appearing in print periodically during my trip around the world; for I shall return and make a wide lecture tour in America next year, and all the advertising I can get will help that enterprise. I can't expect to pay off all the Webster debts in a single lecturing-bout, but I think I can come pretty near it if my name is kept alive

while I am away on this long journey. I know my name is alive at present, or I couldn't be filling these opera-houses in dead summer-time.

Good-by to you all—and health and prosperity!

Sincerely yours,

S. L. CLEMENS.

The following supplementary letter indicates how extremely intimate Mrs. Clemens was with all her husband's literary affairs and also the deference he paid to any suggestions she might offer:

VICTORIA, B. C., *Aug.* 21, 1895.

DEAR MR. HARPER,—My wife is a little troubled by my wanting my *nom de plume* put to "Joan of Arc" so soon. She thinks it might go counter to your plans and that you ought to be left free and unhampered in the matter.

All right—so be it. I wasn't strenuous about it and wasn't meaning to insist; I only thought my reasons were good, and I really think so yet, though I do confess the weight and fairness of *hers*.

The ship should have sailed 5 days ago. Promises to sail to-morrow.

Yours sincerely,

S. L. CLEMENS.

In reply Alden again wrote to Mr. Clemens:

DEAR MR. CLEMENS,—I have before me your letter of August 17th from Vancouver, addressed to Mr. J. Henry Harper. Looking at the matter from our point of view it seems to us very impolitic to announce the authorship of "Joan of Arc" before the conclusion of the serial publication in the MAGAZINE. Your own interests, we think, would be best served by making the first announcement in connection with book-form publication. But of your own interests you are the best judge, and if you still think the announcement should be made, for the purpose of keeping your name before the public, and desire us to make it, we will waive our own interests and concede the point, provided that no increased rate of payment to you for the serial publication of the story shall be expected on that account.

In our Prospectus of the MAGAZINE for 1896 we prominently announce *Tom Sawyer, Detective*, with your portrait, and in connection with the publication of that story we shall have a personal sketch of you that will sufficiently serve your purpose, by way of keeping your name before the public, without the premature announcement of the authorship of "Joan."

We will be pleased to have from you such suggestions as you can give us as to illustrations for Dr. Twitchell's paper.

In point of fact, the anonymity was preserved until the publication of the story in book form, when his name appeared on the title-page.

May 23, 1895, we wrote to Mr. Clemens in regard to the publication of his books:

DEAR MR. CLEMENS,—In answer to your proposal to give us the exclusive publication in this country of all of your books now under your control, or to come under your control, we beg leave to submit the following:

With the view to our publishing a new, uniform library edition of those books, from new plates, our idea would be that we should pay you, upon the works of which we should make the plates ourselves, a royalty of 15 per cent. on the retail price of all copies sold by us up to five thousand copies, and 20 per cent. on the retail price of all sold thereafter, subject to the terms and conditions of our usual contracts with authors. If you should prefer to supply the plates yourself, uniform with our proposed edition, we would pay a royalty of 20 per cent. on all copies sold up to five thousand copies, and of 25 per cent. on all sold thereafter, subject to the terms and conditions of our usual contracts with authors.

We understand that the only books of yours which you have not yet under your immediate control, but which you will secure for us at the earliest arrangement practicable, are seven in all, viz.:

Pudd'nhead Wilson	*The Gilded Age*
Innocents Abroad	*Roughing It*
Tom Sawyer	*The Tramp Abroad*

A volume of sketches

We now publish the complete works of Samuel L. Clemens in library form, and have his biography, *Mark*

Twain—Chapters from an Extraordinary Life, by Albert Bigelow Paine, in press for early publication.

Five years before his death Paine was selected by Clemens to be his authorized biographer, and since that time he has been steadily engaged on this great work. He lived in constant touch with Mr. Clemens, and in his hands were placed the accumulated letters, notes, and memoranda of a lifetime. Perhaps no biographer has been offered so rich an opportunity. Mr. Paine has visited every place where the great humorist has lived, and has gone over the scenes of all his travels. He has searched out those who knew Mark Twain in every part of the world, and has gathered from them all anecdotes and letters which throw light on any portion of this romantic and fascinatingly interesting life.

After the Corbett-Sullivan fight in New Orleans those pugilists gave an exhibition of their boxing prowess in the Madison Square Garden; and Mark Twain, being in the city at the time, asked me if I could secure him a good seat for the performance. We went to see the friendly sparring match; and after it was over, Clemens informed me that he should like to meet Corbett, so I took him into Corbett's dressing-room, where the athlete was having a rub-down after his encounter, and introduced him. Clemens, in his slow, drawling manner of speech, said: "I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Corbett. I am informed that you now propose to go over to London to make a match for the championship of the world." Corbett said that he had that idea in mind. "Now, before you do that," Clemens went on to say, "you must first put the gloves on with me." "That would hardly be fair," Corbett promptly replied, "for if you should get the best

of me, I would be down and out; but if I succeeded in whipping you, you would still be Mark Twain." This was too much for Clemens, and we accordingly beat a hasty retreat.

I attended a stag dinner at Hopkinson Smith's, several years ago, at which Mark Twain was the important guest. During the dinner Smith did his best to draw Clemens into the general conversation, but signally failed. Whether Clemens was not feeling in good form or did not care to be forced into the position of general entertainer, I am unable to say, but he sat almost mum up to the point when coffee and cigars were in order. Then, all of a sudden, without any warning, he brought his fist down on the table with a force that made the glasses ring and every one jump, and, turning to me, said, "As I was telling you, we were just driving into the cemetery when the horses took fright and ran away." This was the opening of an amusing tale, which was followed up with story after story for the remainder of the evening.

At another dinner Clemens was called on to speak, and he said that he had just taken out a patent on a new form of after-dinner speaking and if the toast-master would kindly give him a subject to speak to, no matter how irrelevant to the occasion, he would elucidate his invention. He was given the Egyptians, and expressed himself as quite satisfied. He accordingly proceeded to give a slight exposition of life in early Egypt and then said that it reminded him of a story, and he told how at one time he was riding over the prairies in a wagon without springs, when the driver carelessly drove over a boulder and he was unceremoniously jolted out. When the driver came back to help him up he inquired if he was

much hurt. Clemens replied no, but if he ever went to hell he would like to be taken there in his wagon, and when asked why, he answered, because he would be so glad to get there. And then Clemens went on with the serious portion of his speech and brought his remarks down to the Greeks, and after a few appropriate observations worked in another humorous story, but one entirely foreign to the text of his speech, and so on, a little history and a good story sandwiched in alternately until he sat down.

When the next speaker arose, having been given some appropriate subject pursuant to the regular program of the evening, he began in a serious vein, but had not gone far before he said that he was reminded of a story. "Hold on," interrupted Clemens, "you are encroaching on my patent." And for the balance of the evening, whenever a speaker attempted to interject an extraneous anecdote into his speech, Clemens would object, claiming an infringement on his patent rights, and every effort in this direction was greeted by the guests with uproarious laughter.

XXXVIII

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS's first connection with our House was accomplished as follows:

April, 7, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—With respect to the matters which have been discussed between you and Mr. J. Henry Harper and between you and our Mr. Sinclair—the 16th page of our BAZAR and our "Editor's Drawer"—the Messrs. Harper wish me to say that they have in mind the possibility that some one especially fitted for the work might make for himself a distinct and recognized place here, in connection with such matters. It is a case in which one who attempts such work would have, in effect, the opportunity to shape a department for himself. The Messrs. Harper would be pleased to have you make the undertaking, and with the hope that you will succeed to your own satisfaction and theirs.

Yours sincerely,

H. M. ALDEN.

Ever since the above proposition was made, which proved acceptable to Mr. Bangs, he has been continuously associated with the House. I first met Johnny Bangs, as he is familiarly known by his friends, at Delmonico's, where he was lunching, tête-à-tête, with his father, F. N. Bangs; and he was introduced to me as one of our profession, he being then on the editorial staff of *Life*. How can I give in words a slight indication of the pleasure I have experienced in my long and close friendship with Bangs, or give an idea of what his friendship means to me? To know him intimately is to revel in the enjoyment

of a good-fellowship which is of the true and tried order.

Bangs is a successful writer, as the popular sale of his twenty-five volumes published by us duly certifies; but it is in his casual conversation that he appears to the best advantage, for his humorous observations are entirely spontaneous and contagious in their merriment. When his jocose or satirical sayings are read in cold print they at times strike one as studied; but in reality they are never so: his pen when once started on an idea runs along easily and unhaltingly, and his witty conceits are entirely uncompelled, being usually suggested by some thought of the moment which develops luxuriantly as he writes. He told me once that if in the preparation of a poem the treatment did not come to him easily and without hesitation, so that he could write it out within a very short time, he counted it a failure and abandoned it. Versification with him is natural, and he can express his ideas in rhyme almost as readily as in prose. But this is only one side of the versatile Bangs. As a public speaker and lecturer he is in great demand. He received at one time a request from some one out West to write for him a postprandial speech, and in his reply he said that his usual price to such men as Senator Depew and Gen. Horace Porter was so and so, but that for a beginner, who might not do him credit, it would be much larger, and then named an impossible amount, which had the desired effect, as the correspondence was thereby concluded.

On one occasion I invited him to lunch with me to meet an English friend who had just arrived in New York, and afterward we went to Ardsley to play golf. A few days later I received the following bill:

ARDSLEY, *Nov.* 12, 1897.

MR. J. HENRY HARPER

To the Bangs Entertainment Co., Dr.

.....

Oct. 9

Entertaining one Englishman eight hours @ $10	$80
Entertaining one Publisher eight hours @ $2	16
Laughing at Englishman's jokes	75
Jests supplied at luncheon	2.50
One brassey, broken while playing golf with Englishman	2
Disbursements, Link cards, Caddies, Scotches & Soda.	10.28
	$185.78

Please remit.

After an elaborate luncheon party at the New York Yacht Club, Bangs was gazing out of the window and remarked on the appropriate coat of arms on the façade of the Yale Club, which is almost vis-à-vis, bearing the motto *Lux et Veritas*, and he suggested that something of the kind would be ornamental on the front of the Yacht Club building. A member replied that unfortunately they possessed no coat of arms, but added that if Bangs would supply a suitable motto, he would consult the governors with a view to rectifying this omission. Immediately Bangs proposed "*Ducks et Demi-Tasse.*"

Bangs employs in his writings various *noms de plume*, which often lead to amusing complications. I append an illuminative poem by Carolyn Wells on his manifold signatures and Bangs's felicitous reply:

THOSE NEW POETS

Quite frequently it happens
As I scan my HARPER o'er,
I see a goodly poet's name
I've never seen before.

I think, "He's very clever
At cutting verbal pranks;

Another merry jingler
 Is added to our ranks."

And then the notion stirs me,
 And round my spirit hangs:
"Is it another pseudonym
 Of J—K—B—?"

CAROLYN WELLS.

TO CAROLYN WELLS

On reading her lines "Those New Poets," in the April "Drawer"

You do right well, O Lady Fair,
 In all the verse you see
Behind the name that's written there
 To look for little me.
And if you seek the prettiest
 Of all my magic spells,
The wisest and the wittiest—
 Read those I sign
 Just "Carolyn
 Wells"!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I had an invitation this autumn to visit Mr. and Mrs. John Kendrick Bangs at their home at Ogunquit, Maine, and as a reminder received the following communication:

Sept. 8, 1911.

DEAR HARRY,—
As the time draws near
When we expect to have you here
Our hearts are filled with joyous cheer
 Beyond all namin'
 To think you're camin'!
The mat's prinked up all nice and sweet
All ready for your welcome feet,
And all the trees are getting gay
To think you're really on the way.
The front-door bell is full of songs,
The poker dances with the tongs,
And e'en the little bees are hummin'
 "J. Henry's comin'!"

What though the State is Prohibition?
The Cocktail Shaker's in condition.
The ice is cracked, the lemon's peeled,
And all the Brown Jugs are unsealed.
The sheets are boiled, the pan is hot
As any Afric Hottentot.
The Hen is working off her legs
To lay your nice, fresh, hard-boiled eggs,
And every tater in the hill
Is waiting with its heart a-thrill
All through and through,
Quite ready to be mashed on you—
Why e'en the Donkey's strident bray
Cries out, "HOORAY!
Old Harry's on the way!"
A gladsome prospect? Yes, by Heck!
IF YOU DON'T COME WE'LL BREAK YOUR NECK!
Eternally yours,
J. K. B.

From 1899 to 1901 Mr. Bangs was managing editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY. He is by nature a humorist and by education a serious-minded student whose addresses and academic writings show that he has inherited a forceful and logical mind from his father, who was one of the most distinguished members of the New York Bar. His droll fancies and essays of wit have charmed many a fireside group, and his political guidance has been uplifting and efficacious in several campaigns. This son of the Muses had displayed over his fireplace, when I last visited him, "*Hic Habitat Felicitas*," but it is a happiness which he has liberally distributed far and wide.

During one of Abbey's short visits to New York I gave him a dinner at the Union League Club, and among others I invited Lafcadio Hearn, who addressed to me the following acceptance:

DEAR MR. HARPER,—I shall be very happy to meet yourself and Mr. Abbey at the Union League Club at the time appointed.

Faithfully,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

WEST TENTH STREET, *Jan.* 21, 1889.

Alden undertook to pilot Hearn around to the Club, but at the last moment L. H. decided not to attend the dinner; he was, however, finally prevailed upon by Alden to accompany him, although he changed his mind several times on the way to the Club. Even after he arrived and had been presented to the other guests, he endeavored to make his escape, and was literally pulled back by his coat-tails by the alert Alden. On his arrival Hearn appeared to be extremely nervous and diffident. I believe it was the first time he had ever worn a dress-suit, but before the dinner was over he was quite at his ease and was enjoying himself to such an extent that he was the last member of the party to say good night. After we had all taken our places at the table William D. Howells, who sat on my left, pointed out Hearn and asked me who he was. I reminded him that I had introduced them to each other, and said, "You surely know who Lafcadio Hearn is." Howells jumped up from his chair, and going round to Hearn, took his hand and remarked that the name Hearn meant nothing to him, but that there was only one Lafcadio Hearn, and that he felt so pleased to meet him that he was impelled to shake hands with him again—a graceful act and one highly appreciated by Hearn.

Hearn's *Chita* and *Youma*, which we published, were charming, impassioned tales full of vivid description. Hearn was Oriental in his imagination, and it was quite natural for him to conceive the idea of going to Japan

to write a series of articles for our MAGAZINE and to have C. D. Weldon, the artist, go with him to furnish the illustrations. On their way to Japan, Hearn learned from Weldon that he was to receive a larger price a page for his drawings than he was to be paid for his writing. Now, although as a rule a page drawing in the MAGAZINE costs us more than a page of letterpress—in the same way that engraving a drawing on wood often proved more expensive than the illustration itself—nevertheless Hearn, who was of a visionary, impractical turn of mind, a poet and dreamer in fact, became furious and repudiated the engagement he had suggested to us, and poor Weldon found himself left in the lurch after they landed in Japan.

Before Hearn and Weldon left for Japan we wrote Hearn a full statement of our understanding of the arrangement:

Feb. 13, 1890.

DEAR MR. HEARN,—For the Japanese enterprise the Messrs. Harper are in no way responsible. They did not initiate the undertaking, and all they have done toward forwarding it is incidental and amounts to this—*viz.*, that they have promised to avail themselves of the literary and art results of the trip in so far as the material offered them by yourself and Mr. Weldon may prove satisfactory for use in their periodicals, and to such an extent as may seem desirable in the judgment of their editors; and in particular they have agreed to publish in their MAGAZINE an article on "The New Civilization in Japan," provided you shall offer them a satisfactory article on that subject.

But we wish now to make some definite arrangements with you in connection with the literary results of this expedition.

I. We are willing to take from you material on Japanese subjects amounting altogether to 60,000 words, provided that in subject and treatment it is in our judgment, satisfactory for use in our periodicals.

II. As we reserve to ourselves freedom of judgment, we leave to you freedom of action as to choice of subjects, etc. But we

would especially like to have for our MAGAZINE an article on "The New Civilization in Japan," to be forwarded to us at the earliest moment practicable.

III. No article is to exceed ten thousand words in length.

IV. As a rule the articles should be illustrated, with Mr. Weldon's co-operation; but we do not wish to limit you to such articles as require illustration. If, for example, you wish to give us an example of Japanese conversation showing its peculiar idioms, in an article of two or three thousand words, you might do so. But in this and in all cases it is desirable that you should show your material to Mr. Weldon, who might see in it the motif for a head or tail-piece, or both.

V. We could not publish articles of a speculative or scientific character on the religion of the country—or on its language. We could treat religious practices only as they enter into the life of the people.

VI. For matter accepted for our MAGAZINE we will pay you at the rate of twenty dollars a thousand words—and for matter accepted for our other periodicals at the rate of fifteen dollars a thousand words.

VII. It is understood that we are to have the refusal of all you write on Japan for periodical publication, and that the Messrs. Harper shall have the option of publishing any or all of this series which they find available in book form, paying you a 10 per cent. royalty on retail (trade-list) price for all copies sold, subject to the usual conditions of their contracts with authors.

Within a few days Hearn accepted our offer and we wrote him again as follows:

Feb. 17, 1890.

DEAR MR. HEARN, — We have yours of the 15th, acceding to the terms mentioned in our letter to you of the 13th inst. We are willing that you should send us your articles when they are ready, if you will send with each a list made by Mr. Weldon of the subjects he proposes to illustrate. It is important that we should have your articles before we finally determine what illustrations we shall use.

In reply to a letter received from Hearn, after his arrival in Japan, which I am unfortunately unable to

find, he not only indignantly disavowed any arrangement he had proposed for articles on Japan, but further desired to cancel his agreements for the several books already published by the House, and to relinquish all rights therein. We wrote:

June 3, 1890.

LAFCADIO HEARN, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR,—Your interruption of the Japanese undertaking need give you no uneasiness as far as our interests are concerned. We were at no time partial to the enterprise. When you and Mr. Weldon had concluded to go to Japan, we, at Mr. Alden's suggestion, offered to you the hospitality of our periodicals for available articles on that country to the extent of 60,000 words, stipulating only that, in return, you should give us the first choice of what you might write. To prevent any possible misunderstanding, we as clearly as possible disavowed any share or interest in the undertaking itself; and your recent letters to us show that you understood this perfectly. If we had either initiated or adopted the enterprise, our arrangement would have been different.

There is, therefore, no reason why you should return to us our agreements with you with reference to the publication of your books. We hold these subject to your order. Unless, by violation of your personal obligations to other parties, you have reason to anticipate that there might be some lien placed upon these agreements, there is nothing to interfere with our payment of these royalties to you as they may accrue.

The other statements made by you in your letters just received seem to us too disingenuous to require comment on our part.

Notwithstanding Hearn's exasperation and uncalled-for aspersions on Alden and the House, we received an article from him for the MAGAZINE, and Alden promptly wrote the following acknowledgment:

Sept. 10, 1890.

DEAR MR. HEARN,—Please find enclosed Messrs. Harper & Brothers' remittance of one hundred and fifty dollars ($150) in payment for your article "A Winter Journey to Japan."

By the next mail the Messrs. Harper will send you a statement of account with reference to sales of your books and sum due you for royalties on the same.

The Messrs. Harper prefer to ignore your recent letters to them if it is in any way possible for them to make an appeal from the writer of these to the Mr. Hearn they thought they knew, the author of *Chita*, whom they have always endeavored to treat with proper consideration and with that frankness and courtesy which should characterize the relations between publisher and author.

We have authorized no one to make any statement as to our disposition toward you. We do not know what other unauthorized statements have been made to you. We have had no other than direct communication with you; and that surely has been plain enough to prevent any possible misunderstanding on your part. Our letter to you before you went to Japan clearly disavowed our responsibility for the Japanese undertaking. Moreover, it must be obvious to you that we could not have bound ourselves to any other party, as you seem to think we did, and at the same time have left you and Mr. Weldon perfectly free. Mr. Weldon understands this—how is it that you do not?

Hoping that you may reach at least a reasonable view of the matter upon due reflection, I remain, etc.

Theodore Child, a very well-informed Englishman domiciled in Paris, furnished for our MAGAZINE many important articles on travel, art, and literature. His first noteworthy contribution was the result of a trip to Russia, where, in collaboration with T. de Thulstrup, the illustrator, he prepared for us a series of important papers on the "Tsar and His People." Afterward he went to South America, where he found material for a number of striking articles. Child was one of those alert and shrewd cosmopolitan observers who take account of general characteristics and details, who adapt themselves readily to new circumstances, and whose vivacious and graphic pens record with singular fidelity both facts and impressions. He had the intelligence, the experience, the

cheerful temperament of a first-class traveler, and whoever crossed the Andes with him in his contributions to the MAGAZINE in 1890 accompanied an entertaining and instructive fellow-traveler.

Soon after his return he was appointed our agent in Paris, and a very active and capable agent he was, always in touch with the prevailing writers and artists. Being a conspicuous author and art critic himself, he readily secured the respect, and in almost every case the friendship as well, of the prominent French and English contributors to our MAGAZINE.

The following letter from Edmund Yates shows how highly he appreciated Child as his Paris correspondent:

FARNHAM CHASE, BUCKS, *Sunday, Aug.* 3, '90.

MY DEAR THEO. C.,—The enclosed mem just received from Simpson has alarmed me! You know how I appreciate your work, and how much I desire to be loyal and true! But I don't like "hopes"! You are an erratic chap, and you mustn't "chuck" me again. I could never again find such a good *remplaçant* for you as I have now, and if the Harpers are going to keep you in N. Y., or to send you to Barataria, I should be in the hole. Briefly, if there is any doubt about your return and *continuance*, I must keep on with my present man.

Sincerely yours,

EDMUND YATES.

I also reproduce three letters which, among others, Child gave me for the autographs, and which are interesting as an indication of the quality of his correspondents:

CHER MONSIEUR,—Je n'ai pas mon traité pour "l'Argent" avec l'Angleterre, et je suis tout prêt à m'entendre avec vous, si l'offre est raisonable. Dans le cas où vous désiriez me voir, vous me trouverez tous les jours chez moi, à une heure et demie trés précises, même le dimanche.

Cordialement,

ÉMILE ZOLA.

MONSIEUR,—J'ai reçu le No. du Belgravia, que vous avez bien voulu m'envoyer—et j'ai eu beaucoup de plaisir à lire votre article, où l'impartialité du critique va de paire avec la plus grande bienveillance.—Venant de la part d'un Anglais, et dans un moment tel que celui-ci, votre appréciation m'est doublement précieuse.—Je fais des vœux pour que l'antagonisme qui existe entre nos deux nations, fasse bientôt place à des sentiments meilleurs—et je vous prie, monsieur, de recevoir l'expression de ma gratitude ainsi que celle de ma haute consideration.

IVAN TOURGUENIEFF.

MONSIEUR,—Je suis en Algérie pour longtemps sans doute et je ne puis donc vous donner le rendez-vous que vous me demandez.

Quant à mon portrait, je me refuse toujours à le laisser publier. Il ne l'a été que par surprise, car je m'oppose même a la vente de mes photographies.

Recevez, monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments très distingués.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

Early in 1892 Theodore Child proposed to make a trip through Persia to India, and possibly to include China, for descriptive articles and also in search of traces of the early trade intercourse between Egypt and India and China, Child having conceived an interesting theory in regard to the influence of Egyptian art on that of India and China, a theory which he had long held and desired to investigate as far as possible through the examination of any existing evidences. The journey through Persia was so perilous that I endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, but he was so persistent that I was at last compelled to consent, and he left Paris on his way to Persia. His last letter to me reads as follows:

TEHERAN, *Oct.* 2, 1892.

DEAR AND RESPECTED CHIEF,—We have just arrived safely and in good health in the Persian capital after a march of seven-

teen days from Tabriz. We now have a good caravan comprising ten horses and four slaves, two slaves for the horses and two for ourselves, of whom one is a cook, a fine cook, but alas! he leaves us here on account of the cold, for we camp out o' nights in a tent—one tent for ourselves and one for the slaves—and the nights are now superbly cold. It is a hard life we are leading, exposed to all the elements, burning sun in the day, cold at night, fearful wind, blinding dust, thieves too, and kicks from horses. The other day Weeks got a fierce kick on the thigh, but he managed to get over it. At Zendjan where we camped at the gates of the town thieves came in the night, cut the small ropes of the tent, and abstracted one of my trunks containing all my good clothes, linen shirts, studs, etc., over $200 worth. They got away with their plunder and left me with my riding-clothes alone, and as they are burned all colors by sun, dust, and rain, I cut a poor figure in Teheran and shall be obliged to continue cutting the same poor figure until we get to India, which ought to be about December 1st, as we have still some ten days' caravan riding before we reach the gulf.

But all this bad luck and hard work is compensated by the beauty and novelty of the country and the people. Nothing has yet been published about Persia that gives any idea of it. Weeks is enthusiastic. He paints at sunrise; he paints at sunset; and even when he goes to bed he continues—painting his nose with vaseline, in which operation I follow his example, for although we are both burned as black as brown niggers, the ends of our noses cannot resist the fierceness of the noonday sun, and they crack and peel and are awful to look upon. We are gathering heaps of material, and the little ride from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf will, I hope, be found interesting by Mr. Alden and the public. There are not many people who have done it; and, rough as it is, it is worth doing. There is literally no end of material for illustration, and all different from anything either of us has ever seen in any country or any book. We are both going to try to do something highly artistic. But what slow work it is! What a long time it takes to gather the material! What endless difficulties in the way of the artist! These Persians are very fanatical, and at the present moment Christians are in bad odor everywhere, so that you cannot go and sit to paint anywhere. In the towns we have to get policemen and soldiers to protect the artist and keep the stupid crowd at a distance.

Teheran is an awfully funny place, a queer mixture of East

and West, with a great polychrome square that looks like the outside of an ambulant circus—very comic.

Got some ink at last! and a pen when I am reaching the end of my paper.

Business.—Just before I left Paris McIlvaine spoke about the books that H. & B. will publish for me in the autumn, and I told him that any arrangement that the firm and he could make would have my approval. I hope that big subscription book will go on all right.

With compliments to Mrs. Harper and kind regards to Fletcher, who would enjoy this caravan life, I remain,

Yours ever faithfully,

THEODORE CHILD.

The London *Times* of November 7, 1892, announces the death in Persia of Theodore Child, the accomplished writer and distinguished traveler, and goes on to say:

The Messrs. Harper & Brothers, in whose service Mr. Child was on his way to India, had heard from him at Tabriz, where he had been sick with cholera but had recovered. The purpose of Mr. Child's journey was to write a series of papers for HARPER'S MAGAZINE on "Living India." They were to have been illustrated by Mr. Weeks. . . . Mr. Child and Mr. Weeks left Tabriz on the 12th Sept., and no further particulars of their journey have arrived than that they left Teheran on the 8th of October, and that Mr. Child died on the 2d of November. . . . Mr. Child had a very wide acquaintance among the artists and literary men of Paris, where he had lived ever since finishing at the University of Oxford, about twenty years ago. He went to Paris as the correspondent of the London *Telegraph*. Later he wrote for the London *World* and for the *Illustrated London News*. . . . For ten years past he has acted as agent in Paris for the Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and for HARPER'S MAGAZINE he wrote a number of articles on a variety of topics. His most notable series in the MAGAZINE was that on "The Spanish-American Republics."

February 3, 1893, Alden wrote to E. L. Weeks, the celebrated painter, who accompanied Child on his trip with a view to illustrating his articles:

DEAR MR. WEEKS,—I am writing this to meet your arrival in Paris, so that you may at once communicate with us, saying what you can do with the material you have in hand as the result of your trip through Asia. We are looking to you for articles as well as illustrations of your journey through Persia; and it is our desire that you should avail yourself of the material you have collected to such an extent as to reimburse you for your trouble and expense, if possible; that is, if the material can be so used as to be of advantage to our MAGAZINE. Mr. Child took the overland route to India entirely on his own responsibility, and the result, fatal to him, is also lamentable for us, through the loss we sustain not only of a dear friend but of one of our most valued contributors. He was so anxious to take this route to India that we contemplated having from him an article about it as part of his series. The trip has caused you much anxiety, hardship, and sorrow, apart from its expense, and we shall be pleased if your material would justify your preparation of two MAGAZINE articles of not over ten thousand words each, with suitable illustrations. But before determining the number of the articles and the space to be given the letterpress and illustrations we wish to have your views, and we desire them to be as full and definite as you can shape them and including terms for letterpress.

P.S.—As to India itself, we intend to send Mr. Richard Harding Davis to that country next winter to execute the work Mr. Child had in view for us. Would you like to promise illustrations for his articles in the same way and on the same terms as you proposed doing for Mr. Child's series?

We also wrote to George A. Lucas, Child's devoted friend and executor, as follows:

March 2, 1893.

DEAR MR. LUCAS,—We have asked Mr. Wason, our agent in Paris, to send us Mr. Child's note-books. We wish to know just what ground the notes cover and how far they would serve as material for letterpress to accompany E. L. Weeks's illustrations, though it is not our intention to use them in this way without making the proper arrangements with Mr. Child's executors. The notes may be of no material service, in which case we must depend entirely upon Mr. Weeks for our MAGAZINE articles on Persia.

Not knowing of the existence of any extensive material in this

shape, we have already indicated to Mr. Weeks (in a letter awaiting his arrival in Paris) that we shall look to him for articles as well as illustrations, and have asked him to submit his plan for such articles. When he submits his plan we should, in any proper consideration of it, have by us at the same time Mr. Child's notes; and to secure this we cabled Mr. Wason to send them to us. We wish to do justice to all the parties interested.

Mr. Child undertook the overland trip on his own motion; and it was at his particular request that we included in our schemes any articles outside of India proper. On the basis of our arrangement with Mr. Child, Mr. Weeks was induced by him to take the overland trip also, at much personal risk and expense. We feel bound, therefore, to give Mr. Weeks every chance we can to reimburse himself; but we must act with full knowledge of what Mr. Child has written. We regret, therefore, that there should have been any delay in the transmission of the note-books.

E. L. Weeks's work as a painter is delightful and has been extensively admired; it is largely of the Oriental *genre*. The articles he prepared for the MAGAZINE in lieu of his friend Child, both as to text and illustrations, were worthy of his reputation as an eminent artist. Weeks is an American, but he has lived for many years in Paris, where he is probably more at home now than he would be in his native land.

In 1890 we published anonymously a very remarkable work, entitled *God in His World*, and I cannot give a better appreciation of the book than to reproduce a letter from Bishop Huntington and the author's reply. Alden has said: "I hardly look upon the book as mine, in the ordinary sense of authorship, since in its preparation I seemed to myself to be prompted and guided by the movement, rather than to be myself the conductor; and hence I have called it 'An Interpretation.'"

SYRACUSE, N. Y., *June* 17, 1890.

MY DEAR MRS. TUTTLE,—Seeing a notice of the book in the *Evening Post*, and having found the literary criticisms of that

paper generally trustworthy, I bought and read *God in His World* without delay, and asked myself what living writer of English could have written it. The only answer I could get was, "No one that I know or ever heard of." I lent it to a friend of keen literary sense and large reading, asked him the same question, and received the same answer. Then I wrote to my "boy," W. R. H., the rector of Grace Church, New York. He made inquiry and told me that the author was Mr. Alden, on the staff of Harper's, formerly a denominational minister, adding that the authorship was not made public. At the same time I saw it stated that the author was a clergyman of the Church of England, whose name was mentioned. By letter and otherwise I have recommended the work as remarkable—very remarkable to relishers of good things, and that it has aroused my surprise and admiration. In thought and diction it is a thing by itself; and it seems to have been created by intellectual and spiritual forces not very active in modern literature, and by a process not conspicuous in students and thinkers of our times, without controversy, passion, or much apparent purpose, with scarcely a recognition of any existing theory, opinion, system or party, being neither logical nor theological, having no case to make out or proposition to support or cause to defend. It is the interpretation of an oracle, or rather it is an oracle in itself. It reports a vision of things unseen, opens a divine mystery, discloses a superhuman secret—the secret of a sweet, composed, and imperturbable contentment. There has been a penetrating look into the "mind of Christ," and the seer dwells there in serene satisfaction, speaking "right on."

Except for the chapters about the Ethnic Religions, which might as well have been left out, because they are unharmonious with the rest, and present what is easily found elsewhere, and rather interrupt the holy strain than add to its melody or power, one might almost suppose the giver of the message to be uninformed of what error and superstition, delusion and sin, the devil and his angels have been doing in the world all along.

The method is chiefly the method of the Master Himself, and the spirit is His; though the Lord, I think, took more express notice of both guilt and penalty, assigned a larger place to Law in the Economy of the Universe and the discipline of the personal soul and sounded a louder note of warning of "the wrath to come."

I had thought that the various studies, experiences, and con-

tacts of my life had given to most forms of faith, doubt, and disbelief, a familiar expression; but I confess these aphorisms and affirmations more than once made me lay the volume down and *think*, considering how the truth revealed in them might be reconciled with Christian institutions, with the creed, with the organization of the Gospel, life in the Church and in history. Ecclesiastically the whole thing is, to a strict churchman, somewhat like a blow in the pit of the stomach; it takes one's breath away; yet I am far from sure that its central meaning cannot be reconciled with the Church which I believe to be Apostolical. The trouble is that into the Church "the world"—which we can hardly call "His World"—has managed to work its way, usurping control, contradicting the original principles, and poisoning the blood.

The style of the book is a deep delight. The chapter ending "and there are no barbarians to conquer us" is superb.

It has been, dear friends, a pleasure to me to respond to your inquiry; but if it had been a task distasteful in itself I should have done it with equal readiness.

Confusion has begun. My "study" is pulled to pieces. We are packing. Saturday morning we expect to be off, and Sunday I hope will be a real Sabbath among the trees, birds, flowers, and cattle at the old Homestead.

Faithfully,

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

To which Alden replied as follows:

June 27, 1890.

THE RT. REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON:

DEAR AND REV. SIR,—I received from my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, the letter you wrote to them about *God in His World*—a book which I hesitate to call mine, as my message seemed given to me to say. You have detected (no one else has) the interpolation of what might be called the scholarly part of the book. In 1863 I delivered a series of lectures on "The Structure of Paganism" before the Lowell Institute; and I have given place in the book to some of the thoughts expressed in those lectures. The fine sense which enabled me to recognize the direct spiritual utterance enabled you also to detect the interruption of the current, the indirection.

But after all it may have been wisely ordered that I should include this study of Ethnic Religions. Coming so early in the

book it deters the thoughtless reader, and so helps confine the work to its proper audience.

You will concede another element of value to this study—*viz.*, that it makes an important distinction (seldom made even by scholars) between the ancient mythologies and the ancient religions. Clement, of Alexandria, and the Greek Fathers generally, found in Hellenic philosophy the preparation for the Christian faith. I find it in the mysteries—in the religion of the people. Thus, excluding the poets and philosophers, there still remains, from the beginning, the witnessing to the eternal Word in the popular heart. Moreover, the history of the degeneration of all pagan religions furnishes an instructive analogy to the degeneration of Christian faith in Latin ecclesiasticism and theology.

I graduated at Andover in 1860, but was never ordained as a clergyman. My voice failed me and I came to New York, and have, since 1863, been associated with the Messrs. Harper. I never had in view the writing of a book, nor any desire to be known as a writer. The impulse to write this book came suddenly and did not leave me until it was completed.

Since 1862 I have been a member of the P. E. Church. I owe to the Catholic atmosphere of that Church much of my expression of religious faith. I claim to be a good churchman in that I have followed this tendency toward Catholicity. I cannot see why the Christian should not enter into his full heritage—even if he puts aside ecclesiastical limitations in his expansion. We ought to feel that it is not necessary for us to go outside of our faith for the largest growth. We have been told long enough that it is in science or in rationalism only that such freedom is possible. Christianity has a right to the universe which does not belong to science.

The book is doing well. An edition of fifteen hundred has just gone to press, and this is the fourth printing. But if it were otherwise—if only a few copies had been sold—your large and generous appreciation of its spirit, so frankly expressed in words not written for the author's reading, would satisfy my heart and make me glad that I had yielded to the importunate Voice. The world in which alone I could have heard that voice is the one into which you first led me—the field of the divine regard and of the divine operation, the real kingdom of a boundless faith.

We also published Alden's *A Study of Death*, a book

that has brought comfort to many a distressed and disquieted soul.

In 1891 we received for our MAGAZINE a very important paper by Ed. J. Phelps, American jurist and diplomatist, who was United States Minister to Great Britain from 1885 to 1889. We sent an early copy of the MAGAZINE containing the article to the Hon. Thomas Francis Bayard and received the following acknowledgment:

WILMINGTON, DEL., *March* 15, 1891.

MY DEAR SIR,—Accept, I beg you, my thanks for your thoughtful courtesy in letting me see Mr. Phelps's paper on the Bering Sea question in HARPER'S for April—in advance.

I was very glad when I saw him a fortnight ago in New Haven to learn that he had written it for you.

It is very clear, cogent, and instructive, and it is *but one chapter* in the history of our relations with Canada for six years past.

To understand the feeling in Canada toward the United States and the *causes* of it, it must be remembered that just when England was giving ready co-operation to my plan for preserving seal life in the treaty for composing the long-standing strifes in relation to the Northeastern Fisheries it was thrown back into the face of Canada with such rudeness as seemed to shut the door to friendly arrangement—the wretched plot of the Murchison-Sackville letters was worked up at the same time, and not unnaturally *all* settlements were suspended.

Let us hope, however, that the *rapprochement* has commenced and will be completed.

Truly and respectfully yours,

T. F. BAYARD.

Bayard was Secretary of State in President Cleveland's Cabinet, and in 1893 he was appointed the first United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

In the following letter Alden defends HARPER'S MAGAZINE against certain charges in an article written for the *Evangelist* by Dr. Henry M. Field:

THE HOUSE OF HARPER

May 18, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. FIELD,—I have read your article. All which relates to the Reviews, beginning with the sentence, "that the intellectual activity is increased," is, with the exception of the phrases in my brackets, wholly just and a well-deserved tribute to the enterprise which has established and developed *The North American Review* and *The Forum*. This is a good article in itself, and is based upon a careful consideration of these Reviews.

The first part is good down to the paragraph in which you suggest the *decadence* of the popular magazines. I have suggested an alteration of one passage. The idea of HARPER'S learning a lesson from the *Century* is not objectionable, as I hope we are not above learning a lesson from any quarter. So far as the *Century* is concerned, it was the competition itself which affected HARPER'S rather than any suggestion derived by HARPER'S from its rival. There would have been no competition if the *Century* had not so entirely adopted the plan of HARPER'S from beginning to end, even in its editorial departments. This was a very comprehensive lesson taught by HARPER'S to the *Century*, as indeed to every popular illustrated magazine that would hope for wide success.

If you are driving a spirited horse and another mettlesome steed comes alongside, your horse (which would not otherwise have paid any attention to the other, nor even so but for the fact that the other is *running the same road*) naturally leaps forward, rejoicing in a good race.

All of your article which suggests the *decadence* of the popular magazines seems to me unfair and not based upon a careful consideration of what these magazines (particularly HARPER'S) are doing. I will speak for HARPER'S only and confine myself to the immediate past. I will admit that we are not making *so* prominent the editorial features as we did a generation ago—simply because other agencies meet the popular need. We never treated political or religious questions; but recently, far more than formerly, have we laid open to our readers the more hidden phases of European politics (as in De Blowitz's brilliant articles —to which you can find no counterpart in our Reviews—and in articles like that of Frederic Boyle's on "Secret Societies in China," which disclosed the real agencies at work against Christian missionaries in that country) and the most important new religious phases of development (as in Pressensé's "Religious Movement in Germany," De Vogué's "Neo-Christian Movement in France," these also having no counterpart in our Reviews).

But how as to Literature? Show me anything in our Reviews equal to Lowell's six articles on "The Old English Dramatists," recently published in HARPER'S. Make out a list of our best writers (from the highest literary point of view), and tell me where you are sure to find their contributions. It will be seldom in Reviews—often in both HARPER'S and the *Century*.

We are doing History in more interesting ways than formerly (as in Besant's enchanting papers on London—only a year ago), and much that was done in elaborate description or general articles concerning contemporary life is now presented in fiction or in realistic sketches like those, now being published, of Owen Wister, giving a setting to characteristic phases of frontier life, now rapidly disappearing.

The student of fifty years hence who would know what the life of the world to-day really is, would find his satisfactory answers not in Review essays which reflect the individual opinion of their writer, but in the immediate reflection of the life itself in such matter as makes up the whole texture of a magazine like HARPER'S.

But you complain of the pictures, and I think you make a very great mistake when you say they are distinguished by "mere prettiness"—for this is what most pictures of our best recent artists lack. Show me some of the "merely pretty" pictures in HARPER'S.

No—we give several articles showing just what the great armies and navies of the world to-day are (and here again no such articles will you find in your American Reviews), and in the pictures we give the precise truth—far more accurately than in those of earlier years. So with our lighter illustrations, which are the result of careful study and will themselves be studied in years to come, but not for their prettiness.

I feel that you are all wrong in this idea of *decadence*. You turn it all very gracefully, but still there is the *arrière pensée*, expressed in the conclusion that it would not much matter if there were no popular magazines. You admit that you once cared—but in all respects that elicited your former interest, these magazines are better to-day than they ever were. As you yourself say, "In literature as in art, those who pay the best prices get the best." And this is just why the best literature and art are and always will be found in such popular magazines as are intended to meet the wants of thoughtful people.

What are such magazines for but to give the best literature

and art? They do not pretend to give essays on political or economical science, on art, or on literature. They serve the plain, thoughtful people in the lines of their aspirations.

But is not one to express his individual feeling and taste in judging of these matters? When the individual feeling and taste is that of Dr. Henry M. Field, and is to be expressed in a paper as highly esteemed as the *Evangelist*, the matter assumes a grave importance. Notwithstanding your admission that your feeling may be due to something in yourself, still the reader who is unacquainted with HARPER'S or the *Century* or *Scribner's* would be influenced by it, and we wish to gain such readers—to win their good opinion.

Well! All this pertains to about forty lines of your article and the question raised in its title. But I am convinced that a more careful study of our MAGAZINE would have prevented your raising such a question. We who are growing older and whose taste was formed in another world may prefer our old models. But everything changes, and the new generation, if it is to be reached at all, must be reached just where it is, irrespective of the whereabouts and individual taste of its venerable editor. And it's a good thing for you and me that there are now special periodicals—religious, scientific, artistic, and political, to which we can resort for the satisfaction of our scholarly interests in these several fields, untroubled and undistracted by the fluctuating and ever-changing moods of a world that insists upon living as strongly as we insist upon studying.

When the late Frederic Remington first appeared in our office he looked like a cowboy just off a ranch, which, in fact, was the case. The sketches which he brought with him were very crude but had all the ring of new and live material. In course of conversation with him he told me that his ranch life had proved an utter failure and that he had recently found himself stranded in a small Western town with but a quarter of a dollar in his pocket. He was anxious to get to New York, but was at a loss to conceive where the funds were to come from to pay his car fare over. As he entered an unprepossessing little inn in the

evening he noticed that there was a game of poker in progress in the open bar-room, and he took in the situation at a glance: two professional gamblers were plucking a man who looked like an Eastern drummer. Remington watched the players for a few minutes and then suggested to the commercial traveler that he had better stop and go up to bed. The savage looks of the two gamblers put Remington on his guard and he whipped out his gun, told the card-sharpers to hold up their hands, and covered his retreat until he and his befriended companion were safe in the man's bedroom and had locked and barricaded the door. Remington, anticipating further trouble, sat with his gun ready all night; and when he heard stealthy steps outside their door, several hours later on, he gave the rustlers clear evidence that he was awake and ready for action. Remington's new-found friend was overwhelming in his gratitude and begged to know what he could do to recompense Remington for his timely assistance. Remington said that he desired to go to New York, but lacked the requisite funds. The upshot was that his new acquaintance was also on his way to the same city and invited Remington to accompany him at his expense. On his arrival Remington promptly called at Franklin Square.

Frederic Remington soon developed into a very remarkable artist, both in black-and-white drawings and in oil paintings, and later on in life he became a skilful sculptor as well. He wrote many articles and stories for our MAGAZINE, and his style was excellent, concise, and lucid, and gave me the impression that he had taken Guy de Maupassant for his model. We published altogether five volumes of his works. Remington was

a noted football-player while he was at Yale, and he had the build of a young Hercules; and as a painter and writer he had the vigor and enthusiasm of a born artist. His special field in art was cowboy and army life.



XXXIX

THE following amusing extract is taken from a letter written by Owen Wister to Henry L. Nelson, at the time managing editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY:

> Hooray for the Christmas edition! It is welcome to an author to see more words than he expected of himself. Erysipelas has had me since November 29th, and to-day I'm out and about for the first time — and feeble. What Mr. Howells says of my stories—I tell you brutally—it is to me x—o, except what is adverse: to that one attends, considering and in part assenting. But praise of Harper's writer in Harper's journal—no matter how sincere—pooh! Don't be angry, now. As well might a mamma assure a rich young man that all her daughters were fascinating.

I remember that in 1892 we desired a series of articles to be written for our MAGAZINE on the Western cowboy before his domination waned and disappeared. We first thought of Rudyard Kipling, who at that time was on a visit to this country, as the best man to do the work, and we accordingly wrote to him, but found that he was already engaged for some time ahead. A few days afterward I was up in Mr. Alden's room, and he came to me and enthusiastically suggested Owen Wister as the ideal man for the task. He had just received and accepted this then unknown author's first story, "How Lin McLean Came East." Wister's series of stories on Western life was highly successful—I do not believe that any writer

could have filled the bill more thoroughly and satisfactorily.

Colonel Roosevelt said of Wister's articles:

> Many men before him have seen and felt the wonder of that phase of Western life which is now closing, but Mr. Wister makes us see what he has seen and interprets for us what he has heard. His short sketches are so many cantos in the great epic of life in the vanishing wilderness.

Wister collected these stories in book form under the title of *The Virginian*, and it proved a very popular book, and it still outclasses all cowboy fiction which has since appeared in such profusion.

Owen Wister, aside from his exquisite literary work, with which the public is familiar, is a most agreeable and diverting companion. After he was graduated by Harvard he went to Europe to study music, and returned an accomplished musician. He is a lawyer by profession, but is more widely known as a writer, having produced some of the best American fiction of our day.

I have always been very fond of Richard Harding Davis; he is a genius and, like many men of his class, is widely misunderstood. He looks like an athlete in perfect physical condition, whereas as a matter of fact he is a martyr to nerves, especially the distracting and excruciating sciatic nerve. He was a notable reporter in his day, and yet rowdyism and all coarse and vicious surroundings are most distasteful to him. He is chivalric and always ready to defend himself or a friend, should occasion arise, either with his pen or his fists, and yet he is tender-hearted and abounding in sentiment.

When he first accepted a position with us in 1888 as managing editor of the WEEKLY he was annoyed by jokers



or envious persons who sent him pseudo-manuscripts and anonymous material for the sole purpose of embarrassing him; so that he was constantly on his guard against deception. One day he received by mail a poem without any signature, which seemed to him rather familiar. He had the files of the *Century* carefully gone over, and, sure enough, the identical poem was found in an old number. The address on the envelope was quite peculiar, and every morning after arriving at the office Davis would first run over his mail with the hope of finding another envelope with the odd chirographic address. Finally, after a patient examination of his letters for a number of days, the anxiously awaited missive lay in his hand. He immediately called up his friend Stephen Bonsal, who was then attached to the editorial staff of the New York *Herald*, and together they went over to Brooklyn to call on the would-be author. The letter took them to the goal so long sought, a handsome apartment house, and they promptly rang for admittance. The servant acknowledged that the gentleman for whom they inquired was at home, but desired them to wait in the anteroom until she could announce them. This being contrary to Davis's views, they abruptly pushed past her and entered the drawing-room unheralded, much to the surprise of the sole adult occupant, who sat reading, with his little boy playing on the floor by his side. Davis and Bonsal were curtly asked what they wanted, and in reply Davis requested that the boy should leave the room. This was thought quite unnecessary by the father, but was finally acceded to; then the indignant host insisted upon knowing the cause of their unceremonious intrusion. Davis went directly to the point of his visit by asking if the

anonymous poem, which he thereupon produced, came from him. This being admitted, Davis informed the would-be plagiarist that he represented HARPER'S WEEKLY, that the poem had been copied from the *Century* magazine, and that the gentleman had made himself criminally liable. Just at this stage of the proceedings the heavy curtains parted, and a very attractive young woman, handsomely gowned for the street, stepped into the arena and, after looking to her husband for an introduction to the visitors and finding it not forthcoming, said that she was ready to go out. Her husband told her that she must excuse him, as he had very important business to transact with the gentlemen present, and she reluctantly retired. After she left, the literary kleptomaniac broke down, made a clean breast of it, and appealed for mercy. He said that he was a prosperous politician and contractor, had made considerable money, and, having married a society woman, was desirous of social recognition. After much consideration, he had concluded that successful authorship was as good and as simple a means as any; so he had copied the poem from an old magazine and sent it to Harper & Brothers for publication. He went on to say that exposure would ruin not only him but his wife and child, and begged for their clemency. Davis told him that he could not give an immediate reply, but that he would think it over and telephone him. On their way back to New York Davis and Bonsal were silent, and it was not until after they had ordered their luncheon at down-town Delmonico's that Davis turned to Bonsal and said: "I can't do it." "I had a few paragraphs in mind when we started over," remarked Bonsal, "and after I saw the swell surroundings

and sized up the malefactor they grew to a column, and then to a real story; but when the wife put in an appearance, then I knew the jig was up and that there would be nothing doing."

Once when I was in London Davis invited Mrs. Harper and myself to a lunch party at the Savoy. I sat next to Ellen Terry and opposite to us was Sir Herbert Tree. During the repast Miss Terry called across to Sir Herbert, saying that she and Sir Henry had quarreled because he insisted upon her filling youthful parts, and she asked Tree if he had a vacancy for her in his company. Sir Herbert, being taken by surprise and not sure whether Miss Terry was in earnest or not, hemmed and hawed; whereupon Ellen Terry, with simulated pique, stated that she had no intention of forcing herself upon him and desired to withdraw her application. Sir Herbert thereupon, with great dignity, assured Miss Terry that he always had a place for her in his company, and that if Sir Henry should be guilty of such an error of judgment as to let her go, he hoped that she would consider herself engaged. The next day the leading papers in London and New York contained news to the effect that Ellen Terry had left Sir Henry and gone over to his rival, Sir Herbert—all of which sensational gossip was peddled out by one of the waiters.

Davis and Bonsal have both done good work as war correspondents. After the Russian-Japanese War Davis wrote me:

DEAR MR. HARPER,—I was very glad to hear again from you. You are quite right; I did have a most unpleasant time in Japan. This is all I ever dare say of it, as I find people here are so pro-Japanese that nothing one can tell of them, unless it is in their favor, is believed. No one admires them more than

I do as fighters, but no one can possibly dislike them more. Whenever I speak of them, even to my own family, they think I am "prejudiced" and allowing my "personal grievances" to outweigh my judgment. So I never talk of it, and I have written nothing of it, nor mean to. But if the chance comes along, I shall be very glad to send you a short story. I am, as always, free to write for any of the big houses. I wear anybody's colors and am always glad to be offered a mount.

If I can I shall write you the short story you are good enough to ask for, but at present I am deep in house-building, well-excavating, and trying to write farces. My best wishes to you.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Dick Davis has made a remarkable record as journalist correspondent, story writer, and dramatist, and his work and his life have always stood for what is vigorous, clean, and manly among his literary associates. He comes of good stock; his father was a prominent editor and his mother a very successful novelist. I have known him intimately for many years, and I am proud to be able to include him among my author friends.

While in London in 1888 I attended a dinner at T. P. O'Connor's. Just before we drove up to his house I spied a cab ahead stopping at T. P.'s door, and I saw a tall gentleman alight and hurry up the steps. "There goes Mr. O'Connor," I observed; and, sure enough, when we entered the drawing-room we learned that the host and the hostess had been unavoidably detained but would be down immediately, and we found Henry James acting as master of ceremonies. James introduced me to Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbs), but he failed to mention the lady's name. I naturally took her to be English, and in the course of our conversation, and in view of certain disparaging innuendos regarding the metropolitan city of my



birth, I suggested that she ought to visit the United States. She soon made me realize, however, that I was speaking to a most loyal American and a widely distinguished author. Mr. and Mrs. Labouchère were also of the party, and after the ladies had left the dining-room Labouchère gave us a very humorous account of a visit he made to Berlin. He said that on the German frontier all the train passengers were turned out to have their luggage examined. He had a portmanteau which he declared contained nothing dutiable. But the pompous inspector told him to open it, which he forthwith did. Then the official proceeded to unpack it and to throw his effects about, and, on finding nothing of an incriminating character, marked it as all right. Labouchère told him that he had been so discourteous that he should expect him to repack the bag, at which the official smiled and contemptuously informed him that he was an officer in the German government and must not be addressed in such an offensive manner. After a short interval the inspector intimated that the Berlin express would leave in a few minutes, and that if he expected to take his luggage with him he had better be sharp about it. Labouchère repeated that as he had disarranged his things and scattered them about, he must put them back. About one minute before the train left the official again warned Labouchère that he would be left if he did not hurry, and soon afterward the whistle blew and the train departed. Labouchère then asked for the telegraph office, and, being shown to it, took a blank and wrote:

PRINCE BISMARCK, BERLIN,—I am detained on the frontier by the overbearing treatment of a custom-house official and cannot dine with you to-night.—LABOUCHÈRE.

He paid the price of the message and desired it to be sent immediately. The operator read the despatch, hesitated to take the money, excused himself, and hurried over to the custom-house officer, who read the message and nervously approached Labouchère, and with the most humble apologies said that he had made a mistake, agreed to repack the portmanteau, and, with much servility, asked what else he could do to atone for his rudeness. Labouchère replied that the only atonement possible was for him to replace his effects and to provide a special train to Berlin. This was eventually arranged. We then inquired of Labouchère if he arrived in time for dinner. "I had no intention of dining with Bismarck," he observed; "in fact, I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. It was what you Americans call a 'gigantic bluff.'"

I remember giving a dinner at the Union League Club to Francis Wilson in 1891. Wilson is not only a delightful actor; he is a book-lover as well, and possesses a library of rare value and importance. Lawrence Barrett was playing with Booth at the time and was not able to join us until late in the evening. I had supper awaiting him, and while he was enjoying his repast we sat round and listened to some of his interesting anecdotal memoirs of his theatrical experience. He said that at times Booth was full of fun during a performance and often endeavored to disconcert him by some untimely joke or humorous comment. Once when he was enacting the part of the ghost in "Hamlet" and was tragically waving Booth on to the rear of the stage, Booth, whose back was to the audience, was telling him a story which almost convulsed him with laughter. Barrett told us that, when a boy of about twelve, he would go home nights to his for-

lorn little bedroom, which contained only a bed, washstand, and one chair, and, lighting a candle, would stretch himself out flat on the bare floor, and study for hours an old dictionary he had picked up somewhere until he knew pages by heart, including spelling, pronunciation, definitions, and derivations. This was the basis of his education, and he said that it had proved of great assistance to him in later life by strengthening his memory and making him accurate in the pronunciation and use of words. He added that even at that time if we could start him on any page of that old lexicon, he would be able to repeat, word by word, page after page in exact rotation with very few slips or mistakes. I think it was just three days after this pleasant gathering that Barrett lay dead in the Windsor Hotel.

I take pride in giving a few letters written about this time in commendation of our work as printers and binders.

THE PLAYERS, 16 GRAMERCY PARK, *Jan.* 11, 1891.

DEAR MR. HARPER,—Let me hasten to thank you for the sumptuous edition of Boswell which I found awaiting me when I went home yesterday afternoon. I do not see what the art of the book-maker can do better than this in its kind. I can imagine Dr. Johnson's delight could he but handle so beautiful and stately a memorial of himself—but whether he would approve of Bozzy's share of the work I doubt.

Do you ever go to the 19th Century meetings? As three contributors to HARPER'S are going to debate and another to preside, I thought that perhaps you might care to use the enclosed cards.

Yours truly,

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

DEAR SIRS,—Many thanks for the books so kindly sent. The American edition of *The Christmas Hirelings* is most tasteful—the covers particularly pretty and new in style.

I only hope the great American public will buy the book and prove that there is some sincerity in all the kind things which

friends from the other side have been saying to me for the last thirty years. I sometimes half suspect that American travelers have an agreed formula of praise which they repeat to all the English authors they meet in their travels.

Very faithfully yours,

MARY MAXWELL
(MISS BRADDON).

MESSRS. OSGOOD, MCILVAINE & CO.:

DEAR SIRS,—I shall be greatly obliged if you will convey to Messrs. Harper & Co. my thanks for the copies of *The Red Cockade* forwarded from New York and my grateful satisfaction with the appearance of the volume that is most creditably and tastefully produced. I have every hope that they will find the book go off in a manner pleasing both to them and to me.

I am, dear Sirs,
Faithfully yours,
STANLEY WEYMAN.

DEAR SIRS,—Let me thank you very cordially for the extra copies of the American *Red Axe*. It is so much better illustrated than the English one that I want to thank you very much.

Lochinvar also was beautifully pictured by Mr. Thulstrup. I did not know his work before, but it is wonderfully good.

Faithfully yours,
S. R. CROCKETT.

The following appeared in the London *Athenæum* for October, 1890:

A year or so ago Mr. Rudyard Kipling, when passing through New York, called on Messrs. Harper and offered them for reprinting *Soldiers Three* and other pieces of his now famous. He was speedily shown the door, and told that a firm devoted to the publication of literature of a high class could not trouble itself about such writings as his. This autumn Messrs. Harper picked out of the magazines some six stories of Mr. Kipling, without asking his permission or giving him an opportunity of revising them, and have printed them as a volume. They have sent Mr. Kipling a letter containing a bald announcement of the fact and the sum of £10, which was promptly returned. The only side of literature that Messrs. Harper appear to understand

at all is the commercial. When an author is unknown to fame, they, it would seem, content themselves with insulting him; when he is celebrated, they insult and rob him.

Our refutation of the foregoing paragraph was published in the *Athenæum* November 1, 1890, but the charges were so ridiculous and disingenuous that I do not consider it necessary to reproduce our disclaimer here. My sole object in recurring to this unpleasant episode is to reproduce the following complimentary indorsement of our customary intercourse with English authors, which emanated from three of Great Britain's leading writers, and which was printed in the *Athenæum* for November 22, 1890:

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS,—Our attention has been called —somewhat late, perhaps—to a passage in the "Literary Gossip" of the *Athenæum* of October 4th, in which the case of a certain author against Messrs. Harper & Brothers is first mentioned. It is no part of our purpose to express an opinion upon this case. But it seems a clear duty to us, who have experienced honorable treatment from this firm, to enter a protest against the sweeping condemnation passed upon them in the paragraph in question. This paragraph does not take the form of a communication by a contributor singly responsible for his own opinion, but it carries the whole weight and authority of the greatest literary journal in the country. "When," says this editorial note, "an author is unknown to fame, they, it would seem, content themselves with insulting him; when he is celebrated, they insult and rob him."

We wish to record the fact that in the course of many years' friendly business relations with Messrs. Harper & Brothers such has not been our experience. Whenever it is a question of acquiring for any of their periodicals the foreign author's rights, they are as just and liberal in their dealings as any English house. In the matter of book publication we have always found them willing and desirous to do what is possible for the foreign author, whose interests the American law not only fails to protect, but entirely ignores.

WALTER BESANT.
WILLIAM BLACK.
THOMAS HARDY.

December 1, 1890, we wrote the following acknowledgment:

MESSRS. WALTER BESANT,
WILLIAM BLACK,
THOMAS HARDY:

DEAR SIRS,—We hasten to thank you for your letter of the 17th of November published in the *Athenæum* of November 22d, which reached us this morning.

We are very proud indeed of such a tribute, and from such a source. It is an honor that any publisher might covet, and there are no three living authors whose joint expression of confidence we could more highly value. We recognize in it the manly English sense of fair play. More especially we appreciate the delicacy and tact and thoughtful kindness of the act as an evidence of personal friendship which shall be always, and most gratefully, remembered by, etc.

I give also an extract from a letter my cousin, Joseph W. Harper, wrote to Mrs. William Black just before Christmas, 1890:

Mr. Black, in his straightforward, simple, and withal gracious and graceful way, did my House a great favor a few weeks ago by joining with two of his brother-authors in a gallant, knightly act, for which the House endeavored to thank him and them. The thanks were inadequately expressed; but I was sure your husband would feel how honest was the intention. It would be but sorry compliment to him to say that I was unprepared for, or could be in the least taken aback, or "rattled" (Dr. Murray in his new dictionary has not got down—being only at *F*—to this American use of "rattled," meaning discomposed, or flustered) by any manly, generous act of his; but I must say that I am proud of the friendship of such a man, as I am of the friendship of all good men and women.

I have spoken elsewhere of the relations between Hardy and Black and the House of Harper. In regard to Walter Besant I would say that he was one of the few men of his day who could fairly lay claim to a high degree of success in at least four different lines of in-



tellectual effort. As a novelist he was widely known on both sides of the Atlantic, and by no class more highly esteemed than by the readers of the Harper periodicals. As what may be called—for want of a better term—a social reformer, his title rests on that interesting and remarkable institution, "The People's Palace," which had its origin in his book *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. But what, to the student of literature, gives Mr. Besant one of the strongest claims to admiration is the appreciative work that opened his literary career. This was in the field of early French literature. His first book—in 1868, when he was but thirty years of age and had but recently resigned a place as senior professor in the Royal College of Mauritius—was *Studies in Early French Poetry*.

Besant was a delegate to the Authors' Congress in Chicago in 1893, and presented his views of the relations between authors and publishers. These were very firmly held and ably advocated, and he was subsequently, I believe, the prime mover in the organization of the Society of Authors, which has become a powerful corporation, with its headquarters in London, and he was the founder of *The Author*, a vigorous and effective little journal, which carries much weight among its British patrons.

It will probably be conceded that Gen. Lew Wallace was the most popular writer of historical romance of our generation. In his novel *The Prince of India, or Why Constantinople Fell*, published by us in 1893, he chose the most exciting period of the history of the old Byzantine capital. General Wallace was once asked what relation his official residence in Constantinople had to do with his *Prince of India*, and he replied:

Why, I may almost say I was sent to Constantinople to write that book. When General Garfield became President he offered me, in the first place, a mission in South America, which I declined; but when the Turkish mission was offered I felt the charm that Constantinople must have for every romantic mind. I had become acquainted with the President in the army, and he had read *Ben-Hur* and liked it. As I was coming away from my visit of acknowledgment at the White House, he put his arm over my shoulder in his cordial, boyish way, and said: "I expect another book out of you. Your official duties will not be too onerous to allow you to write it. Locate it in Constantinople." *The Prince of India* is a more elaborate work than *Ben-Hur*, and covers at least as large a canvas, so to speak. I have devoted six years to it; with what success it is, of course, not for me to say.

XL

IN July, 1890, Alden wrote to Henry James in explanation of our having omitted from our MAGAZINE a chapter of Alphonse Daudet's *Port Tarascon*, which we were running as a serial, and which Henry James had translated for us:

We have your letter complaining of the omission of the "anti-Christ" episode from the instalment of "Port Tarascon" in our July number.

We have never for a moment thought of omitting the chapter from the volume. As to the omission from the MAGAZINE, it must have occurred to you that we would not have sacrificed matter and illustrations for which we had paid so much without some weighty reason for doing so.

There were passages in the chapter which would give offence to a large number of our Christian readers. There are many readers to whom the whole chapter would seem blasphemous. The more thoughtful reader would comprehend the true meaning of the episode. I found by actual test that there was a chance of its being misunderstood. We followed our usual rule in such a case, and left it out. It was inserted as a bit wholly independent of the story, and its omission in no way touches the continuity and essential texture of the story.

Readers choose their books; but the MAGAZINE is pledged against offence to any of its patrons; and the fact that such offence is based upon the reader's inconsiderateness or ignorance does not atone to him for what seems to him a violence.

I do not wonder at your surprise. I have been myself so often surprised by the misunderstanding, on the part of even intelligent readers, of the most exquisite pieces of art that whenever there is a chance of this I avoid it.

THE HOUSE OF HARPER

The appearance of a novel translated from the French by Henry James would be at any time a literary event of importance. But the publication in America of James's translation of one of the most delightful works of a French master before the appearance of the original in France was an event wholly unprecedented. This, however, was accomplished in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1890, where the first part of Alphonse Daudet's *Port Tarascon; The Last Adventures of the Illustrious Tartarin* was printed with profuse and characteristic illustrations. It is a droll and plausible burlesque of actual experiences, and the movement is so brisk and gay that the graver aspect is constantly hidden and the enjoyment is not disturbed by sympathetic pity. Those accustomed to associate pictures of morbid passion with the French novel were delighted to discover that this romance includes such fresh humor and sparkling and good-natured satire.

I frequently met Henry James in London, and I have a most pleasant memory of my first delightful little luncheon in his bachelor apartment, where I was cordially welcomed by the captivating host. I recall the agreeable impression I received from the æsthetically appointed drawing-room and dining-room, and in the latter I especially noted a fine collection of old blue and white porcelain which proved to be a valuable family heirloom. On this occasion I persuaded Henry James to translate Daudet's novel.

I remember attending a large dinner at the late Moberly Bell's London home about the time of Cleveland's Venezuela Message, and Lady Jeune, whom I escorted into dinner, asked me what all this South American trouble

was about. She told me that it had not made any great impression in London—nothing like the commotion caused by the German Emperor's letter of congratulation to President Krüger. She went on to say that after the publication of that royal missive it was for a time hardly safe to flaunt a German flag in London, and that all pictures of the German Emperor were withdrawn from the shop windows. As an evidence of the popular indignation, she mentioned that she had seen a driver of a hansom cab lay his whip over the shoulders of a musician in a German street band, and heard him shout to him to "go back to your d—n country."

After the ladies had departed I went over and sat down beside Henry James, who looked much annoyed. I asked him if he was feeling well, and he replied: "Yes, but I have had a very unsatisfactory time. The lady on my left at the table criticized my last novel, which she had just read, probably rushing through it during the day, as she had been told that I was to sit next her at dinner. She found fault with me for the construction of the plot, and then proceeded to enlighten me as to how it should have been written. All of which was very irregular and unpleasant; so behold me *hors de combat.*"

Moberly Bell invited me to accompany him to a grand dinner of welcome given to Lord Charles Beresford after his return from Japan, on which occasion he first broached the subject of a treaty with that country. In his speech he expressed his views as favorable to such a treaty, but feared that it would not meet with favor in England. One of the speakers who succeeded Lord Charles was rambling along in a prosy, halting manner when Bell turned to me and said, "That man is an unmitigated bore;

we shall be obliged to call him down." With that he began to kick the top of the table from underneath, and others soon followed his example, until the speaker took the hint and sat down. I had never seen this done before, and so informed Bell, who assured me that it was not uncommon at public dinners when the shortcomings of the orator justified the means.

Moberly Bell died during the summer of 1911, at the office of the London *Times*. He had been connected with that paper for over forty-five years. He was a man of great energy and ability, and he was a most loyal colleague and a generous and considerate friend.

In April, 1890, we wrote to the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone as follows:

DEAR SIR:

We desire gratefully to acknowledge the courtesy extended by you to our representative, Mr. J. R. Osgood, whom you so kindly received in February last, and to express our cordial appreciation of your sentiments of good-will and esteem for our House, conveyed to us through him, coupled with the generous preference implied in your expression of willingness to treat with us respecting the American publication of your *Reminiscences*, should you write a work of that character.

To these sentiments we most heartily respond, and we think it a reasonable hope that the early establishment of International Copyright would, through such a publication, secure to you and your family the full profit of the work in both countries.

We can well understand that the near and vital relation which you have constantly sustained to the quick current of British political and social activities has given you little time for a backward look—especially when we consider that such leisure as you have had has been devoted to important and absorbing classical studies and to no less important contemporary studies, the results of all which have had a prominent place in permanent as well as in periodical literature.

The History of Your Time, written by yourself, even *currente calamo*, would have a meaning and illumination that it could



have from no other recorder, however able and painstaking, because there are many passages that, in any record of this period made by another, would be imperfectly comprehended, and some that might be misunderstood.

We receive with very great pleasure, therefore, the assurance that you have given us respecting the publication of such a memoir, if you make one, and have the honor meanwhile to be, with sincere gratitude and esteem.

It is a misfortune that Gladstone did not find leisure to prepare the book in question.

In 1890 the late Charles Nordhoff retired from the field of active journalism, concluding a remarkable journalistic career. In 1874 James Gordon Bennett chose him to fill the then new and responsible position as Washington editor of the New York *Herald*. While chief of the *Herald* bureau at Washington, Nordhoff organized and developed that department, giving it the characteristics of his own personality—courage, independence, flexibility, and common sense. The circumstances of his retirement, while evincing the value and importance of Nordhoff's long and faithful service, reflect the greatest honor upon James Gordon Bennett. The retirement of Nordhoff on half-pay for life reminds us of the like appreciation by the elder Bennett of the late Frederic Hudson's fidelity during a long and successful editorial career. Such examples are indeed noble, as they are unfortunately rare. Nordhoff retired to the home of his choice in lower California, a country which, in his interesting book *Peninsular California*, he made familiar to American readers.

We published James Russell Lowell's *Letters*, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, in 1893, in two handsome volumes.

James Russell Lowell, poet, scholar, critic, and statesman, has left behind him no more admirable master in

each department, nor any more truly representative American citizen. He, Holmes, and Whittier were the sole survivors of the great morning of our literature.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, referring to his death in 1892, said editorially:

> Nature seemed to have designed him for the republic of letters, and at an early period of his life he gave promise of a literary career of uncommon distinction. Unceasingly he labored with his pen for all that was just, noble, and elevating, and against whatever was base and degrading. He was a warm and faithful party man as long as his party pursued objects which had the approval of his conscience. He broke with that party as soon as he became convinced that its conduct made it an engine of evil to the country. It is a most cruel thought that the melody of his eloquent voice will never be heard again, and that his ennobling presence is gone from among us forever. There is some consolation in the certainty that most of his work will endure, that the inspiration of his life will live, and that his name will remain honored as that of a benefactor of the humankind, and one of the noblest and greatest citizens of the Republic.

Lowell has become immortalized among the great men whose monuments make Westminster Abbey a sacred spot to the two nations with a common language. The memorial windows to James Russell Lowell in the Chapter House of the Abbey are not only the recognition of the poet and scholar whose work belongs to both countries, but are also an indorsement of the representative who did so much to bring the two nations closer to each other.

When Edward S. Morse returned from a long sojourn in Japan he brought with him a collection of Japanese pottery which has never been equaled outside of that country. His *Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings*, which we published, showed that the author was quite familiar with the people and the homes of that land.



Professor Morse told me that a short time before he left Japan he heard of a very choice piece of Japanese pottery which he was most anxious to add to his collection, but the Oriental possessor, who was well-to-do, valued it as one of his own children and absolutely refused to part with it. Morse happened to hear one day that the venerable native was ill with cholera, and before access to his home was restricted by the government officials he managed to gain an entrance. During the quarantine the owner of the coveted piece of bric-à-brac died, and when Professor Morse was permitted to leave he carried the treasure with him, having purchased it from the heirs. He said that at his departure he saw several art dealers waiting around for an opportunity to enter the infected dwelling, with a view to securing the much desired art specimen.

He further informed me that when he first went to Japan the native music seemed to him, as it does to all strangers, barbarously discordant, but that after he had made a careful study of it he found it not unpleasing and even somewhat Wagnerian in its noisy harmony. It does seem incredible that the Japanese, so extremely artistic in other directions, should be devoid of musical instinct.

In 1891 I received the following letter from Howard Pyle:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I send you to-day a copy of *The One-Horse Shay, Etc.* with my scratchy pen-and-ink illustrations. I don't know whether you will like them or not, but I want you to have the book all the same. Mr. Holmes seemed to like it, and I am sure that the work was a work of love with me.

By the way, the dear old Doctor sent me an autograph copy signed "Oct. 6th, 1896" instead of "Oct. 26th, 1891." Is there not something pathetic in the thought of these keen wits growing old and jumbling dates in such a manner?

I was going to send the book to Mrs. Harper, but, on second thought, it occurred to me that perhaps she might not care for it. You see I have inflicted so many bad drawings upon you that a few more will not matter—I have grown callous.

All the same I hope you will like these.

Please give my kind regards to Mrs. Harper, anyhow, and believe me to be as ever

Very sincerely yours,

HOWARD PYLE.

The volume referred to was one of two or three special copies of *Holmes's Poems*, which were most elegant in typography and binding and contained a number of original drawings by Pyle.

Of all my artist friends, Howard Pyle has been one of the most valued and constant. He was a natural genius, with the head and figure of Thackeray, and the heart and courtesy of that great author's most perfect creation. He was a writer for whom we have had the pleasure of publishing eight or nine volumes, and an artist who has furnished us with innumerable illustrations, all of which have been of notable excellence. In his home at Wilmington he has qualified many pupils, and as instructor in his school for illustrators he has developed and graduated artists who to-day rank high in the profession. In fact, he has stamped his individuality on so many young aspirants that there exists a well-defined "Pyle School of Art."

Hard-working, modest, and retiring, he grew in vigor and dexterity in his peaceful and unsophisticated Wilmington home, until his work became known and highly appreciated both here and abroad. It was not until this summer (1911) that he undertook to visit Europe, and to sojourn for a short time in Italy reveling in the art of previous centuries. As a painter and author Howard Pyle sprang, fully equipped, from our native soil, and

Americans may well be proud of this famous artist who unfolded and flourished entirely among home environments.

Howard Pyle died in Florence, November 9, 1911, and his friend F. N. Vallandigham, in an article written after his death, said:

> The years dealt most kindly with Pyle, and in his middle fifties he was one of the most delightful-looking of men. His head, indeed, was gray where it was not bald, but his face was rosy, his carriage erect, and his expression one of ripe benevolence and delightful openness. When I last saw him I sat by as he worked at a picture in colors, and we talked as he painted, a double occupation not unusual with him. It was on this occasion that he laid down the axiom, "If your art cannot be great, make it useful." This, I think, gave a hint of his real ambition, which was to be a creative painter in oils. His visit to Italy was with a view to the study of Italian art at first hand, and had he been spared a dozen years we might have seen a fruitful harvest from that new undertaking. His death leaves a great gap in the ranks of American illustrators, and he is a loss as well to American letters that will be especially felt by thousands of his youthful admirers. Pyle was a most interesting personality, a man of singular sweetness, purity and sanity, the relentless pursuer of his own best ideals, and a worker of prodigious and tireless energy.

Julian Ralph, after a newspaper career in New York, where he was regarded by his profession as the King of Reporters, was known to a vastly wider circle as a contributor to HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY. In this connection he became the author of several books, the most important of which are *On Canada's Frontier*, *Our Great West*, and *Dixie*, and many a good story, as well, from Europe and the East. In 1897 I saw a good deal of him in London, where he was living for a time, and on my return home I received the following letter:

> MY DEAR MR. HARPER,—I enclose my account of your famine-stricken night in London. It seems very peculiar to most

Englishmen that London should prove so inhospitable to strangers and that they should not themselves be inconvenienced because they all go to their homes for late suppers; but I am told that the people at the Savoy and Cecil are very disgruntled because they serve food up to two and even three o'clock in the morning to the all-night rounders of the town, and would like everybody to know it.

I am practically off for Russia. Shall start in a few days. Have got a number of books about the country, and am going to-day to the Russian Minister's. In a later letter I will report my final steps to Mr. Alden.

Very truly yours,

JULIAN RALPH.

He refers to an amusing experience I had in London after a journey from Paris. I arrived about midnight and went directly to my hotel. As I was very hungry, I immediately proceeded to order a sumptuous repast, but, to my great annoyance, was informed that the cooks had all retired for the night, and that I could only be served with a cold collation. Now, as I had restrained myself on my way over from enfeebling my appetite with cold meat and cheese on the Channel steamer, or with tea and buns at Dover, I was in first-class condition for a full-fledged dinner and inclined to pass on anything short of a "full house." So I sought out a knowing-looking cabby, explained my predicament, and instructed him to drive me to a restaurant where I could procure food of the best order. After driving me to several restaurants, all of which we found closed, he suggested that I should go to a certain club which he assured me kept open all night. "But," I observed, "I am not a member." "Oh! that will be all right," he replied; "I will introduce you, and it will only cost you a guinea for membership." Being half starved and desperate, I told him to drive on, and we eventually stopped before a well-appointed house with

a man in uniform to open the carriage door. The driver jumped down and had a short confab with the liveried servitor, and then they both came to the cab door and with bated breath expressed the most profound regrets, saying the place had been "pulled" the night before, that there was a plainclothes-man then on the watch, and that it would be impossible to accommodate me that evening.

By that time I was on the verge of a collapse and about to direct the driver to take me to a hospital, when he appeared to realize my complete dejection and said that if a juicy steak with fixings would satisfy me he thought he could arrange it. I told him to open wide the throttle and to let her go at full speed. We soon reached what looked to me like a street-car, but which turned out to be a cabbies' retreat. My cabby went in and soon came out again and told me that he had explained my deplorable condition to the manager, and that he was willing to have me take his place for that night.

When I entered I found everything clean and tidy, with a welcome odor of cooking from the grill at the end of the wagon. I was received rather coolly at first, but when I ordered beer for all hands I was accepted as an equal by the group of Sam Wellers, and had a most satisfactory and enjoyable meal.

The following letter will give but a very slight indication of the good cheer and generous hospitality which I always associate with my dear friend, Thomas A. Janvier:

ST. REMY DE PROVENCE, *Aug.* 19, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. HARPER,—Possibly some work may be required on this side for the MAGAZINE or WEEKLY which will be in my line, and which you would like me to do. In order to provide

for such a contingency I append my permanent address for letters and telegrams.

Just now we are in the original Paradise. Perhaps I should say that we are only at Paradise gate—inasmuch as we are staying at a delightful little hotel and have not yet got into the villa which presently is to be our home.

I wish with all my heart that you and Mrs. Harper would come to us here, and come soon, for the French dinner that we were to have had—but did not have—together in New York; and for many of them. Really, in Paris one gets no notion of the good things to eat and drink which are to be found in France, nor of the warm-hearted goodness of the French. Do give us the opportunity to show you what various pleasures are to be had here in the Midi—and we promise you with Provençal good things a true Provençal welcome.

Mrs. Janvier joins me in kindest regards to Mrs. Harper and to yourself. Always faithfully yours,

THOMAS A. JANVIER.

Janvier's name has frequently appeared in HARPER'S *Catalogue of Publications*, and I wish that we had the opportunity of materially extending the list of his books, for his work, with which our MAGAZINE readers are familiar, is always graceful and entertaining. Janvier is cosmopolitan in his make-up. He has the vivacity of a Frenchman, the sturdy physical build of an Englishman, and the adaptability of an American; and the *tout ensemble* forms an artist of exceptional attraction. We have never been able to induce Janvier to sit for his photograph, and this is rather extraordinary, for he is a very handsome creature. As women are said to be largely in excess of men as readers of fiction, his portrait as a frontispiece in one of his novels, say the *Uncle of an Angel*, might prove a good business stroke—but authors are so impracticable!

In January, 1893, I received the following kind letter from Hardy:

THE HOUSE OF HARPER

MY DEAR MR. HARPER,—I write a postscript to my recent letter to congratulate you most sincerely on your safe arrival at New York. Your adventures on the deep, as recorded in the *Times* of yesterday, have formed an absorbing topic here and, no doubt, everywhere. You may remember saying to me that you would sit down at home with your family on Christmas Eve, although Christmas had almost begun with us in England. But the sea keeps up her character. I thought of you frequently during the week after you had sailed, especially when the wind blew, but entertained no suspicion that you were not getting home by the appointed time. With best wishes for the New Year believe me

Always truly yours,

THOMAS HARDY.

December 17, 1892, I left London in the morning by special steamer-train to catch the *Umbria*, which was to sail on that day from Liverpool, promising to reach New York in time for the Christmas holidays. I had been up rather late the night before, attending a farewell dinner, and was asleep when we arrived at Crewe, the only stop made between London and Liverpool. I was, however, considerately awakened by the saloon-carriage attendant, who informed me that this was my only opportunity to stretch my legs before reaching Liverpool; so I hustled out to buy some reading matter for the voyage. While I was looking over the assortment at the book-stall some one touched me on the arm and asked me if that was not my train just moving out of the station. I made a dash for it, and managed to get on the last carriage, opened the door and jumped in, with the station master wildly vociferating close at my heels. I found myself in a third-class compartment with one other passenger, and he was destined for the steerage. Without overcoat or wrap of any kind, I was obliged to conclude my journey to Liverpool, arriving in an almost

famished and frozen condition; and added to my discomfort was the exasperating thought that my dinner had been awaiting me in the dining-car, which was inaccessible from where I was situated. If I had missed my train at Crewe and taken the next steamer, I would have reached home many days before I finally arrived in New York.

We sailed from Queenstown on the 18th, in very stormy weather, and on the 23d, when off the Banks, the storm developed into a gale; at the same time the engine stopped, and we were informed by Captain M'Kay that there was a crack in the shaft, and that we should probably be delayed several days before it could be repaired.

After we lost our headway the sea became so rough that it was found necessary to pour oil down the drain-pipes, which floated up and formed a scum on the surface of the water which prevented the sea from breaking over the weather side. Just after daylight on Saturday the passengers were aroused by reports of the *Umbria's* gun and the blowing of her whistle. A steamship was sighted on the horizon coming in our direction. She proved to be the *Bohemia*, of the Hamburg Line, and at once responded to the request of our captain to be taken in tow. The waves were so high that it took most of the day to carry a line over from one ship to the other; but at last, toward evening, the *Bohemia* started ahead with us in tow. By that time there was such a heavy snow-storm that we could not see the vessel ahead. During the night the hawser either broke or was cut, and in the morning there was nothing to be seen of the *Bohemia*. At dusk another steamer hove in sight, and her captain reported that she belonged to the Wilson Line,

bound for Philadelphia; but he added that he could not take us in tow because of a scarcity of coal, so he signaled good-by and resumed his voyage.

The gale continued and the *Umbria* drifted. On Monday the steamer *Manhasset* came alongside and was bargaining for assistance, when a larger vessel was sighted which proved to be the *Gallia*, of the Cunard Line. To the great consternation of all, she signaled, in answer to our captain's request to stand by, that she could not be detained, as she carried the Royal mails. M'Kay told me that he had signaled her captain that he would hold him responsible if he left us in our disabled condition. But the *Gallia*, after waiting around for about an hour, proceeded on her way.

On Tuesday morning, for the first time since the *Umbria* left Liverpool, the weather was fine and the sea calmed down, and these favorable conditions very fortunately continued until the end of the voyage. A few days afterward the fracture in the shaft was overcome in a very skilful manner by the chief engineer, Tomlinson, who made three heavy bolts and united the thrust-blocks between which the fracture occurred. This is said to have been a remarkable example of mechanical ingenuity, especially as it had to be performed while the ship was rolling in the trough of the sea, and while the men were toiling in cramped positions, most of the time on their backs.

When the repairs were completed the engines were started, and, luckily, owing to the becalmed sea, the screw remained in the water all the time after the vessel resumed her course; otherwise it is doubtful if the experiment would have proved successful. We arrived in New York

December 31st, and an immense crowd was assembled on the pier to meet us and cheered loudly as the ship passed into her slip.

I subjoin a clipping from the New York *Times* of January 8th which will give some idea of the condition in which I found my family:

A pretty incident in connection with the *Umbria's* delay relates to the children of one of its prominent passengers. They were counting on "papa's" arrival on Christmas morning, and decided the night before not to open the stockings which Santa Claus should fill until he came, anticipating at the most a wait of a few hours. Even these seemed hard to endure when the plump stockings were actually in evidence before their eager eyes, but desire was loyally restrained and the day passed. Other days came and went with the traveler still out of harbor, but the self-imposed ordeal was unflinchingly borne till the blissful Saturday when their ship came in and a joyous reunion and realization rewarded their faithfulness. There should be stuff in these youngsters of which heroes are made. To a child a full Christmas stocking tempts like Cæsar's crown.

There had been a great deal of anxiety in many homes over the long-delayed arrival of the *Umbria*, and my family was naturally anxious; and, to show what value a friend in need is on such an occasion, I give the following letter from Com. J. D. Jerrold Kelley, which proved a wonderful solace to Mrs. Harper during those days of waiting:

THE PLAYERS, 16 GRAMERCY PARK, *Thursday.*

MY DEAR MRS. HARPER,—I have carefully sifted all the official reports of the incoming and out-arriving steamers. I have no hesitation in declaring that the delay of your husband is due to some one of the many machinery defects so liable at this season.

I find that the latitude and longitude in which he was suffered not from the extreme weather. I mean at the date the ship was



last reported. Under ordinary circumstances I should consider the question from the standpoint of a break, a gradual drifting to the south, a friendly ship, and a hawser and a safe port.

I am sorry to hear that your boy is ill, because this adds—I trust not to the nervousness—but to the helplessness of the situation.

Pardon my interference at this moment, but as the husband of a sailor's wife who reads all the headlines of the silly daily journals I felt you ought to have, at least, the assurance of a sea-going man. The steamer is all right, it is all Lombard Street to a Seville Orange, she may be heard of at any time—and I hope, if my messenger doesn't fail me, to be among the first to announce this to you.

Believe me,

Very sincerely and not a bit anxiously,

Yours obediently,

D. JERROLD KELLEY.

Please do not trouble to answer this. It is only a sincere and true expression of belief.

Everybody here knows Kelley, a good officer, who began his career in our navy as far back as the conclusion of our Civil War, and resigned on account of his health after the Spanish War; he is now a member of the council of the New York *Herald*. As naval officer, journalist, and author he has succeeded in attaining an enviable position in our community, but it is as a companion and friend that I would sing his praises. As a raconteur of sea yarns he is inimitable. His *Ship's Company*, published by us, gave an interesting account of sea life.

I do not care to perpetuate any umbrella joke, but I am disposed to record the fact that these useful appendages are sometimes carelessly left by callers, owing to the fact that the weather-man has temporarily neglected to give ocular warning of their continued importance, thereby often causing much inconvenience to their owners. I seem at one time to have given accommodation

to a modest and dapper young umbrella and to have inflicted my friend Mr. Bigelow in a similar direction. For explanation see the two following letters:

40 WEST 59TH ST., *Jan.* 6, 1895.

DEAR MR. HARPER,—Our joy in being at your house yesterday was dampened by the neglect of my daughter's umbrella to come away with us—I should have liked to stay, myself! I left it up-stairs in the front room: a very slender, lady-like stick, of a delicate blond complexion, with a simple costume of bark on the handle. Will you kindly let me know if it has been seen?

Yours sincerely,

W. D. HOWELLS.

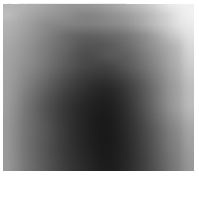
NEW YORK, *Nov.* 11, '96.

MY DEAR MR. HARPER,—While Heine was lying on what proved to be his death-bed, penniless and friendless, Halévy, the famous musician, called upon him. "Ah! mon cher Halévy," he exclaimed, "comme vous êtes original."

When you receive this umbrella you will credit me with like originality.

Your friend and servant,

JOHN BIGELOW.



XLI

LATE in August of the year 1892 I went over to Staten Island to see George William Curtis, who had been kept at home for several weeks by illness. I found him in bed, and conversed with him for nearly an hour in regard to his editorial work on the WEEKLY. Curtis was of the opinion that his suspension of all contributions to the WEEKLY and MAGAZINE should in some way be made public; but I argued that his cessation from work was but temporary, and that each week during his absence I would endeavor to secure from Carl Schurz a leader for the editorial page of the WEEKLY.

Curtis finally acquiesced in my suggestion, and I arose to leave. As I was quitting the chamber I turned around to wave good-by, and I shall never forget my last impression as I looked at him from the foot of his bed. He lay on his back, his arms stretched out by his side over the sheet; it was a harmony in white, hair, beard, and night-dress; and, like a patriarch of old, he extended his right hand and said: "God bless you, Harry." As I went down the stairs I seemed to realize for the first time that I should probably never see his dear face again. A few days afterward I received tidings of his death.

In the death of George William Curtis our country lost a statesman, a patriot, an ethical teacher, and a man who scrupulously labored for the right and actively opposed the wrong in every direction; he was a vigorous supporter of righteousness and good-will toward men. I

knew him well, in season and out of season, and he was always in my estimation the essence of what a loyal citizen and a Christian gentleman should be.

I give below a letter and a poem which I received from the late R. H. Stoddard soon after Curtis passed away.

329 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET,
NEW YORK, *Sept.* 9, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. HARPER,—Knowing the respect which you in common with all his friends entertained for Mr. Curtis, and not knowing that you would be likely to see the verses I wrote on his death, I take the liberty of sending them to you personally. Mr. Davis was not able to get them in the WEEKLY, as I had hoped, so he returned them to me the following day, not caring to use them at a later period. He changed his mind, however, or discovered that his penman had not quite written what he designed, and wished to use them, but by that time they were not in my possession, but in type for the *Independent*, a slip from which I enclose. Their proper place was the WEEKLY, as I think you will admit. I know that columns are not elastic, and that mistakes will happen in the best-regulated houses, even in great publishing houses like that of Harper & Brothers.

Yours truly,

R. H. STODDARD.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

When hands that pen the books we love
 Grow cold and drop the pen,
Their loss to us is far above
 The common loss of men.

What the sword leaves undone, the sword,
 Or soon or late, will do;
Potent till to its sheath restored,
 And old things are made new!

Not so when pens like his are still,
 For none like his remain;
Nor loving hands with lettered skill
 To touch the heart and brain.



A man to whom rare gifts were lent—
 But manhood first of all;
And that so strong he was content
 By that to stand, or fall.

A humorist, not a satirist, he;
 For whoso loves his kind,
As he did, from contempt is free,
 And bitterness of mind.

Scholar and gentleman in one,
 Considerate, generous, just—
The best that was in him lives on,
 And blossoms from the dust!

What Sidney's fame was his shall be—
 A gracious name to men,
With more than Sidney's chivalry,
 And more than Sidney's pen!

Through the courtesy of William D. Howells, I reproduce the following letter from James O. Putnam:

MY DEAR MR. HOWELLS,—It was a lovely office—scattering sacred ashes over the grave of Curtis. Your heart-felt words are just words.

He has left no exact successor. *Quando ullum inveniet parem?*

I said to Rogers, when we first heard of Mr. Curtis's illness, that he deserved a public statue. His public service is beyond computation. As a man of letters, as a citizen, as a patriot, as a gentleman crowned with every grace, we should not willingly let his name die. I know statues, except of war-gods, are for the one man of many millions. Is not Curtis, of civilians, a "one man"?

I am glad you gave your heart its utterance.

Joseph Wesley Harper, the eldest son of the late Joseph Wesley Harper, one of the four brothers, died on the 21st of July, 1896. Every one who knew him was impressed by his strong individuality, manifest in every expression of himself. The simplest business transaction was never

with him a merely perfunctory act; something entered into it from his rich and genial nature that made it worthy of remembrance. Every letter he wrote, whether of a social or a business character—and for a quarter of a century he conducted all our important literary correspondence as his father had done before him—was not only a model of good idiomatic English, but had beside some special charm distinguishing it from ordinary correspondence. It is difficult to estimate the value of such graceful interchange between a publishing house and its literary correspondents at home and abroad. To the last my cousin held to old-fashioned ways, though tolerant of new ones. He could never, for instance, bring himself to the use of a typewriter. But in all important matters he was fully abreast with the most progressive movements of his time. To his business associates he was an inspiration—a challenge to every man to do his best; and his whole nature responded to the affectionate loyalty which it evoked. Soon after he was graduated by Columbia College he entered our composing-room, at the age of twenty, the same year (1850) in which the House began the publication of our MAGAZINE.

Up to the last my cousin Joe possessed the ardent spirits and vivacity of a lad of twenty. He was a good classical scholar and always showed a special interest in works pertaining to Greek and Latin literature. He was a trustee of Columbia University, and was associated with the leading New York clubs. I was for years closely allied to him in business, and eventually succeeded to the charge of his department when he retired from the firm. The careful and energetic training I received from him was most valuable to me, and I shall never forget my

obligations to this wise counselor and truly sympathetic kinsman.

The *American Hebrew* repeated with tacit approval a remark once made by the *Outlook* that Mr. Zangwill "is the story-teller of the modern Hebrew, just as Mr. Barrie and Mr. Crockett are the story-tellers of the modern Scotch peasant, Miss Barlow of the Irish peasant, Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins of the New England of to-day, and Mr. Page and Mr. Harris of the New South."

We published several novels by Israel Zangwill, which appeared also serially in the WEEKLY or the MAGAZINE.

I found Zangwill a most inspiring companion. He is a devout Hebrew, ever ready to discuss Israelitish questions with the impartiality of a logician. He once told me that it was hardly just to judge the Jewish race by the average representative found in this country. He added that there were only a very few families here typifying the aristocracy of their people. "Quite true," I replied, "but Jews are as a rule mercenary and inclined to be lugubrious in disposition, too busy to participate in the frivolities of life; in literature, for instance, you do not find Hebrew authors display as much joy and humor as Christian writers." "You are very much mistaken," Zangwill replied, and cited the names of a number of French and German Hebrew authors to prove his claim. I admitted that I was not conversant with foreign literature, and asked him how about writers in the English language. "Well," he replied, "there is Mark Twain." "Hold up!" I rejoined, "you certainly cannot class him as a Jew!" "Yes," he answered, "he is of Jewish extraction; look at his profile."

En passant I would say that Clemens's old friend and neighbor, Charles Dudley Warner, happened in the office

the next day, and I inquired of him as to the accuracy of Zangwill's statement, and found to my surprise that he was inclined to think that there was some ground for Zangwill's contention. Personally I am satisfied that any Jewish strain in the Clemens family must have come from very far back, if at all.

Zangwill went on to cite Charles Dickens, and, of course, Disraeli and a few well-recognized Hebraic writers. "As for music," he added, "most of the leading composers have been Jews."

Zangwill's "The Carpenter's Wife," from his *Italian Fantasies*, is a wonderful composition which no Christian should fail to read.

Among fiction writers Mrs. Humphry Ward has been one of our most popular authors during the last ten years. Mrs. Ward is not strong physically, and when she is at work on one of her novels she becomes so absorbed in her task that it is difficult for her nervous system to withstand the excessive strain; when the annoying detail of proof-reading follows she is very apt to break down under the ordeal and to find it necessary to seek a change of scene in some Continental town—Italy generally being selected by her as the most attractive and satisfactory resort for shattered nerves. The following letter is interesting as showing how thorough she is in the final reading of her proofs, and how considerate she is of the editor's requirements:

July 4, 1900.

DEAR MR. ALDEN,—I am really very sorry to have given you so much trouble with *Eleanor*. It has mainly been the fault of my very uncertain health during the past year, and also of my feeling that the subject of *Eleanor* is one that can only be made to yield a full result by ever deeper and deeper digging into it.

Hence my constant revision and the need in my thinking still, for a final revision of the book-proof. I am quite clear in my mind that all the alterations have been for the better, and will ultimately advantage Messrs. Harper & Brothers as well as myself. But I can well understand how annoying they have been from the point of view of the MAGAZINE, and I can only thank you very much for the courteous though rather despairing letter that you have sent to Messrs. Smith & Elder and they have forwarded to me. I *hope*, however, that by next Wednesday, July 11, the corrected proofs of the December number may be posted to you. Surely, in a general way, to post the December number to New York by July 11 would not be bad business on the writer's part? I suppose, however, that it is poor Mr. Sterner who is suffering.

Many pleasant letters on the subject of *Eleanor* have reached me lately from Europe and America. One that has pleased me very much is from —— to the effect that Lucy Foster "is the first real American girl in English fiction"! and the other Americans, especially Americans living abroad, and generally strangers to me, write to the same effect. This makes me hope that the book may be acceptable in America, though the date fixed for its appearance, in the month of the Presidential election, fills me with some anxiety. At the same time, if any criticism of Lucy Foster has come your way which would be useful to me in the revision of the book-proofs, I should be very grateful if you would make it known to me. And, finally, let me apologize again for the trouble that my habitual ways of dealing with my proofs have given you. I trust that there will now be not much more of it. Yours very truly,

MARY A. WARD.

P. S.—Mr. Sterner's Lucy and Eleanor could not be better. If only for the last number of *Eleanor* he could produce a *head and shoulders* of Manisty giving the due impression of size and power that these portions of my—unheroic—hero would have produced on the spectators, I should be comforted!

In December, 1899, Alden wrote to Sir Gilbert Parker in relation to his serial for our MAGAZINE, originally entitled "Charley Bell," but afterward changed to "The Right of Way." I give first Sir Gilbert's most interesting letter to Alden and Alden's reply:

20, CARLETON HOUSE TERRACE, LONDON, S.W.

DEAR ALDEN,—Well, well, well, what a nuisance, you will vote me. Yet, if you really take an interest in the working of the human mind in its relation to the vicissitudes of life, you will appreciate what I am going to tell you, and will recognize that there is only stability in evolution, which the vulgar call *chance*.

Now, Sir, perpend. *Charley Bell* is going to be a novel of 100,000 words, or 120,000—a real bang-up heartful of a novel. I am a bit of a fool over this book. It catches me at every tender corner of my nature—it has aroused all the old ardent dreams of youth and springtime puissance. I cannot lay it down, and I cannot shorten it, for story, character, soul and reflection, imagination, observation, are dragging me along after them. It is no use, I can't resist it. I have *never* before been so in thrall. This novel will make me or break me—prove me human and an artist, or an affected literary bore. If you want it, you must take the risk. But, my dear Alden, you will be investing in a man's heart—which may be a fortune or a folly. Why, I ought to have seen—and far back in my brain I did see—that the character of Charley Bell was a type, an idiosyncrasy of modern life, a resultant of forces all round us, and that he would demand space in which to live and tell his story to the world.

Please, then, ask yourself: are you willing and glad to give him your pulpit to speak in, for several months? It is inevitable; he won't be stayed now; he *will* go on yea or nay. And behold, with what joy I follow him, not only lovingly but sternly and severely, noting him down as he really is, condoning naught, forgiving naught, but above all else, *understanding* him, his wilful mystification of the world, his shameless disdain of it, then the bitter of a soul in him, but the old law of Interrogation, of sad yet eager inquiry and wonder and *non possimus* with him to the end. And love and pain and catastrophe and humor and character are hand in hand with him as he goes.

My dear Alden, I've not written such a letter in many a year, for somehow one shuts doors without willing it, against friends and foes alike. But—but Irving once said to me, "'Becket' (his play) gave me a new artistic life, and I am a changed man." So I say, I'm *Charley Bell*. I am born again, and I have opened up my soul to you, because I know you have a mind to hear and a heart to know, and you will understand the *overflow*. In January, 1901, if you wish it—or even before if you wish it; but then anyhow. No commerce in this letter, dear Mr. Editor. This is

man to man. If you sympathize, a word in reply please, likewise man to man! Work was never so dear to me as now and here; and to have added thereto the hands of a friend will enrich me indeed.

Yours truly,

GILBERT PARKER.

In answer Alden wrote:

MY DEAR PARKER,—I have already cabled you the substantial response to your offer of "Charley Bell" as a novel for serial use in our MAGAZINE in 1901; and from your answer to my last cable I am assured that you will have copy to offer so as to reach me next Saturday.

Now I want to say that your earnest and enthusiastic letter about the novel deeply interested me, and I was pleased to see how possessed you were by the idea.

I am at your back in the whole matter, and I thank you for giving me your confidence so fully.

It was a real pleasure to meet your wife. It made me doubly miss you.

Sir Gilbert again wrote to Alden on the subject of his novel as follows:

RED LODGE, SOUTHAMPTON, 7th *Aug.*, 1900.

DEAR ALDEN,— . . . As for *Charley* (he must be called Charley Steele, alas! for I cannot use *Bell*) I am all anxiety, and your letter has only deepened that sensation. The love-story begins immediately after the first two parts, and I have thought it (and so has my wife and two other ladies of sentiment and discretion) adequate, as it is the very soul and center of the book throughout (after the first two parts.) But a kind of terror has seized me, and instead of sending a dozen more chapters to you, as I proposed to do, I am setting-to to break this love-story anew under the stones of my most exacting criticism and troubled regard. Make Rosalie compelling? *Make* her compelling in charm? Can you not guess how I shall haunt her at every turn to see wherein she prevails and where she "comes tardy off"? I go to bury myself at a solitary little seaside place, there to live alone with Rosalie and Charley for a fortnight, and if I don't *know* them thereafter, never ask me to write for Harper's again.

But, indeed, you cannot know how your careful, kind words have troubled me. If I should fail in making Rosalie the being to make the book worth while, I shall be hurt in a mortal part of me, and shall fear to write hereafter. Do not laugh. This book has been written out of something vital in me—I do not mean the religious part of it, I mean the humanity that becomes one's own and part of one's self by observation, experience, and understanding got from dead years. But, be sure that I am laboring as I have never labored, to give this spontaneous piece of work a reality and a force and that "compelling charm" of which you speak. And I am glad you have warned me again as you did, and at the first. I shall not disappoint you if it in me lies to satisfy your conception of what is necessary.

Apart from these words upon the book, I want you to know how much I prize your personal interest and how very deeply glad I am to know of your great happiness. For the present I can lay no plans (the book first!), but ere long you shall know in which direction our faces will turn when this work is over—this book that clings!

One thing is sure: I must take three months to break clean away from the influences of *Charley* and brace myself to the new task, the historical novel, that I may *spring* to it, not approach it with a conventional sincerity. In these three months, it may be that we shall meet—we four, and I shall be very glad. Meantime and always, I am, dear Alden, with affectionate regards,

Yours very truly,

GILBERT PARKER.

Sir Gilbert is a Member of Parliament, and how he finds time for the preparation of his elaborate and exquisite romances is one of those conundrums which "no fellow can find out." The general opinion is that his stories are too few and far between; for Sir Gilbert is to-day one of the very first of the English fiction writers—certainly few authors are more popular in this country.

There is one man who has been my associate for many years, a man to whom that trite saying "as true as steel" can well be applied—I refer to my able, gentle, and altogether charming friend, Edward S. Martin. Although

to some extent colloquial in his conversational flights of humor, no one uses more forcible and clean-cut English than he does in his articles and stories. He has written the editorial paragraphs for *Life* ever since its beginning; in fact, he was one of the original shareholders. His work in HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE has been uninterrupted for many years, and it always constitutes a delightful feature. A lady once gave, as a reason for his refined diction, his deafness, which she said relieves him from the careless and flippant expressions of ordinary conversation. She failed, however, to take into consideration the numerous exchanges he, as political and social writer, is forced to read every day. Nothing escapes Martin's keen perception; and the only satisfactory explanation of his admirable and finished style is the fact that he is master of his trade, partly by nature, and partly on account of his incessant application to his vocation since he was graduated by Harvard. I have urged him to write a novel, for he is in every way equipped for that exercise; but he replies that he does not care to ride for a fall.

Of the fiction writers of the present day I make my humble devoir to Margaret Deland for her recent novel, *The Iron Woman*. For plot, for artistic finish, and for masterful and intelligent treatment of a vital subject of national importance, it stands pre-eminent. Mrs. Deland has in this work written herself into the forefront of living novelists.

It is the present fashion among many well-meaning parents and guardians, who are otherwise fair-minded and discriminating, to decry all works of fiction. I am well aware that there exists much in this direction which is

unwholesome and deleterious, deserving the severest censure, and which should even, if possible, be suppressed altogether, but the virtues of the worthy should not be overlooked in a promiscuous condemnation of the novelist's art.

Fiction has accomplished great reforms; writers of fiction have preached sermons which would be creditable to any pulpit; fiction has made history and helped to develop and enforce important social ameliorations. I repeat that I speak solely of good fiction, which, together with poetry, is the music of literature. Blessed are the novelists of all nations who have given us such fiction, which will flourish along the path of time to the entertainment and instruction of myriads. They have liberally dispensed balm and solace which have done more to revive exhausted humanity than the drugs of a host of medicine men.

XLII

I DO not feel that the third generation of Harpers should be held responsible for the financial difficulties which necessitated the reorganization of the House in 1900, although it is true that, with the exception of one member of the corporation of the second generation, who remained as president, they were forced to assume that responsibility. There were five Harpers of the second generation who entered the firm in 1869, and of the third generation eleven became associated with the business. While exclusively a family concern, it was customary to treat the young Harpers as far as possible alike, paying them liberal salaries, and then leaving them largely to their own devices to display their business capabilities, a policy not always conducive to hard work.

Upon the death or retirement of the members, which amounted to eight in all, capital was withdrawn from the concern without any compensatory addition to the financial resources of the House, and consequently the third generation assumed a business financially impaired. The members of the third generation were not ignorant of this condition of affairs, and formal protests were made; but as it became evident that as a family concern it would be impossible to accomplish any substantial improvement, it was concluded, therefore, to turn over the entire property to Col. George Harvey, with full power, for a readjustment.





This brings me down to the present corporation of Harper & Brothers, with Col. George Harvey as president. It is said that a monument should not be erected to a man while living, but there are exceptions, and Harvey is one of them. The present House of Harper is a monument to Harvey's uncommon gifts of reorganization and re-establishment; and there has not been a move made by him which would not have received the hearty indorsement of the original founders of the House. In fact, I believe he has always had these four brothers in mind, and if he had been a son or grandson he could not have carried out their aims more loyally.

I have never met a man more liberally endowed with the qualifications of a publisher than Harvey. Journalist, editor, and author, he is alert, genial, conscientious, and diplomatic, the head *par excellence* of a publishing business.

Harvey was born February 16, 1864, at Peacham, Vermont. He was physically a delicate lad, but had the energy and endurance of a Vermonter well developed. His early education was that of a village school, and his surroundings those of a modest country merchant, for his father conducted a small mercantile business in Peacham. So he grew up a typical New England boy among the beautiful and salubrious environs of his Green Mountain home. He was a voracious reader, and at an early age a contributor to the local newspapers. When fifteen years old he decided to start on his business career, and went to St. Johnsbury and applied at the *Caledonian* office for work. He selected this journal, as he had already sent them contributions which had been accepted; but they informed him that they had no

vacancy. The village of St. Johnsbury appeared to young Harvey a large and bustling city; and he concluded to settle down there, notwithstanding the failure of his first effort to obtain work, and to make a beginning at carving out his fortune.

He was penniless, but he put on a bold front and finally succeeded in concluding a satisfactory arrangement with the *Index* for contributions at the rate of three dollars a week. Having accomplished this delicate but hardly munificent business transaction, it occurred to him that it might be well to provide for his board and lodgings, so he betook him to the Cottage Hotel, a hostelry nearly opposite the newspaper office. Here they told him that five dollars a week was the best terms they could offer him; but that being hardly possible out of his weekly stipend, he proposed that they should accommodate him from Monday to Friday at three dollars a week. This proving satisfactory, he turned his attention to the problem involved in going home and returning each week. The fare to Danville was fifty cents; he could not afford that sum, so he puzzled his brain as to how he could negotiate this formidable obstacle. With the confidence of youth, he went straight to Colonel Jewett, the superintendent of the railroad, whom he knew to be a friend of his father, Duncan Harvey, who was a weekly shipper of numerous tubs of butter and other produce over his railroad.

"Colonel Jewett," inquired the embryo financier, "will you grant me a pass over your road once a week to Danville and return?" And he then explained that he had joined the staff of the *Index* and would like to go home week ends, so as to spend Sundays with his family.

Colonel Jewett looked down at the lad and asked him how he was to get from Danville to Peacham. "Walk," replied George. Jewett was favorably impressed with the spirit of the boy and gave him a pass for the summer.

Having thus succeeded in making his business venture feasible, he applied himself with vigor and assurance to his office work, and within three weeks was writing editorials for the paper, and in less than a month wrote all the paper, collected the advertisements, set type, helped in the printing, and attended to other minor details. The proprietor assisted him in lifting forms on to the press and also took his turn at printing. When the summer was over and his railroad pass had expired, he resigned from the *Index* and went back home for the winter schooling, but continued to write for the paper.

He was still fifteen when he went as a delegate to the Democratic Convention at Burlington, Vermont, on which occasion Edward J. Phelps was nominated for Governor, and during that campaign he contributed additional weekly letters to the *Boston Post*.

In 1881 W. O. Caswell and A. B. Hoyt, Danville boys, clubbed together and bought a local paper which was over a hundred years old. Caswell and Hoyt were compositors, and Harvey joined them and took charge of the editorial department, supplying his articles from Peacham, as he was obliged to remain at home in the absence of his father. Harvey's special attention at this time was largely devoted to the study of abstract subjects, such as Free Trade and Civil Service Reform. He incidentally wrote to George W. Curtis, assuring him that he was doing all that he could to help along the cause of Reform,

and received in return a most encouraging autograph letter from the sage of Staten Island.

During the year Oliver Johnson visited Peacham, and before he left he gave Harvey a letter of introduction addressed to newspaper managers. It was a four-page, Addisonian composition, headed "To whom it may concern," and proved of much value to young Harvey, for within a few days he presented it to Hiram Atkins, editor of the Montpelier *Argus and Patriot*, a very popular Democratic journal, and he was immediately engaged to supply two columns of editorial matter a week, besides character studies. This engagement lasted through the winters of 1881 and 1882.

At this period of his life his father wanted George to attend a business college, but his mother preferred a classical education and desired him to fit himself to enter Dartmouth. These divergent views irritated Harvey, and as a result he communicated with the *Springfield Republican* with a view to obtaining a situation on that paper; but in reply he received the usual form of "no vacancy." He then applied to his old friend of the *Argus and Patriot*, but was informed with regret that the editorial staff was made up. A short time afterward he received a letter from Samuel Bowles to the effect that there was an opening on the *Republican* if he could come immediately.

His mother endeavored to dissuade him from accepting the offer, but journalism was in his blood, and this opportunity to become associated with a leading American newspaper was to him irresistible, and he promptly accepted the position. He was, however, entirely out of funds, and in order to reach Springfield he was obliged

to borrow ten dollars of his sister, Mrs. Sargent, who had opportunely just come into a small legacy. The next day after he left, an invitation arrived from Montpelier, written by Editor Atkins, requesting him to renew his old position on the paper, and very courteously adding that he should be pleased to have him join his family circle as a boarder; but it came just a few hours too late.

On the morning of his arrival at Springfield Harvey lost no time, but promptly called on Samuel Bowles. Young George was pleasantly received by Bowles, who instructed him to report to their city editor in the morning. In the course of their conversation Bowles told Harvey that the *Springfield Republican* did not pay anything to beginners for the first six months during their initiation. At this Harvey almost collapsed, and he explained the impossibility of such a provision in his case, as he was absolutely devoid of cash. Bowles suggested that his family should provide for him during the interim; but, on learning that this was not to be thought of, he finally agreed to make an exception in his case, and to pay him six dollars a week during the first six months. Harvey held out for ten dollars, but finally accepted the offer. At the end of six months he received ten dollars a week for fifteen hours' work a day.

During the summer Bowles offered him a position in charge of Berkshire County, a very important branch of the business, for which the previous occupant, a New York *Times* man, had been receiving a salary of sixteen dollars a week. Bowles was for some reason obliged to revoke this offer, and Harvey went back to his regular work. Subsequently, however, Bowles found that he

was enabled to give him the post, and directed him to go to Pittsfield at twelve dollars a week. Harvey objected to the reduced salary, and accordingly resigned from the paper. Fortunately, at this time Herrick, the city editor of the *Springfield Republican*, was asked by Melville Stone's *Chicago Daily News* if he could furnish a promising young newspaper man for an opening on their staff, and he suggested Harvey, who was thereupon slated for Chicago. Before leaving for the West he was anxious to first visit Peacham for a much-needed rest; so he returned home, and on his arrival promptly paid his sister back the ten dollars he had borrowed.

After an all-too-short stay at home he was obliged to leave for Chicago; but before he could travel it was necessary to provide funds to pay for his railroad ticket. He managed to borrow twenty-five dollars from a local bank and twenty-five dollars from his father, and with this money he left for Chicago by slow train, which took nearly three days, without any of the comforts of a parlor or sleeping car, to carry him to his destination.

His first berth on the *Daily News* was as a reporter at ten dollars a week. Eugene Field and Willis Hawkins were connected with the paper when he joined the editorial staff. Three weeks after he arrived he was made railroad editor, an important position, which brought him in twenty-five dollars a week.

January, 1883, Harvey's father died and he was obliged to return home to settle up the estate, which he found in a complicated condition, and which detained him for some months. He was then nineteen years old. During the summer he organized the Peacham baseball club to meet the Danville contingent, there being great rivalry be-

tween the two towns. Harvey investigated the then new science of curve-pitching, and when he considered himself sufficiently proficient he challenged the Danville club and won a very exciting contest. The result of this game was worked into a short story by Harvey and sent to the *St. Nicholas* magazine, where it duly appeared as an illustrated feature.

While summering at Peacham he sent a weekly letter to the Troy *Press*, purporting to emanate from different places, and they were published in their Saturday supplements as from a special correspondent. One week it might be an article on Carter Harrison from Chicago, then a letter from Montreal or New York or Boston, each one signed with a different name. They made about two columns each, and he was paid three dollars apiece for them.

About this time Harvey went over to St. Johnsbury to call on Mr. Stone, proprietor of the *Caledonian*, and during his visit Stone asked if Harvey would be willing to take charge of his paper for a few weeks so that he could go off on a vacation, remarking that he had not had one for a long time and was sorely in need of rest. Harvey promptly acquiesced, and was left in full charge. By this time the youngster began to feel his spurs, and considered himself a full-fledged editor, and he concluded to have some fun with the ultra-conservative and highly respectable journal. It happened to be the eve of a gubernatorial election, and one of the most popular candidates was named C. S. Page, a dealer in hides. Harvey promptly christened him Calf Skin Page, and proceeded to knock him out of the race, which purpose he eventually accomplished. Stone's connections, the Fairbanks (he

having married a Miss Fairbanks), promptly wrote to Stone, acquainting him with the fact that Harvey was trifling with his property. But Stone declined to return and was heard to remark that Harvey had accomplished what he had often longed to do himself, but lacked the courage to attempt; namely, to vitalize the paper and make it generally talked about. Harvey's treatment certainly proved stimulating to its circulation. C. S. Page is now a United States Senator, but Harvey's appellation still adheres to him, and is now used in his State as a term of endearment.

When Harvey left the *Chicago Daily News* he was assured of a position on the paper if he desired to return, so that after everything was satisfactorily arranged at home he bethought him of this promise and wrote to Chicago to find out if they still had a vacancy for him on their editorial staff, and, receiving a favorable reply, he again prepared to leave home.

This was in February, 1885, and he had just attained his majority. He was at last a man in age as well as experience, and he thought it about time to make his first visit to New York City. He regarded himself as a Westerner, being attached to a Chicago paper, and he had the Western curiosity well developed in his desire to tread the rialto of Union Square; so he determined to return West by the way of the great metropolis. Two years previously the late Joseph Pulitzer had acquired the New York *World*, and was already a brilliant success in the newspaper field. As Western men were rather proud of the fact that Pulitzer, emanating from the West, was showing Eastern men how to develop a powerful journal, Harvey concluded to call on him and see what manner

of man this Goliath of journalism was. The *World* had not then grown to be the powerful organization of to-day, so he boldly sent in his name and was soon ushered into the presence of the great man himself. After a very agreeable talk, Pulitzer asked Harvey what he was doing, and then suggested that he remain in New York, where the opportunities were so much greater, rather than to return to Chicago. The result of the conversation was that Harvey accepted a position on the *World* as a reporter. Not long after Harvey's appointment, Pulitzer decided to start a New Jersey edition of the *World*, with several additional pages, and he made Harvey editor of that edition. The venture proved an immediate success, and the following year the paper made a strong appeal to Jerseyites by supporting Robert S. Green for Governor. Green was elected, and he appointed Harvey on his staff, making him colonel at the age of twenty-two. This was Harvey's first personal acquaintance with the complex condition of New Jersey politics.

In the course of a year Harvey was offered the editorship of the Newark *Journal*, owned by James Smith, Jr., and Moses Bigelow, which he accepted. He did not get along very well, however, being rather disposed to kick over the party traces, so he returned to the *World* as assistant managing editor. Meanwhile Governor Abbett was re-elected Governor of New Jersey, to succeed Green, and he also selected Harvey for his military staff, with the title of colonel.

Pulitzer's eyesight began to trouble him about this time, and he concluded to go abroad with a view to continental medical treatment, leaving behind him con-

siderable confusion in the *World* office, and as a result no one felt confident of his position.

The New Jersey Legislature had at this time established a new department, that of State Banking and Insurance, and Governor Abbett appointed Harvey commissioner of that branch of the public service, at a salary of three thousand dollars a year, which Harvey accepted without severing his connection with the *World*. Three months later, in 1891, Pulitzer returned to New York and reorganized the *World* editorial staff, calling on Harvey to assume the position of managing editor, to succeed Ballard Smith, whom he made managing chief. Harvey thereupon became the manager of the *World* editorial staff, resigning his position in New Jersey.

When Pulitzer returned from Europe the following year the first thing he asked was, "Have they found the man who threw the bomb at Russell Sage?" And from then on, every time he saw Harvey, he urged the discovery. As managing editor, Harvey was accustomed to visit Pulitzer every morning after he had gone through the daily papers. One morning, on his way up-town to Pulitzer's house he bought a *Tribune*, and, on looking over the list published of what was discovered after the explosion, he read that one article was a button marked "Brooks, Boston." When he arrived at Pulitzer's home he told him that he thought he had a clew, and Pulitzer desired him to follow it up immediately, even going out to the front stoop with him when he left to press upon him the necessity of all possible haste. The Colonel put his city editor on the job and two of the best reporters were sent to the morgue, where they succeeded in procuring a bit of the dead man's clothing and a button. They then took

the earliest train to Boston and skilfully followed the clew from Brooks's clothing store to Norcross's home, and found that his parents were searching for him. They succeeded in inducing the parents to come to New York, where the coroner met them and brought them to the morgue to see the head of the criminal—which was all that was left after the explosion. The parents immediately recognized their son, and the *World* was the only paper that had the story the next morning.

The following year Ballard Smith retired after the Democratic National Convention, and Harvey was promoted to the vacancy.

In the winter of 1892, while managing editor of the *World*, Harvey was sent for by Pulitzer, who was then in Washington. On his arrival he called and found Pulitzer in consultation with David B. Hill. After Hill left, Pulitzer said that Hill's friends in New York proposed immediately to call a State convention to indorse Hill's candidacy for the Presidency. Pulitzer wanted to oppose the nomination; so he and Harvey concocted an editorial entitled "Don't," addressed to the Democratic leaders of New York. On his way back to New York Harvey found himself seated next to Hill in a parlor-car. Although unable to consult Pulitzer, Harvey determined that it was only fair to Hill to show him the editorial, as Hill expected to meet his associates for conference on his arrival in New York. On reading the article, Hill was greatly perturbed and asked Harvey to hold it over until he could consult Pulitzer. Charles A. Dana happened to be in the same car, and Hill conferred with him, and then renewed his request to Harvey, who replied that there was nothing for him to do but to print it the next morning. This was

the final result, and its publication was the beginning of the end of Hill's aspirations.

The *World* began about this time to urge the nomination of Cleveland. There was to be a State election in Rhode Island early in the spring, and Pulitzer thought it would be a good idea to make a favorable showing there, in order to stimulate the approaching Democratic campaign, and, if possible, to carry Rhode Island for the Democratic party. Harvey saw William C. Whitney, and his views coincided with those of Pulitzer in this plan. Harvey induced Cleveland to go to Rhode Island to make a few speeches, and he also arranged with leading Democratic Senators and Representatives to take a special train and speak throughout the State. When, however, the time came to go, Senator Aldrich engineered an important vote in the Senate which made it impossible for the Senators to leave Washington. So Harvey was obliged to fall back on Representatives, and succeeded in enlisting the services of about a dozen, among them a young congressman from Nebraska, W. J. Bryan, who, being the least well known of them all, was sent with those appointed to the small villages, the more important ones speaking in the big towns. The contest then became very warm. William C. Whitney sent for Harvey and said that he did not believe it possible to nominate Cleveland with New York against him, unless New York could be offset by three doubtful States, such as Indiana, Connecticut, and New Jersey. He added that he believed he had secured Indiana and Connecticut, but that he could not make any headway in New Jersey, which he therefore considered to be the key to the situation. Two leaders in New Jersey, Governor Abbett and Senator McPherson,

were pledged to Senator Hill. Harvey said that there was just one chance, and that was to get hold of Alderman James Smith, Jr., of Newark, of whom, naturally, Whitney had never heard. Whitney advised him to take a chance, even if it was only grasping at a straw. Harvey thereupon communicated with Smith, and on the following day Smith, Colonel Payne, and Harvey lunched with Whitney at his home in New York, spending most of the afternoon in consultation. The result was that Smith returned to Newark and began a still hunt for delegates. Neither Governor Abbett nor Senator McPherson had any suspicion of what was going on until the morning of the convention at Trenton. Harvey went to the convention and, with the authority of Alderman Smith, informed Governor Abbett that a majority of the delegates were pledged to Cleveland. After he had satisfied Abbett that this was the fact, the Governor acquiesced and fell in line. As a recognition of Governor Abbett's generous attitude under the circumstances Harvey induced Whitney to designate him to make the nominating speech at the National Convention. This was a matter of much importance to Governor Abbett, as he was a prominent candidate for United States Senator. When, however, the time finally arrived for voting the senatorship, James Smith, Jr., was elected.

Pulitzer was very ill in Europe at this time, and Harvey had full charge of the *World* during the Cleveland campaign. He was then just twenty-eight years old. After Cleveland's election, which was a great triumph for the *World*, as it led the Democratic forces in the fight, Harvey was called to Paris to confer with Pulitzer, and later on accompanied him to Monte Carlo. Harvey found

himself absolutely exhausted after the tremendous responsibilities and exertions of the Cleveland campaign, and was prostrated with an attack of pneumonia while in Monte Carlo. It was a severe case and left him greatly debilitated, and Pulitzer at the same time was so enervated and nervous that he was unable to discuss business affairs. So Harvey returned home, and soon after his arrival in New York made up and published the tenth-anniversary number of the *World*, which was the first daily newspaper of a hundred pages ever issued, and which contained the first adequate biographical sketch of Joseph Pulitzer, which was contributed by Harvey.

Harvey's health again gave way after his return, and Pulitzer advised him to take a vacation. Harvey promptly availed himself of the leave of absence, and went to Washington and called on President Cleveland. His enfeebled condition struck Cleveland so forcibly that he advised him to get away for a time from active newspaper work, and he offered him the Consul-Generalship at Berlin. Harvey was strongly inclined to accept the position, so he cabled Pulitzer for his views, but to his surprise found that he vigorously opposed acceptance. Fearful that his opposition to Pulitzer's strenuously expressed wishes might cause some discord between the President and Pulitzer, he reluctantly declined Cleveland's generous and considerate offer. Pulitzer returned in the autumn and went to Bar Harbor, taking Harvey along with him. Harvey remained only a few days, as he was convinced that he and the chief were irreconcilably at odds in respect to future policies; so he wrote out his resignation, mailed it, and took the first train for New York.

Soon after he got back to New York, while walking up Fifth Avenue Harvey met William C. Whitney, with whom he had been closely associated during the Cleveland campaign, and they repaired to the Netherland Hotel for luncheon. He informed Whitney that, owing to ill health, he had left the *World*, and did not know exactly what he would do. Whitney proposed that for a time he should go in as assistant to Vreeland on the Metropolitan Railroad; he said that Harvey would find it an easy position, so he concluded to accept tentatively Whitney's offer.

Six months later Pulitzer again sent for Harvey to join him in France. Whitney advised him to go, and in a few days they were together in Beaulieu. This was in 1894.

An amusing incident occurred during this visit. The Pulitzers, Arthur Brisbane, Harvey, and others were lunching in the open air, when suddenly Mrs. Pulitzer observed to her husband, "Do you realize what day it is?" It was February 16th, and thirty years before, on that very day, Pulitzer had left his home in Hungary to seek his fortune, and Harvey was born on the same date. Brisbane exclaimed that it was an evidence of Pulitzer's sagacity that on the day he left home to become the greatest living editor he had prudently arranged to have his managing editor born in Vermont.

After a short visit, in which Harvey and Pulitzer failed to come to any satisfactory business agreement, Harvey returned to his appointment on the Metropolitan Railroad. When he had acquired some knowledge of the street-railroad business Harvey thought he would install a small line of his own, and forthwith formed a syndicate

under the laws of New Jersey and proceeded to build the coast-line trolley through Long Branch, Deal, Asbury, etc.

In 1896 Whitney invited Harvey to go with him to the Chicago Democratic National Convention. The free-silver interests were in full control, but Whitney felt himself obligated to resist that faction as far as he was able. About the first contest in the convention was over the Nebraskan delegation; sound-money delegates had been duly elected, but the silver adherents contested their seats. The committee on credentials was dominated by silver men, and they unhesitatingly threw out the sound-money delegation and seated the silver partisans. One of the silver delegates thus accepted was a young man who had been a Representative in Congress, and was then a writer on an Omaha paper, William J. Bryan by name. In the course of the convention Harvey was sitting on the platform, when Bryan came up to reply to a speech made by Allan L. McDermott, of New Jersey. This was his famous Crown of Thorns speech. The convention adjourned shortly after Bryan's brilliant oration, and Whitney and about twenty guests went to a restaurant in the vicinity for lunch. During the meal Whitney suggested that they ballot for a presidential candidate and that each one present write on a piece of paper the name of the man who in his opinion would be nominated. When Whitney came to open the slips of paper he found that eighteen had written Bland, and two Bryan. Whitney admitted that he was one of the two who had named Bryan, and thought he could guess the other, and pointed out Harvey, who assented. The next day Bryan was nominated.

During the Presidential campaign Wall Street ap-

proached a serious panic. Harvey, being in the midst of his trolley railroad enterprise, found himself hard pressed financially. While suffering from this embarrassment he received a letter from Whitney in Bar Harbor, telling him not to make any sacrifice, and that, if he wanted funds, to draw on him. Fortunately, he found this assistance unnecessary; but how could a friend prove himself more faithful?

In 1899, Lloyd Bryce wanted to sell *The North American Review*, and Harvey called on him and purchased the property, completing the transaction on his thirty-fifth birthday. In this way he became acquainted with David A. Munro, the managing editor. Munro was a scholarly and dignified Highlander, and withal a most lovable man. He was ever a loyal friend to Franklin Square, where he had received his business training as a confidential assistant in our literary department for many years before he accepted the editorship of *The North American Review*. Munro died recently, and his numerous friends filled the Church of the Ascension on Fifth Avenue; and any one who was present at the funeral services could not fail to realize that his death was most sincerely mourned by the entire assemblage, and that his memory will live in their hearts like the breath of early spring, pure and sweet, until they in turn succumb to the inevitable and join this doughty Scot on the Highlands of the Promised Land.

I was introduced to Colonel Harvey in company with my cousin H. S. Harper by David A. Munro at a luncheon at the Lawyers' Club, and as a result of that meeting Harvey soon afterward came to Harper & Brothers as president, accompanied by his very capable lieutenants, F. A. Duneka, F. T. Leigh, and A. D. Chandler.

CONCLUSION

SUCH is the story of the House of Harper. From the smallest, most humble beginnings it has in the almost one hundred years of its existence grown into one of the institutions of the land that gave it birth, and to whose favor and opportunities it has owed the large measure of prosperity and influence it has enjoyed. To have remained in active life for well-nigh a century is, as things go in this country, in itself an achievement. To find itself approaching the beginning of the second century of its life still in the prime of usefulness to mankind, strong in its hold upon the loyalty of the present-day generation of readers as in its most brilliant period, its vigor renewed, and its ways guided by strengthful hearts and hands, is its pride. No history of English or American literature can ever be written that must not in the very nature of things recognize the House of Harper as an influential factor in the upbuilding of the craftsmanship of letters. The founders of the House were men of high ideals and constructive ideas; men who waited not upon circumstance to make their labors effective, but who themselves initiated conditions out of which circumstance grew. In their view it was not alone their mission to meet existing demands for the intellectual nourishment of the English-speaking peoples of America, but to create the demand itself by the suggestive power

of their own initiative. Just as Benjamin Franklin, in order to provide profitable occupation for his presses, published pamphlets calling for the issuance of a paper currency, which he himself later supplied in its physical form, so did the four brothers Harper, after a careful study of the literary needs of the young Republic, take steps to create a demand for reading of a better sort than was then available for the great mass of the people. Books were not at that time, as they are to-day, commonly to be found in the homes of the many; but were for the most part regarded as the luxuries of the few. The possession of a library by individuals of small means was rare, and generally even then in the hands of the recognized spiritual leaders of the widely separated American communities, the teachers and the clergy; nor was their range very wide, varied, or vital, certainly not of a stimulating character suited for the use of the average man. As Prof. John Bach MacMaster has told us in his *History of the United States*, the library of the period "was a strange assortment of good books and books so gone out of fashion that no second-hand dealer will buy them. Among the sober and sedate readers of Boston the Puritanical taste was yet strong. The delightful novels of Fielding, of Smollett, and of Sterne found no place on their shelves. Reading was a more serious business. *The Lives of the Martyrs; or, the Dreadful Effects of Popery* stood side by side with Vattell's *Law of Nations* and Watts's *Improvement of the Mind*. There might have been seen Young's *Night-Thoughts*, Anson's *Voyages*, Lucas on *Happiness*, Rollin's *Ancient History*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Letters of Junius*, *The Spectator*, but not the works of the hated author of *Taxation No Tyranny*.

If the owner had a taste for politics—and there were few who had not—no small space on the shelves was taken up with lampoons and caricatures, with poems such as that in which Hopkinson celebrated the Battle of the Kegs, and pamphlets such as those in which Otis so ably defended the cause of the Colonies, and Hamilton silenced the Westchester Farmer."

Of such a sort was the library of those early days, and seldom indeed were they to be found save in the homes of well-to-do persons living in the very center of the intellectual and political movements of the day. Even such limited resources were not available for the entertainment, the edification, or the instruction of those dwelling in the remoter sections of the country, the folks in the wilderness, those later pioneers who, with the sturdy purpose and strengthfulness of the Pilgrims and the Cavaliers, pressed still farther westward to lay the foundations of the great Republican Empire. These temerarious spirits, devoted men and women, and several generations of their children after them, had no resources of letters at their command when the House of Harper stepped in and began to stimulate a positive demand among the widely separated sections for the products of their presses, and having thus created a want they proceeded to supply it, taking care that the quality and character of the supply should be of the best, and at prices well within their means. We have seen how, by an alliance which can be predicated alone upon a marvelous insight amounting almost to genius with the godly men of the Methodist Church, this creation of a thirst for letters and a convenient means of supplying and distributing reading of an elevating character in the frontier regions

was brought about, and with what eagerness it was received, whence it seems proper to say that not the least of the services rendered by the House in its younger days was the implanting in the minds of new and succeeding generations of Americans a taste for literature, in itself a stimulation to good citizenship, a molding influence upon character, and a resource in hours of trial and distress. How well the House of Harper guarded its self-imposed trust its lists have shown. No pernicious literature of any sort, published for the mere sake of popularity or financial gain, is to be found anywhere upon that splendid roll of volumes which from the first title to the last have been successively issued from its ever-busy presses. It is possible to say of the four Brothers that the spiritual seeds planted by them in the days of their marvelous prevision have borne a fruitage that has been of enduring value in the upbuilding of American character. It is small wonder that in the occasional dark hours, when clouds of temporary adversity have hung over the House of Harper, the children and grandchildren of those earlier beneficiaries of its labors should without solicitation have written from all parts of the English-speaking world letters of sympathy and of encouragement, in not a few cases accompanied by proffers of assistance, which were as gratefully received as appreciatively declined since they were fortunately found not to be needed. Material possessions have been and are constantly being won by active Americans, but such assets of good-will and affection in the hearts of countless unknown friends in all parts of the country are the priceless possessions alone of those who have earned the gratitude of their fellow-men, and are cherished beyond all others.

THE HOUSE OF HARPER

Some one has said that the modern university is the finest fruition of the spirituality of America, and if this be true the House of Harper has also borne its part as laborers in the vineyard, with its contributions, undertaken for the most part upon the initiative of the House by the most eminent classicists the land has produced, to the literature of education. What might Sydney Smith not have thought had he lived to see the imprint of the Clarendon Press of Oxford, England, upon the masterly productions of American scholars first issuing from the presses of four New York printers, who, perceiving the need of such productions, had procured the men who were capable of producing them, and themselves undertaken the possibly perilous enterprise of giving them material being that future generations of students might profit thereby?

In respect to its public service, the House of Harper has stood always for what the conscience of its guiding spirits has prompted, irrespective of its effect upon its own fortunes. It is easy to be extreme in the reckless use of similes, and perhaps to refer to the Nast-Harper warfare upon the iniquitous hosts of Tammany at the risk of its fortunes, and at the peril of life, as another case of St. George and the Dragon would be so. Nevertheless, Tammany was a very real dragon, stopping at nothing to save its tigerish skin, threatening punishment of all kinds from financial ruin to nothing short of assassination, and tempting with satanic power those who endeavored to block its career of crime, and the St. Georges confronting it were mere human creatures with no demigod-like attributes, armed only with the weapons of the studio and the study, and protected against the

subtle wiles of the tempter only by a simple sense of civic and personal duty. They fought the fight undismayed by threats and unafraid of ruin, in full confidence that when the critical moment of the battle came the flaming sword of American justice and righteousness would not permit the victory to pass into the hands of iniquity, and would not be sheathed until the festering wrong was righted, whatever fate might befall themselves. They knew that to such a fight there could be but one sort of a finish in such a world as they believed this world to be, and they went into the work in hand like civic knights. Even so they labored also in the larger affairs of the nation, often at variance with their friends and their interests, but none the less earnestly and effectively for that. In respect to these matters, the House has been more than fortunate in the human instruments at its disposal, and, beginning with Curtis and Nast as the captains-general of its forces down to the present hour with the potent and brilliant pen of Harvey as its weapon of offence and defence, its laurels in things political have been and still remain imperishably fresh and green.

As a School of Letters and Art, the work of the House has been progressive and effective. Its art department was the first and only training school in which some of our most famous illustrators and painters served their apprenticeship, while the exigencies of the Harper periodicals furnished an incentive to the writers of England and America to enter into new fields of creative work, in which the kindly counsel and friendly suggestions of the four Brothers and their associates were formative factors. Could one but present for public perusal the letters of the House to literary aspirants, young and old, the

illuminating and forcefully suggestive writings of Curtis, under cover of private correspondence, and the marvelously constructive periods of Alden in his correspondence with authors of all grades of talent or genius, from the highest to the most humble, we should have a vademecum of literary craftsmanship that would stand hardly second to any collegiate or university course in letters.

Fortunate in its friends, to whom it has owed much, and to whom it gratefully acknowledges its indebtedness, having few enemies, and those only whose enmity is an honor, the humble little establishment started by the Long Island carpenter's sons on Cliff Street has waxed stronger and stronger, until finally it has become not so much the expression of the individual hopes and aspirations of its founders as a representative American institution. It has been referred to by a writer on the fortunes of the House in the following terms:

> Harper & Brothers have made every department of literature their own, from spelling-books to encyclopædias, from "cheap libraries" to editions de luxe, from Bibles to fashion-plates. No wonder that the House of Harper has become an institution in New York.

May the writer of this book, one of the third generation of the House, not in pride, but with due appreciation of the noble work of his forebears, ask for an extension of the limitation here imposed, so that the House of Harper may be included not among the institutions of New York, but of America, a representative example of what honorable purpose, sturdy integrity, inflexible courage, and hard work coupled with high ideals may accomplish in these United States of America in less than the years of a completed century?

THE HOUSE OF HARPER

Reaching back through the third generation of Harpers, on to John W. Harper, the only surviving member of the second generation, George Harvey joins hands with the four original Harper brothers, and, grasping with a firm hand the lighted torch, the insignia of the House, he holds it aloft with undiminished flame, so that future generations may bear witness to the sagacity and benevolence of the founders of the House of Harper.



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